

GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE  
ATHENS, GA.

# MCCALL'S

FEBRUARY  
1928

TEN CENTS



GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE  
LIBRARY  
ATHENS, GA.

*Beginning*

THE GREAT MCCALL NOVEL

LIBRARY  
STATE AGRICULTURE COLLEGE  
ATHENS GA  
11 CA 777 K7 10-3

*All through the house  
you'll find dozens of uses for*

# Bon Ami POWDER *and* CAKE



*One little sprinkle—  
One little rub;  
Not a speck left  
On the Bon Ami tub*

Two well-trained servants—Bon Ami Powder and Bon Ami Cake. Gentle to the surface they make so spotless—gentle to your hands. For Bon Ami blots up dirt, never scours it off; and never roughens the most delicate skin.

You'll like the softness of Bon Ami Powder—and its thoroughness. So little makes the refrigerator fresh and sweet. It cleans up the bathtub, basin, and tiles till they glisten like china. Brightens Congoleum floor-coverings. Restores freshness to white woodwork and painted walls. Gives the sink, faucets and nickel piping an immaculate air in short order.

For making windows and mirrors crystal clear and sparkling everyone knows there's nothing quite so handy as the compact Bon Ami Cake.

Copper, brass, aluminum, agate and enamel-ware—there are so many things all through the house that Bon Ami Cake and Bon Ami Powder clean and polish. And women who pride themselves on getting their work done quickly and pleasantly are never without both these "Partners in Cleanliness."

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK  
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

*"Hasn't  
Scratched  
Yet"*



*Powder and Cake most housewives use both*





# Don't let your gums 'sleep' their health away!

*Modern soft food makes gums dormant and flabby • • Ipana and massage restore their vigor and their health*

FIVE minutes' check-up with any authority—your own dentist, for example—will quickly convince you that there's little mystery about troubles of the gums.

For your dentist will make clear to you that it's a simple case of cause and effect. He will explain to you how the lack of roughage and fibre in our food lulls our gums into a sluggish inertia—how it lowers their vitality and impairs their health—and he will show you, too, how its effects may be offset by a simple method of daily care which takes little if any more time than you now spend in brushing your teeth!

## WHY MODERN FOOD IS SO BAD FOR OUR GUMS

To remain in health the gums, like all living tissue, need work and exercise. Nature planned that they should receive stimulation from the chewing of coarse food, to encourage a free circulation of rich, fresh blood through their walls.

But we have thwarted that plan of nature's! For we demand only soft, rich foods—delicately prepared—daintily served. Roughage in our food would only

make us grumble at the cook. So our gums are robbed of activity by the refinement of our diet—deprived of the invigorating friction they need. Year after year, they lead an artificial life of ease—year after year, they 'sleep' their health away!

## HOW IPANA AND MASSAGE BUILD FIRM, HEALTHY GUMS

Small wonder that gums soften, weaken and lose their tone—that "pink tooth brush" appears, with its unmistakable warning that the troubles which could have been prevented may be close at hand.

Fortunately the dental profession offers a remedy for this difficulty—a remedy both simple in its performance and effective in its results. They tell us to massage our gums—to rub them, gently, either with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the fingertips after each brushing.

And thousands of dentists ask their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both massage and ordinary



brushing. By its use, they say, we can more quickly rouse the laggard circulation of the gums to the healthful activity that offsets the ill effects of our diet.

For Ipana is specifically compounded to stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic of well-known efficacy in the toning and strengthening of weak, undernourished gum tissue.

You will keenly enjoy Ipana's clean taste and delicious flavor. And you will marvel at its power to cleanse and whiten your teeth. Your name across the coupon in the corner will bring a sample that will quickly prove these things.

## SWITCH TO IPANA TOOTH PASTE FOR AT LEAST THIRTY DAYS

But a full-size tube from the nearest drug store makes a better test, for it lasts more than a month—long enough to show Ipana's good effects on your gums. So give Ipana the full-tube trial it deserves and see if you, too, do not find that it answers your quest for a tooth paste you can tie to for life!

# IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E28, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

# Editorial



## A PATRIOT'S HOME

*Out of the heritage of the past  
comes the hope for tomorrow*

**T**HIS is a story of our homes and our country and the faith which both inspire.

To have won a nation only to lose a national spirit would seem a sad bargain, indeed. Yet this is the fate so often visioned for us by those who, perhaps, through heritage or temperament, are unqualified to sense the trend of our national consciousness. These prophets of despair have had their day, and it is done; but their gloomy shadow still rests in memory. So in a month which commemorates the lives of our two greatest national, spiritual leaders it becomes our happy task to suggest a reintegration, a revaluation of old faiths. For only then may we find a new hope which will carry us progressively into the future.

In the past, it remained for as peerless a predicator of patriotism as Washington to give life to the wholesome conviction that the bulwark of true patriotism lies in the happy home. It became Lincoln's immortal destiny to uphold that tradition and, further, to carry its message to the world. Immediately man's attitude toward the home assumed a new and patriotic significance, and the future of the home became the problem of a nation. All these more obvious truths we have remembered through succeeding generations, but some of the less obvious wisdom implicit in them we have either ignored or forgotten.

So, today, when the homes we know resemble no more the homes we knew as children than the homes of Lincoln's day resembled those of the Colonials, we become alarmed and seek for the causes of all this change and confusion. Too often we lose heart, without first discovering that the changes in our lives and in our homes are part of a constant, unhurried, natural progression—an endless evolution; for man,

not unlike the mustard seed in the biblical parable, "groweth up; he knoweth not how."

The tree of life flowers everlastingly. Even as Lincoln's age was far unlike Washington's, we now look out upon a world which must seem Martian in its strangeness to one who has lived with Lincoln. The more physical aspects of this advance are too obvious to merit other than a fleeting mention, for the youngest members of our age can still trace the development of the airplane and the radio. But what

ture of a Lindbergh with the next! For modern science has not only remodelled our environment, but revised our ideals as well.

To some this change has been nothing short of revolutionary. Their hearts are bound up with the ideals of the past; they see nothing but chaos and decadence in the world today. But the fault is not wholly theirs, for there are some among the leaders of modern thought who have aroused only hostility, and isolated their science, because of their insistent refusal to be understood.

To others of broader faith and perhaps wider experience the present complex scheme has seemed but an expression of a natural and constant development. They do not mumble vague regrets about the younger generation, nor do they see any great danger threatening the home or the marriage relationship. They realize that the "fundamental truths" are above change. It is only that each generation gives them a new name and a new interpretation.

Their faith rests in the home, and so in the country. Theirs is a kind of hope that wonders what new joys the morrow will bring. They realize not only that the tree of life blooms constantly, but they see that tree strike its living roots deep into the soil of the home. They watch the external changes come and go—and the home remain, better for the ceaseless change and challenge. There—in the home—they attain to a universal sympathy, a common understanding.

It is this lesson which we all may well learn and use for our own ends. For only when "the wind that blows between the worlds" has become the breath of our life and the ideal of our home, will we have realized either our possibilities or our duties as the true heirs of the Creator.

### ZANE GREY AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

By JOHN FARRAR, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR, The Bookman

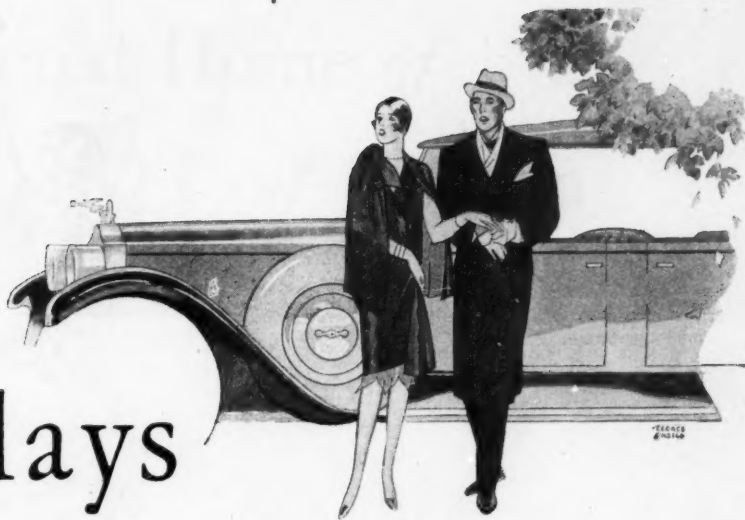
**Z**ANE GREY is the most widely read American author in his own country and in Europe. He is read by men, women, girls and boys. His name is one of the few which have value on the advertising posters of motion picture companies. His stories are sought eagerly by the magazines. He is as national a figure as Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, or General Pershing.

Why? What is the quality in his writing, in the man himself, that has made it possible for him to capture the imaginations of millions of people, to amass a huge fortune, and to maintain his tremendous popularity over a period of many years in which he has published, or has ready for publication, some thirty or more books?

Back of his romantic story of perseverance and final success, in the pages of his books, there must lie a secret which explains him and his writing. If you have read many of his stories, you will agree with me that it cannot be said that he tells the same story again and again. He has variety. After you have first read him for pleasure and then stopped to think why you were pleased, I think you will agree with me, first that he has a genius for story-telling, and second that, fundamentally, his philosophies and ideals are identically those of the great mass of the American people.

Any study of Zane Grey, then, becomes a study of the American spirit. He is motivated by [Turn to page 107]





# Dorothy plays the piano, but not like that, of course



Dorothy enjoyed our surprise

As we stepped out of the car, someone was playing the piano. It sounded wonderful! I recognized that delightful bit of Liszt's—the *Dance of the Gnomes*. It couldn't be Dorothy, surely. She plays—and plays rather well, but not like that. . . .

Who do you think it was? . . . Rachmaninoff! Yes, Rachmaninoff playing the piano—through Dorothy's new Orthophonic Victrola. We couldn't believe our ears. We almost expected to see the great Russian pianist himself,

and here it was the Victrola all the time!

Dorothy enjoyed our surprise—and we enjoyed some of the best music we have ever listened to. It was so realistic, so lifelike. I'm not going to attempt to describe it, for I don't believe I could—and do it justice. All I can say is that you felt the performers were right there in the room *with* you.

Bob and I decided, on the way home, that we would just have to get an Orthophonic Victrola. We had one of the old-type machines, and, even though we seldom played it, had hesitated to part with it. It had been in the family so long, it seemed like an old friend. (You know how it is.)

But we got rid of it. Our local



Bob and I decided we would just have to have an Orthophonic

Victor dealer made us a fair allowance on it, and then permitted us to make a small down-payment and so much every month. We "play as we pay," as Bob says. And what a joy it is! A fine enter-

tainer, and a liberal education for little Betty. I'm glad we spent that evening at Dorothy's.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate an Orthophonic Victrola *in your home*, where you may judge its harmonious appearance as well as its musical performance. There are many beautiful models, from \$75 to \$1550, list price. Most of them are *electrically operated*—nothing to wind. See and hear the *Automatic* Victrola, the remarkable instrument which changes its own records.



Model Four-forty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola. \$165, list price

## The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.



CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.



# IS GOD GUIDING AMERICA?

*Does the future of our country rest upon  
the destiny of the Church?*

By Rev. John Roach Straton, D.D.

THOUGHTFUL observers have noted a striking similarity between the history of ancient Israel and that of modern America. Israel came up out of oppression and bondage, passed through a wilderness experience, and came, at last, into the promised land. It was a rich and marvelous country—a land “flowing with milk and honey”—which, according to covenants recorded in the Bible, God promised to them in advance. The Hebrew records also show that ancient Israel was greatly prospered and blessed so long as they observed the principles and obeyed the precepts which God gave to them. On the other hand, the nation fell into decay and disaster, according to their own records, even as their great prophets had foretold would be the case, when they departed from God and allowed themselves to be polluted by the idolatrous worship and customs which they never fully eradicated from the land.

The history of America is much like that of ancient Israel. As a people, we threw off the yoke of bondage and oppression, passed through a wilderness experience, and came up at last to our present stage of prosperity and power.

For the span of a generation now, I have had opportunity, to observe tendencies and crystalizing conditions in our country. I shall refer later in this article to some of my experiences with the anarchists of Chicago, but in the meantime I wish merely to join Dr. Russell H. Conwell in statements which he made some time ago in connection with the celebration of his eight-second birthday. Dr. Conwell said:

“I am an old man—eighty-two years old today—and I believe American morals are worse than they have ever been to my knowledge. The church has lost its way. It has quit saving souls and merely operates a mechanical machine. We have quit making men good.”

My own careful observation, I say, in all parts of America, leads me to the same conclusions as Dr. Conwell has reached. As part of my grounds for these conclusions, I wish to give now facts which I have brought

together from several sources, and which seem to furnish a cross section view of certain conditions in our country which must prove arresting to the thoughtful mind and the patriotic heart.

Our record in part for a single year in this country was as follows:

1. Stolen in hold-ups, \$2,650,000,000.
2. Squandered in swindling stock schemes, \$6,000,000,000.
3. Lost in forgeries by trusted employees, \$100,000,000.
4. Cost of our crime—larger than the total cost of operating the United States Government in all its branches.
5. The worst divorce record of any nation on earth.
6. The transformation of churches from soul-winning centers into literary societies and social clubs.
7. A half million children and young people belonging to Protestant homes in Greater New York who no longer attend the Sunday schools, since the arrival of Sunday movies, joy riding and sports.
8. The break-down of parental authority, through the destruction of faith in the Bible as the authoritative word of God.
9. The consequent loss of obedience and moral idealism among our youth, resulting in such things as the Leopold-Loeb murder, the Jamaica Road House escape, etc.
10. Sixty-four percent of American school children proved dishonest by experiments conducted by scientists and school teachers working together, in which children were trusted with money to make purchases, bringing back the change, etc.
11. The complete destruction of multitudes of American homes through the competition of commercialized amusements, such as the movies, theaters, dance halls,

and similar forms.

12. The consequent flood of female flappers and flirts, and male lounge lizards and cake-eaters.

13. The decrease of the stronger and more successful elements of our society through the substitution of dogs for babies.

14. The surrender of civil officers to the forces of lawlessness, indecency and greed on stage and screen by such things as the citizens' play jury.

15. The startling increase in our murder record to the appalling total of 10,000 killings a year, a murder rate of twenty-five times as high as the rate in England.

Whence come these things?

The object of this paper is to answer, if possible, that question. There are two lines of tendency in our country at the present time, both of them converging toward the one objective of weakening the power of religion. One of them is the tendency in the literary field to minimize and discount the part that religion has played in the past history of our country, and the other is the organized propaganda of radicalism, which seeks the overthrow of American ideals and institutions, and the substitution for them of those principles and practices which are exemplified in the tragic and terrible history of modern Russia. In that unhappy land, it is significant that the wreck of the state went hand in hand with the wreck of religion.

The best antidote, perhaps, for these poisons is the simple truth of history. I wish, therefore, to set before my readers the truth that religion is the greatest formative factor in founding and shaping the destiny of states, and that this truth applies especially and preeminently to the founding, preservation and present prosperity of the American commonwealth.

The English statesman, Edmund Burke, expressed the same thought. He said: “We know that religion is the basis of civil society and the fruitful source of all blessing and comfort in human intercourse.”

Now, the great American Commonwealth, preeminently among all the nations of history, was brought forth by the forces of religion. [Turn to page 107]



# In the well-ordered Home of MRS. HUGH CABOT of Boston

—luxurious comfort is  
“a necessity”



MRS. HUGH CABOT

of the aristocratic old New England family of Mayflower ancestry, which has contributed so many distinguished names to American statesmanship, letters and science. Mrs. Cabot is a singularly gracious hostess, a patroness of music and a discriminating collector of paintings



MRS. CABOT'S BEDROOM IN HER ANN ARBOR HOME

The lavender-scented linen sheets, the satin-bound blankets, the hand-run lavender taffeta quilts are dainty details in keeping with the luxury of the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress. The Simmons Twin Beds are a new model, No. 1025, in graceful Early American design

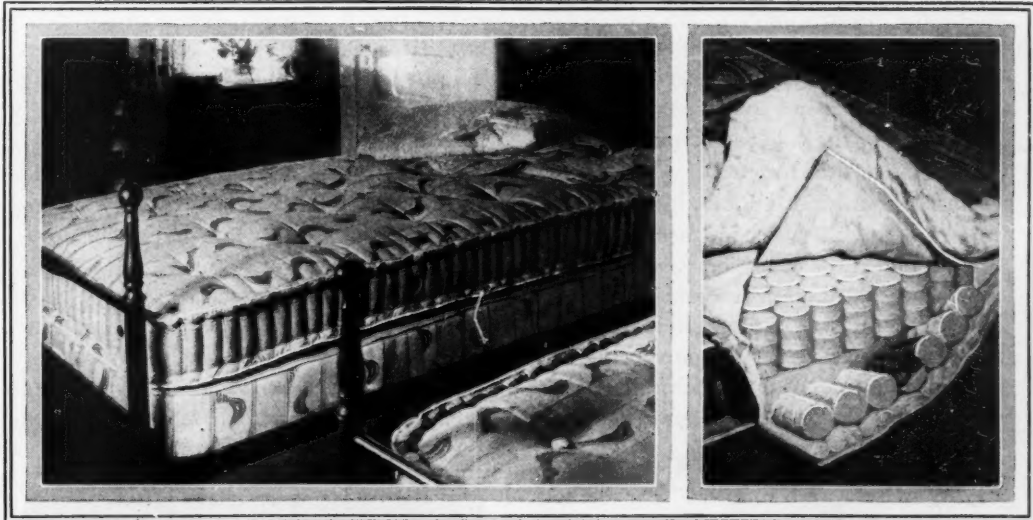
AS PACIOUS, gracious, old-fashioned New England home is Mrs. Cabot's, filled with the spirit of hospitality, well-being and good cheer.

"Much of our furniture," she says, "was handed down from generation to generation in our family. Now, when we add we choose for comfort and for harmony with this enduring background."

Mrs. Cabot has just installed in her own room twin Simmons Beds in graceful Early American design. She has equipped these with Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Simmons Springs. "For the well-ordered home they are a necessity," says Mrs. Cabot. "They assure complete comfort."

This marvelous Beautyrest Mattress and luxurious Spring are the achievement of Simmons, world's greatest makers of beds, springs and mattresses. With Simmons Beds they form a sleeping ensemble unequalled for buoyant comfort. The sturdy spring fitly upholds this well-boxed, built-up mattress—so firmly tailored that it holds its shape for years.

In furniture and department stores, this greatly improved Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain region and West, \$41.50; hair upholstered, \$60 to \$100. Simmons Springs \$7 to \$60. The "Ace," a luxurious open coil Spring, \$19.75. Simmons Beds, \$10 to \$60. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



THE "LUXURIOUS" SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS

in Mrs. Cabot's room shows this season's smart new covering of modernistic stripes. This famous mattress owes its unequalled comfort to its unique construction. Hundreds of tiny sensitive coils are buried in its luxurious upholstery. Such perfect comfort! Such magic buoyancy!

NOTE THE FINE WIRE COILS!

Luxuriously upholstered, they give the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress its unique buoyant comfort—its smartly boxed upstanding sides that can't be crushed

## SIMMONS BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES

{ BUILT FOR SLEEP }

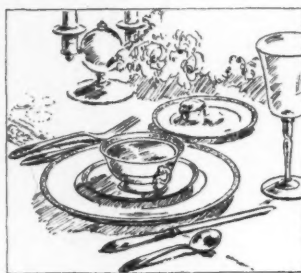
# Stopping off for lunch in the forties



it takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost. It fills every milk need. In all your cooking it will give a richness, flavor and texture that will satisfy the most exacting taste. In cream soups and creamed vegetables—in all creamed dishes—its richness and flavor are most noticeable. It supplies milk for baby's bottle that is safe and wholesome and as

easily digested as mothers' milk. And yet it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

There is now no reason why any person in America should have less than perfect health through lack of safe, wholesome milk. There is no excuse for any baby to die, or for any child to suffer illness, because of impure,



**I**N PIONEER DAYS a woman's life was all hard labor—at home as well as on the trail. Preparing the meals was a strenuous

task. To have fresh vegetables, the woman had to hoe the garden. When they had milk, the women milked the cow. How different to-day! Women give their families better food than pioneers knew, and yet have leisure for pleasures beyond the dream of other generations.

We've learned the way. Consider for example how canned foods have lightened women's work. Without hoeing gardens or milking cows or canning at home, we now have the finest fruits and vegetables—and milk on the pantry shelf that is as fresh and sweet—that is purer and safer and richer than our grandmothers had when every family kept a cow.

The up-to-the-minute woman knows that Evaporated Milk is not a substitute for milk—that it *is* milk—better milk—richer and safer than milk in any other form. The best of pure milk from the finest dairy sections of America is concentrated—sixty per cent. of the water removed. Not a thing is added to it. In sealed cans, sterilized while it is fresh and sweet, it is protected from everything that can impair its freshness and richness and purity.

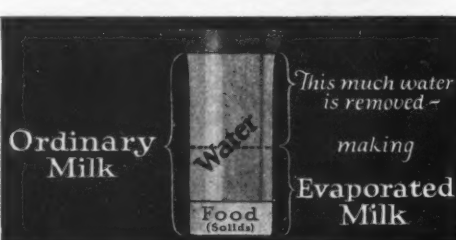
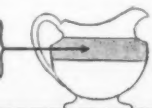
She knows the convenience and the economy of Evaporated Milk. It keeps fresh and sweet on the pantry shelf—any quantity that may be needed to meet any demand. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk,

unclean or unwholesome milk. Evaporated Milk, sterilized in sealed cans, provides a milk supply that is always absolutely free from anything that can harm health—that is always rich in all the food substances which make milk the most important single item of all our food. It is the modern, safe, wholesome, convenient and economical milk and cream supply for every use in every home. Every grocer in America has Evaporated Milk.

Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cows' milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In making Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.



It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

**ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED**





## An Old Valentine

By Theodosia Garrison — Decoration by Willy Pogany

*Fragrant as faded lavender,  
This ancient valentine,  
Still redolent with praise of Her  
In each Spencerian line.*

*One smiles at Cupid-dart-and dove,  
Yet envies her, in truth,  
This gallant compliment that Love  
Once proffered to her youth.*



# The NEW YORK TYPE

*You all know her - the New York type!  
For, whether on or off the Avenue,  
you meet her every day.*

WELL, you know," many people say, when asked to oblige with a description of Mrs. Weldon. "She's the regular New York type. You know. She's just perfectly typical."

I have never come up to that point where I am quite clear as to what they mean when they so easily use that phrase, "the New York type." It would require, indeed, some record-breaking endurance arguing to convince me that there was any such thing. But, on a good, clear day, I can see something of their reason in choosing Mrs. Weldon as an example. She is true, with a little of the merciless faithfulness of a caricature, to the picture that other-townners hang in their mental galleries and call "Portrait of a Manhattan Matron."

Mrs. Weldon is somewhere in the late thirties; she does not say just where. Whatever be her age, it is her pride not to look it; her pride, her sport and her career. Thirty times a day, at a humbly low estimate, she glances anxiously in a charming little mirror, applies powder, moistens an eyebrow, blends the delicate outlying pink mysteriously into the neighboring white, remoulds her lips nearer to her heart's desire. Four times a year, she has her hair freshly imprinted with what some master of irony has called a permanent wave.

Mrs. Weldon's finger nails are as precious to her as a small boy's hard-won collection of marbles is to him. At the cost of practically eternal vigilance, they are kept very long, carved to slightly cruel points, and lacquered an improbable red. Occasionally, being but flesh and therefore heiro to its ills, she breaks one of them. This is one of the few situations in life that she cannot meet with a clear head. She becomes, in her own phrase, simply furious.

She is tall and slim, and would be slimmer. Tell her of a new reducing diet, and you will find no more flattering audience.

Mrs. Weldon dresses expensively, with an adherence to the current style that allows no wandering away into realms of strange fabrics and curious colors and unknown dressmakers. The distinction of her dress lies in its sedulous lack of individuality. "Is it smart?" is the solemn test-question she asks of her soul, before she buys any article of apparel, even to a handkerchief.

BY DOROTHY PARKER

"Smart" is her word of highest praise. She does not keep it for dress alone. Up to the perfection it signifies to her must come furniture, *objets d'art*, even flowers, before Mrs. Weldon will admit them to her apartment.

She is proud of her smart apartment, in a smart, chaste white building, in a smart part of town—not the very smartest part, it is true, but still near it, and when does hope die? It is perhaps a little expensive, even for the earnings that Mr. Weldon amasses in some mysterious manner down in Wall Street. (Mrs. Weldon has never been able to understand just what it is that he does; there is something a little bit boastful in her laughing acknowledgment of her total lack of interest in stocks and things). It is expensive, she admits, but, as she says, you have to live somewhere. And it is so convenient to the children's schools. Mrs. Weldon is particular that her children attend smart schools with other smartly-dressed children. She has never inquired into the curricula. But she takes, she says, a real interest in their school life. She never forgets to send their teachers handkerchiefs, note-paper or paper-cutters at Christmas, and when the children give plays, she almost always attends, as if symbolizing the triumph of motherhood over boredom.

There are two children, a boy named for his father, and a girl called after her mother. Mrs. Weldon was glad that her second child was a girl; it's such fun to dress girls, she says. And a girl, she points out, is so much company. The little girl has been, to date, great company for her nurse and her playmates. Her son Mrs. Weldon regards with much admiration, considerable bewilderment, and not a little fear. She is stricken with a mild sort of panic if left alone with him.

Mrs. Weldon complains, with wistful laughter, that she really never sees those kiddies of hers, any more, their days are so taken up. In consolation, possibly, she

crams her own days to their brims. She is always busy. If she sees an unoccupied hour ahead of her, she rushes to the telephone, seeking anybody who will help her wrestle with solitude. Then she tells you that, honestly, she never seems to have a minute to herself, and sighs.

In the first place, there is shopping. There is always shopping. Then she must keep in constant touch with her friends, whom she still rather inaccurately calls "the girls." Then there is bridge—she plays shrewd, daring, superb bridge. There are luncheons and teas at smart restaurants, where, with any luck at all, a Vanderbilt or a Peggy Joyce may come in at any moment and just sit down and eat like anybody else. There are matinees—she must attend certain matinees, for Mr. Weldon cares only for musical comedy, and has a way of sleeping like a little, tired child at quieter entertainments. And then, of course, she must get her reading done.

Although she reads many current novels, she never reads biography, poetry, short stories, or history. She reads two fashion magazines a month, as faithfully as if by doctor's orders. She reads anywhere from two to five headlines in each day's paper, turns promptly to the society column and takes every word of it. Here, indeed, she proves herself the scholar. She has an enormous fund of information about the social. She knows dates and maiden names and who used to be married to whom.

She never attends concerts, recitals, lectures, exhibitions of sports or little theaters. Once or twice a season, she goes to the opera. She calls her friends up the next morning, to tell them who was there. She has never voted.

She is as deep as a dime, as profound as a work by Elinor Glyn, as receptive as a closed vault, as immediate as a topical song. She is, many people say, the perfect New York type.

I remember telling you, when we were talking a while ago, that I don't quite believe there is any such thing. I know that there are many Mrs. Weldons in New York; but there are many others also.

And if I were to meet her on a desert island, heaven forbid, I could not tell if she were from New York, Washington, Hartford, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago or any point West.



# IN A BLIND FOLD TEST



## four famous chefs selected this delicious coffee

Rene Black is the maître d'hotel at Sherry's in New York City, a true epicure who serves only fine foods to the first families of the world.

Recently, he discovered a blend of coffee that, to him, was exceptional in taste and flavor and aroma. But, being wise in the ways of epicures, he was not content with his own opinion.

Instead, he gave a luncheon to which he invited four chefs quite as celebrated as he in the fine art of cooking, and served them not only the coffee of his choice but three other nationally advertised brands.

When the after-luncheon cigarettes were lighted, he

blindfolded each of his four guests, and placed four numbered cups of coffee before each...each number representing one of the four blends selected for the test.

To Mr. Black's pleasure and satisfaction, all four of these discerning coffee critics unanimously picked as the best coffee the blend that had delighted him.

"Delicious!" exclaimed JULIAN SERE of Sherry's... "A blend of perfect balance!" was

the comment of ROGER CRETAUX, Chef of the Hotel Roosevelt... "What rare 'bouquet'!" said ETIENNE ALLIO of the Hotel Pennsylvania... "A nectar!" declared CHARLIE SCOTTO of the Ambassador.

And the coffee that won these enthusiastic comments was MONARCH Coffee... the coffee which for decades has been used exclusively by many of America's leading hotels... coffee that you, too, can serve proudly at your own table and know that it will touch the very souls of your guests.

MONARCH Coffee, like all other MONARCH FOOD PRODUCTS, is incomparable but not expensive. And it may be had at the stores of more than 40,000 Independent Grocers.

ONE OF THE MANY MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

# MONARCH COFFEE



REID, MURDOCH & CO., (Established 1853)  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH,  
WILKES-BARRE, TAMPA, JACKSONVILLE,  
SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, PHOENIX

© 1928, R. M. & Co.

# Why the largest-selling soap in the world should be doing your washing, too.



WHEN you go into your grocer's store, you see great piles of PAND G the White Naphtha Soap in his windows or on his shelves and counters.

Then you learn that this fine white soap is the largest-selling soap—not only in America, but in the world.

And, since you know that PAND G is a laundry and household soap of unsurpassed quality—giving fine results quickly and safely—perhaps you wonder how it can be sold at prices actually lower, ounce for ounce, than those of other soaps.

*The answer may interest you:* Many millions of cakes of PAND G are sold every month of the year. This fact enables Procter & Gamble, its makers, to purchase in enormous quantities the fine materials which go into its manufacture.

Now, as you know from your own experience, large quantities always cost proportionately less than small quantities. Furthermore, large-scale manufacturing costs proportionately less than small-scale manufacturing.

This, then, is the reason why PAND G's exceptional quality can be offered to you at such low prices.

If PAND G were *not* the largest-selling soap, it would have to cost you much more than it does. It is the largest-selling soap because it is such a *fine* soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



## West

"No dread that my colored clothes will fade when I use PAND G," writes a woman from New Mexico.

PAND G is safe. You can trust colors to its rich magic suds—they come out fresh and smiling.





## North

"Keeps my white clothes fresh and white," says a letter from Wisconsin.

Yes! PANDG will wash your clothes to snowy whiteness without hard rubbing or every-week boiling. Many women who use PANDG never boil their clothes at all.

*— there is no mystery about the popularity of P and G — it simply is a better soap.*



## East

"Wonderful suds—even in our hard water," writes a Vermont woman.

In any kind of water—hard or soft—cold, hot or lukewarm—you always quickly get the foaming, lasting PANDG suds.

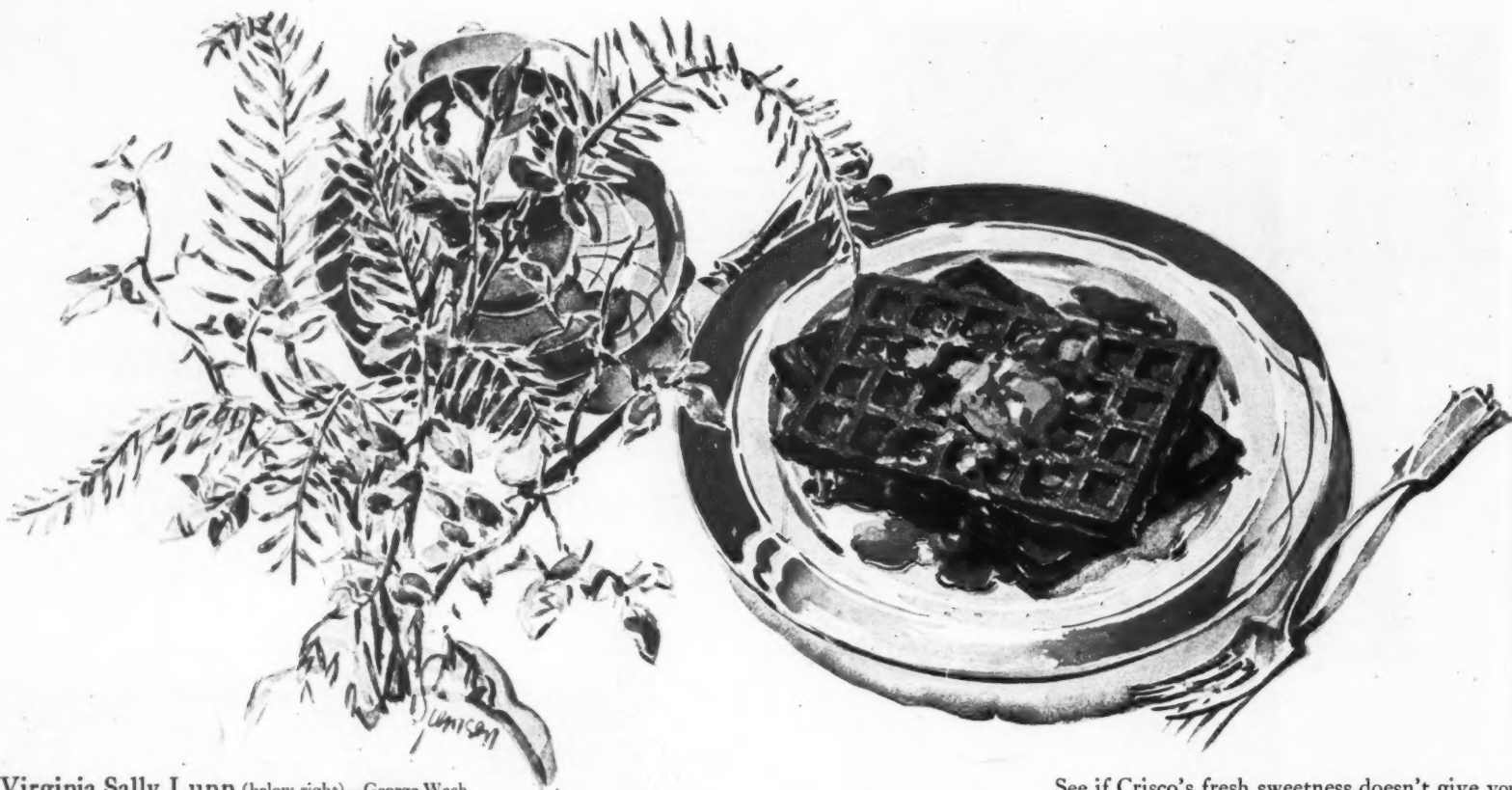


## South

"No yellow, soapy streaks after ironing—PANDG rinses so readily," writes a woman from Alabama.

No grayness either—or soapy odor! PANDG's easy rinsing leaves clothes pure white and fragrant.





**Virginia Sally Lunn** (below right)—George Washington's favorite breakfast hot bread, named for his housekeeper, Sally Lunn. From this recipe you can make, too, feathery Muffins, French Coffee Cake and Waffles.

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup Crisco      5 teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar      1 teaspoon salt  
 2 eggs (beaten)     $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk      2 cups flour

Cream Crisco and sugar together. Add beaten eggs, and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Bake in a Criscoed shallow pan in hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. MRS. AGNES WIRT WASHINGTON, Oak Grove, Westmoreland Co.

**Golden Muffins** (below right)—Follow recipe for Sally Lunn. Fill muffin tins two-thirds full of batter. Bake about 15 minutes in a hot oven (400° F.). This makes 15 to 18 muffins.

**French Coffee Cake** (directly below)—A special treat for Sunday morning breakfast. Crisco's sweetness lets the full delicate flavor of this recipe assert itself. Make up the Sally Lunn recipe. Divide the batter into two round layer cake pans. Brush top lightly with melted Crisco, or dot with little pieces of Crisco. Mix together two tablespoons of sugar and one teaspoon of cinnamon, and sprinkle over entire top, then scatter over this chopped nuts. Walnuts, almonds or pecans are good. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven (400° F.). Serves 6 to 8 persons.

**Waffles**—Follow the Sally Lunn recipe but separate the eggs, adding beaten yolks to batter and adding  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup more milk. Just before baking add egg whites beaten stiff. If you like waffles very crisp, simply cook them longer. This makes enough to serve 6 to 8 persons.

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

## HURRY UP HOT BREADS —but taste your shortening first!

IF we want our muffins and other hot breads to *taste* so good that they win compliments from our husbands and families, we must be sure that all the ingredients we use taste good, too.

If, for example, we are not particular about the shortening we use, whatever strong flavor there may be in the fat itself will quite spoil the real, delicate muffin taste.

I myself would not think of using in muffins (or in anything else for that matter) a fat that I am unwilling to taste just as it comes from the package. To discover for yourself what a great difference there can be in cooking fats, do this:

Place a bit of Crisco on the tip of a spoon; on another spoon, a little of any other fat. Taste first Crisco, then the other fat.

See if Crisco's fresh sweetness doesn't give you the surprise of your whole cooking experience!

These chill winter mornings I have Crisco hot breads for breakfast almost every day. And I do not get up earlier in the morning to make them!

I make them the day before and in the morning reheat them. I wet them (just a "dash" under the cold water faucet), heat them thoroughly in a covered pan, removing cover a minute before serving to be sure they are dry. No one can tell they are not freshly made!

I use Crisco, too, not only for hot breads and biscuits, but for lighter, flakier pie-crust; crisp, brown cookies; cakes that you can't tell from those made with butter; crisp brown fried foods, cooked without smoke or unpleasant odor.

### Free: "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"

A new and unusual cook book. Into it we have gathered 144 tested recipes, all chosen because they are simple, easy and *quick to prepare*. Yet each makes a perfectly delicious dish. There are dozens of suggestions, too, that will save you endless time and trouble. To receive the book, simply fill in and mail me the coupon below.

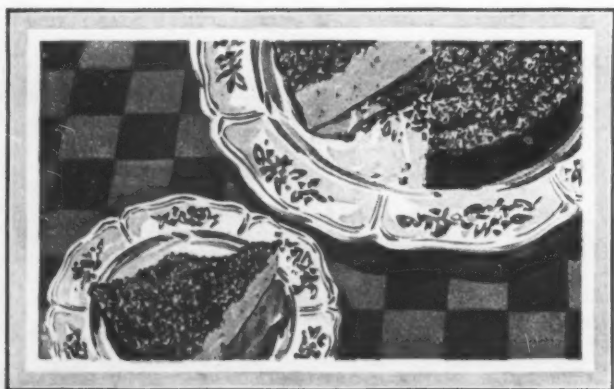
WINIFRED S. CARTER

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. L-1), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please send me free cook book "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....State.....

Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

CRISCO'S SWEET FLAVOR WILL ASTONISH YOU





FEBRUARY

McCALL'S

1928



"It's very funny to me—all this party-giving for Tom Sears' daughter."

# THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

*Locked within the doors of every home there is the warm and glowing story of a mother's incomparable love. Inspired by memories of such a home, Beatrice Burton Morgan has fashioned this story—the greatest of all novels ever published in Mc Call's Magazine—proving once again that "Home is where the heart is."*

By Beatrice Burton Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY F.R. CRUGER

TO begin with, it was not a yellow house at all.

It was green, and it had been green as far back as Emmy Milburn could remember. A dark forest green which did not show the marks of the soot that came sifting down upon it, day and night, from the woolen mill nearby and the P. & C. railroad tracks three blocks away.

But it had been yellow twenty-five years before when Emmy's mother had come there as a bride. And so she had always called it "the little yellow house" with tenderness and affection, as if it were the most delightful spot under the sun instead of an unlovely little frame dwelling in a down-at-the-heel street.

That is, the house would have been unlovely except for the perfectly lovely things that Mrs. Milburn did for it—the bridal-wreath bushes that she planted in the front yard, the dotted muslin curtains that she "did up" every month of her life, and the scarlet geraniums that she kept abloom all the year 'round in the bay window overlooking Flower Street.

Flower Street . . . It was Mrs. Milburn who had

given to Flower Street its wholly unsuitable name. Uncle Bill Parks, who owned every foot of it except the ground where the woolen mill stood, had let her choose a name for it when she had come there to live long years before.

That was Mrs. Milburn for you!—always trying to make things seem better than they were . . . and the shabbier and uglier they were the harder she would try to coax them into something like beauty.

She always spoke of the square of yard behind the house as "the garden," although it was not much bigger than a pocket-handkerchief. She made it a garden, too, with her own small work-roughened hands.

When the stair-carpet wore out she covered the steps with white paint and took to calling them "the wooden hill." If there happened to be nothing but plain fried bread for a meal she would refer to it elegantly and cheerfully as "French toast."

There were other things in her life—dark unhappy things—that she dressed up with fine brave words in the same way. Neither poverty nor worry nor the hardest kind of work, year in and year out, had made her bitter.

"Some folks are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, but I must have been born with a broom in my hand," she would say sometimes at the end of a particu-



"Why not bring this good-looking thing with you when you come to see me, Babe?" she said.

larily hard day; and that was the only thing in the way of complaint that Emmy had ever known her to utter. As a matter of fact, she had been born with a gold spoon in her mouth, and she had exchanged it for a broom on her wedding day. But if she regretted her bargain no one knew it from her.

And in this shining optimism of hers she had brought up her three children—Perry, the eldest, and Emmy, and young Dan. She wove a kind of friendly romance so thickly around the little yellow house that Emmy was almost a woman grown before she began to find out the real truth about it—and about themselves.

Emmy never was sure just when it was that she did begin to find out things about the little house. But afterward, as she looked back, it always seemed to her that it was on a certain fifth day of November—a day that was filled with mist, a smell of far-off rain, and the smoke of leaves burning along the gutters.

The fifth of November was Mrs. Milburn's birthday, and Emmy had spent the whole afternoon downtown buying a present for her.

It was just five o'clock when she got off the Cedar Avenue car at the corner—that last cold gray moment before the street-lamps are lighted and the dusk becomes deeply blue.

Somewhat or other, Flower Street never had looked quite so shabby and dirty and poor to her; the little houses, sharply black in the chilly light, seemed to huddle

together as if they were trying to keep warm. Beyond them the woolen mill rose like the great dark shoulder of a hill.

Emmy never knew which she was more ashamed of—the woolen mill or Flower Street, itself. She knew she hated the very sight of them both whenever she rounded the corner from Cedar Avenue.

Her eyes went from the mill to the little jerry-built houses . . . the Brainards', with its BOARD BY WEEK, DAY OR MEAL sign in the front window. Mrs. Gossman's, showing a white glimmer of washing hung on the line, the Butlers' with its sagging steps and broken gate.

The little yellow house was just like all the other houses in the row—the same pointed roof, the same narrow porch, the same bay window. Uncle Bill Parks had built them all from the same set of plans.

As Emmy pushed open the front door the familiar fragrance of the house came sweeping up to her nostrils. A mixed fragrance of fresh bread, dried roses, furniture polish, and absolute cleanliness. It was tonic after the woolly smell of Flower Street outside.

The sitting room was full of light. Her mother in her low rocker before the fire was looking thoughtfully at a green bank-note that

she smoothed between her fingers.

Mrs. Milburn was a little woman with brown hair parted in the middle. Her blue eyes had never lost youth's trick of shining. At forty-five she did not seem middle-aged, and you could see that, no matter how long she lived, she would always be young somehow.

"Emmy, is that you?" she called. "Come in. Your Grandmother's here."

Grandmother Pentland, in black velvet and black fur, was sitting bolt upright beside the pink-shaded lamp on the center table. She did not look like anybody's grandmother. With her broad shoulders, her commanding nose and sharp black eyes, she looked like a triumphant congresswoman. It was impossible to think of her as ever having washed small dirty faces or sung babies to sleep in long-ago twilights. And yet, of course, she had . . .

She held up a dry smooth cheek for Emmy to kiss and went on talking to Mrs. Milburn.

"Don't be a fool, Rosy! You take that money and send it to your Uncle Bill. That bad little Charlie hasn't sent him a penny of rent for two months, and your uncle is getting pretty sick of his shiftless ways!"

"That bad little Charlie" was the way Grandmother Pentland usually spoke of her daughter's husband, Charles Darwin Milburn.

She spoke her own mind at all times about him, and upon all things besides. She passed over people like a steam-roller, leaving them crushed and flat behind her.

The only person who had ever been known to defy her was her daughter, Rosy, on that day a quarter of a century before when she had eloped with "bad little Charlie" Milburn.

In her soft and gentle way, Mrs. Milburn was defying her now.

"No, Mother, I can't let you pay our rent for us," she was saying. "Charlie will take care of it sooner or later. He always has."

"Always has! Hah!" Grandmother Pentland gave a snort. "You mean that he's paid it about five months out of every twelve you've lived here! And your Uncle Bill has been very patient with him, I'm sure. Anybody else would have turned you all out into the street, bag and baggage, years ago."

Mrs. Milburn's eyes widened with dismay. She put out one hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Emmy," she said, "run out to the kitchen and see if that pudding's burning—and shut the door as you go."

Emmy went, carefully closing the door behind her. But her grandmother's full rich voice followed her into the hall.

"A grafter! That's what your beautiful Charlie is!" she was saying. "Living here on my brother's bounty! Letting anyone and everyone look after you and the children, while he skips around as if he didn't have a care in the world!"

Emmy stood stock-still in the cold dark little hall.

"He's a fine husband, isn't he?" Grandmother Pentland's voice rose again. "A pretty rotten reed to lean on—"

"Please, stop right there, Mother!" This time it was Mrs. Milburn's voice, low and soft, but with a warning note in it Emmy never had heard in it before. "No one, not even you, can talk like that about Charlie to me! And here's your fifty dollars—"

Emmy fled on tiptoe to the kitchen, fearful lest she be caught eavesdropping. It came to her all at once that that was what she was doing.

An oil lamp was burning brightly on the white kitchen table. A teakettle sang on the coal stove. In the oven a bread pudding was turning to golden-brown, and a dozen potatoes were baking.

Emmy took a candle from the shelf and started up stairs. The sitting-room door was still closed and from behind it came the steady murmur of voices.

In her own small white room at the back of the house, Emmy took off her hat and coat. Then she drew her mother's birthday present from its tissue-paper wrappings. It was a pair of ivory-white kid gloves, stitched with black.

"Very swanky!" smiled Emmy, pulling off the price-tag and slipping them back into their box.

She had always wanted her mother to have a pair of white kid gloves to wear to vesper service at St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon instead of the black cotton ones she had had for so long. There was a sparkle of satisfaction in Emmy's eyes as she laid the box





brown  
es had  
forty-  
d you  
lived,  
ome in.

et and  
de the  
he did  
ith her  
se and  
aphant  
ink of  
aces or  
s. And

Emmy  
ilburn.  
e that  
. That  
ny of  
getting

e way  
of her  
ilburn.  
about  
passed  
g them

known  
on that  
en she  
ilburn.  
ilburn

ur rent  
ll take  
as."

entland  
paid it  
you've  
n very  
y else  
street,

dismay.  
a blow.  
kitchen  
d shut

oor be-  
ll rich

autiful  
ere on  
e and  
children,  
have a

l dark

Grand-  
pretty

This  
w and  
heard  
e that  
ars—  
she be  
e that

kitchen  
oven a  
dozen

ed up-  
from  
voices.  
e back  
at and  
irthday

gloves,  
pulling  
back

er to  
ear to  
after-  
ne had  
satis-  
e box

down upon her dresser . . . She had saved for those gloves.

But the starry look died as she began to unhook her blue serge dress. For the blue serge dress had once belonged to her cousin, Marianna Pentland. So had the brown-and-white gingham that Emmy took from the tiny clothes-closet and slipped over her head.

Until now she had always taken it more or less for granted that she should wear Marianna's cast-off clothes. She had taken it for granted that they should live in the little yellow house and pay the rent whenever they could. She was used to having the gas or the electric light in it turned off every now and then because the bills had not been paid.

She had taken it for granted they should keep very quiet and pretend that nobody was at home when the bill-collectors came. And she never had doubted her mother when she said her father had "the neuralgia" on those nights when he came home white and shaky and went stumbling upstairs to bed.

But now, with her grandmother's words still ringing in her ears, Emmy began to see these things in a new light.

"A grafter! . . . Living on my brother's bounty! Letting everyone and anyone look after you and the children while he skips around . . ."

Emmy's eyes were thoughtful as she buttoned herself into Marianna's cast-off gingham. They were very beautiful eyes, luminously gray like the sea at twilight, with a young shy eager look in them that questioned life and welcomed it.

Emmy's hair, the color of raw gold, was braided close around her head. Her rose-white skin had the bloom of a flower, and her mouth was velvety red. She never had used rouge, lipstick or eyebrow-pencil in her life. Mrs. Milburn said that make-up was "common."

She was standing with Grandmother Pentland in the shadowy lower hall when Emmy, candle in hand, reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Well, Emmy Milburn, you're getting to look more like your mother every day of your life!" Grandmother Pentland said half-angrily, as if she were accusing her of something shameful, "I certainly hope you won't set yourself down in the middle of a trash-heap the way she did!"

While Emmy stood gazing at her, wondering if her grandmother agreed with her that Flower Street was a trash-heap, the front door was pushed open unceremoniously and Robb Hollis stepped into the hall.

Robb was only twenty-four, but already he was a foreman at the woolen mill. He often dropped in at the Milburns on his way up the street to Mrs. Brainard's house, where he had a room.

"How do you do, Mrs. Pentland?" he asked, holding out his hand to Emmy's grandmother and grinning at her in his friendly way.

But Grandmother Pentland did not see the outstretched hand.

"How are you, Hollis?" she asked, with the air of a great lady speaking to a peasant. Then she laid one hand on Emmy's shoulder.

"Take me out to my car, Emmaline," she said briskly.

"Well, good-night, Rosy, and happy birthday!"

Emmy saw her press something into her mother's hand as she kissed her good-by. It was small and flat, and Emmy knew that it was the fifty-dollar bill.

This time Mrs. Milburn kept it.

WHAT'S this Hollis hanging around the house for, all the time?" Grandmother Pentland asked sharply.

"Why—I don't know—he and Perry are good friends," Emmy faltered, "and we all like him." She never had stopped to figure out why Robb came to the house so often.

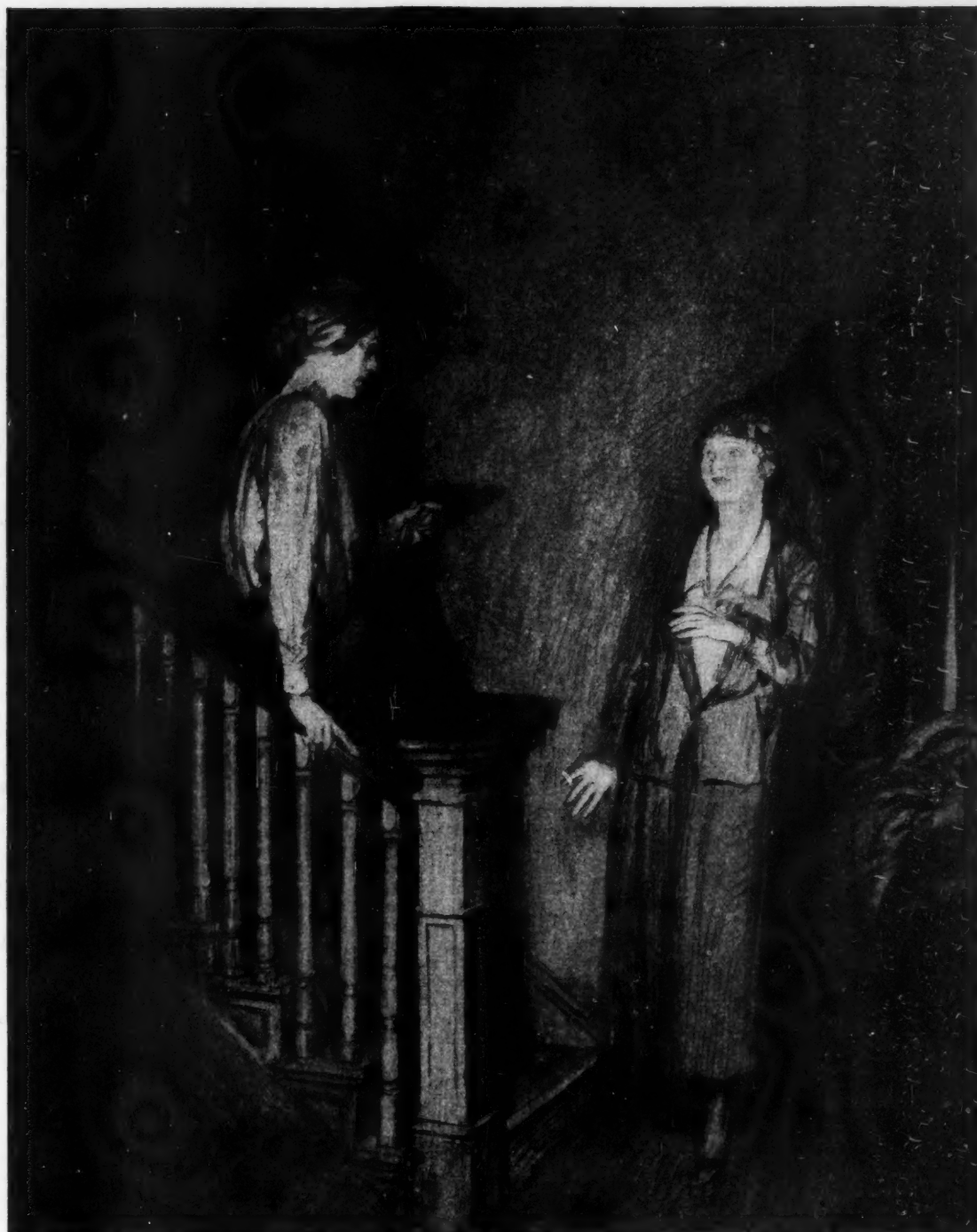
"Nonsense! He's after you!" Grandmother Pentland said, and her black eyes seemed to pierce the darkness like twin gimlets.

"How old are you, Emmy, now?"

"Seventeen."

"Hmm—Well, your mother met your father when she was about your age," the old lady went on. "Don't you do what she did, mind! Don't you marry a good-looking face and a tenor voice—and then be sorry for it all the rest of your life!"

"This Hollis may look like a movie-actor, but don't forget that he's nothing but a fac-



"Never let me hear you speak of your father in that way again, as long as you live."

tory-hand down in Jim Tello's woolen mill just the same—and probably always will be!"

"He's a foreman!" Emmy broke in. "And he goes to night school. He's studying—"

"See? There you are! Standing up for him already!" Grandmother Pentland was bitterly triumphant. "All right, Emmy, if you want to get mixed up with a mill-hand and stay here all your days!"

"Oh, no!—No!" Emmy's voice was a little wailing cry.

"Well, then, keep your head on your shoulders! And remember, Emmy, the good old proverb—'Marry not for money, but marry where money is.'"

She climbed nimbly into her automobile and tucked a fur robe snugly around her knees.

"You understand me, Emmy?" she asked, and Emmy nodded her head. She watched her grandmother back her car out of the narrow driveway and drive off. She stood alone, for a moment, looking around her.

In the Summer the little backyard was filled with Mrs. Milburn's flowers, but tonight it seemed dark and close as a prison-cell to her. The air was heavy, and tasted of smoke. In a neighboring yard a child was crying.

"Oh, no—no—" Emmy repeated aloud the words she had just said to her grandmother as

she turned and started back towards the house.

Suddenly, halfway across the muddy lawn, she stopped. Through the kitchen window she could see her mother and Robb bending over something on the table.

The light struck upward on Robb's face—on his dark honest eyes, his arched nose, his firm lips . . . Yes, he was every bit as good to look at as Grandmother Pentland had said he was.

"But if I were going to get excited about him, I'd have done it long ago," Emmy reflected with the wisdom of seventeen. Why, she knew him as she knew Dan or Perry. He was like one of her brothers.

"He's after you," Grandmother Pentland had said in that sure way of hers.

"How silly!—It's impossible," thought Emmy. But the disturbing idea stayed in her mind and made her shy when she opened the back door and came face to face with him.

"I've been asking Robb to stay and have supper with us," Mrs. Milburn said as she stepped into the kitchen, "but he won't. And just see what he's brought me, Emmy. A jar of Ming Cha tea—it smells just like flowers drying in the sun, doesn't it?"

Emmy's shy gaze went from the little jar to Robb's face. He ran a hand through his dark unruly hair that never would lie smooth.

"I'm not dressed. I just ran in for a minute on my way up from the mill," he explained.



Emmy's eyes, critical all at once, went over him—his rough blue shirt, his faded bow tie, the cheap suit. A faint smell of wool came from his clothes.

"And this is the way he'll come home every night of his life most likely!" said Emmy to herself.

Any girl who married him would have to live right here too, probably, and do her own work, and scrimp and save the way all the women on Flower Street had to. All her youth and beauty would be steamed out of her face over the wash-tub and the soup-kettle . . . Emmy shivered.

"If Robb wants to go, Mother, we mustn't keep him," she said in a flat voice and walked across the kitchen. Robb followed her. He looked into the sitting room where the lamplight shone on the red geraniums, the gilt picture frames, and the polished sides of the piano that Mrs. Milburn had brought with her to Flower Street when she married.

"Sing 'Johnny McCree' for me, will you, Emmy?" he asked, surprisingly. "At this time of day? Why, it's supper time, Robb! I'm busy." Emmy shook her bright head.

"It wouldn't take you two minutes."

"I haven't two minutes," she answered stubbornly. "And, anyway, I don't feel like singing tonight." She opened the front door to let him out.

It was the first time she had ever refused to sing for anyone in her life. For she loved to sing, and she sang the way Robert Browning's thrush sang—with a "fine careless rapture."

Deep in her heart, Emmy expected great things of that voice of hers. It was to lead her out of the murkiness of Flower Street and to give her the things that she passionately wanted from life—a car of her own, lovely silky clothes, money in her pocket.

She was singing in St. Paul's choir now. Later on it would be the Chamber Music Society to which Grandmother Pentland belonged; other glittering opportunities would come along, no doubt, Emmy figured.

ROBB'S puzzled eyes were upon her. "Good-night," he said huskily, and abruptly ran down the steps. "I've hurt his feelings, I suppose," Emmy said to herself. "I don't care! I can't sing for him every time he wants me to!"

But she *did* care. She watched his tall broad-shouldered figure swing up the street and felt like crying because, in some mysterious fashion, her grandmother's words that afternoon had spoiled her friendship with Robb Hollis . . . "He's after you."

They echoed in Emmy's ears as she stood at the top of the steps, swallowing hard and looking up and down the sordid dark length of the street—everything ugly except the street lamps, and they were like gold beads strung on a dirty cord.

"No, indeed, I certainly am not going to spend my days in a place like this!"

Emmy promised herself fervently and went back into the house, so bright and friendly after the depression and gloom outside.

It is an odd fact about houses that they seem to have souls just as people have souls. Some of them are melancholy and brooding. Some of them are happy and warm and welcoming.

The little yellow house, tiny and humble as it was, had a welcome as wide as the world. You couldn't set your foot over the threshold without feeling the peace and comfort of that welcome.

So Emmy's spirits began to lift like wings as she closed the hall door behind her and stepped into the yellow candle light. She was almost herself again—her natural sensible self.

"How horrid I was not to sing for Robb! Acting like a temperamental opera singer!" She scolded herself, running up the uncarpeted stairs to her bedroom to get the white kid gloves.

She began to hum under her breath, the song that he had asked her to sing, as she tied a piece of white satin ribbon around the glove-box.

" . . . The plums are few and the cake is plain,

And the shoes are out at toe,  
For coins you look in the purse in vain.

They were all spent long ago—  
But Johnny McCree—oh! what cares he  
As he whistles along the street?

'Would you have the blues  
For a pair of shoes,

When you still have a pair of feet?'"

The gay melody was Emmy's favorite as well as Robb's . . . Sometime in the future, when she had become a well-known singer, she would give it to her listeners for an encore, she told herself, laying the shiny white glove-box at her mother's place on the dining room table.

In the kitchen Mrs. Milburn was at the sink, cutting up a head of lettuce.

Emmy's deep eyes were troubled as she sat down in the small red-cushioned rocker. She wanted to tell her mother what Grandmother Pentland had said. She always had gone to her with the things that troubled and confused her, but she didn't know how to begin. It seemed such a silly thing to put into words, somehow.

Mrs. Milburn glanced down at her vivid head against the calico cushions, her quick eyes taking in the frown on Emmy's forehead, the nervous fingers.

Then she asked very quietly:

"What did your grandmother have to say when you walked out to her car with her tonight?"

Emmy gave a start. "Why, she was talking about—Robb Hollis."



"No, Mother, I can't let you pay our rent. Charlie will sooner or later."

"I thought so," Mrs. Milburn answered. "Well, let me say just this to you, Emmy. You're far too young to bother yourself about Robb Hollis or any other young man for a while. But when the time does come, don't let anything count with you but love. The best marriage any girl can make—I don't care who she is—is not a money-marriage but a love-marriage."

She sprinkled some onion-salt and red-pepper into the salad bowl. "Money never made any woman happy. Not money alone. Don't ever forget it, Emmy."

"Are you happy?"

"Am I happy? What a question, Emmy—of course, I'm happy," her mother replied instantly. "You'll have to travel a long way before you find a woman happier than I am. That's how I know that money isn't the beginning and end of life, Emmy."

There was silence in the warm lamplit room for a moment, then Emmy sighed. "I wish I could take some more singing lessons from Mrs. Hartzell," she remarked wistfully. "Then I could earn some money and get us all out of this awful neighborhood. Nobody decent to associate with—" Her voice trailed off into silence.

"Perhaps we can arrange for you to have some more," said Mrs. Milburn, and her hand went quickly to her apron pocket where lay the folded fifty-dollar bill that had been Grandmother Pentland's birthday present.

"Not until I finish high school next June, though. It's too much work," Emmy hurried on. She was not going to have that rent money spent on her. Not if she knew it!

Outside rose a sound of shrill whistling. Then a scuffling of feet and young Dan burst into the kitchen.

Dan was the baby of the family. He was red-headed and freckled, and his wide smile showed large square white teeth. His face was dirty, and there was mud on his sweater.

"Go upstairs and wash yourself. Here's the tea-kettle," his mother told him briskly. There were no hot-water pipes in the little house, and all the water had to be heated on the kitchen stove.

"YOU bet!" replied young Dan with great cheerfulness.

That was his stock phrase—"YOU bet!"—said with enthusiasm always. Dan was always enthusiastic.

At fifteen, Dan was a man-of-the-world in his own eyes. Whenever he was out of his mother's sight, he had a cheap cigarette pasted skilfully on his lower lip so that it moved up and down when he talked.

His slang was fearful and wonderful to hear. Mrs. Milburn did not know what he was talking about, half the time.

As he ran up the stairs two steps at a time and spilling hot water as he went, the front door opened.

"That's Perry," Mrs. Milburn said, listening. "I can tell by the way he opens the door."

It was Perry, carrying a huge brown paper box which he set carefully down before he tossed his hat upon the hall mirror hook.

"What's that, for goodness' sake?" his mother asked from the dining room doorway. "Not a birthday present for me, I hope, in that expensive-looking box!"

"That's what" [Turn to page 65]





*She had found  
her heart and  
her lover, and  
had lost both.*

## CLEVER GIRL

*How many women have learned  
through sad experience that sometimes it  
is wise not to be clever!*

By Vivien R. Bretherton

ILLUSTRATED BY KYOHEI INUKAI

SOLI, upon an April day in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six! How shall I picture her? And even a description would be unsatisfactory, for her appearance was one of the most baffling things about her. Not that Soli was generally considered baffling or incongruous by anyone who knew her. They one and all considered her an exceptionally clever girl.

But the real Soli—? I doubt if anyone ever knew what the real Soli was. Surely those months of May and June could not but have made marked changes in her. Yet had she not experienced them, would she have been any nearer developing into the personality that they fostered in her? Perhaps!

Let us go back to that late Spring day when Soli was received as a member of the California Authors' League by reason of her brilliant satire upon the youth of her day, *Green Fire*—a book that was remarkable in itself and in the reception that was accorded it. Six months after its publication, *Green Fire* was in its tenth printing and still recording spectacular sales.

There had been little astonishment in her home at the success of Soli's first book. Soli herself had known perfectly the brilliance of her mind, and since she had been

publishing for several years, first small verses and later short and exceedingly clever little stories, she fully expected her first novel to receive exactly the reception accorded it. Nor was her family unduly excited. Mrs. Millerand remarked at dinner that evening: "It's only what we expected of Soli. Of course she is very prone to dreams, but with the proper endeavor I foresee fame for her."

Marie, the elder daughter, a pretty, rather plump girl, looked at the book that had brought success to her sister. "Solange's name is rather pretty on it, isn't it? I suppose it's a good thing now that she had such a fancy name—it sounds so like a writer's. Freakish, you know," she concluded.

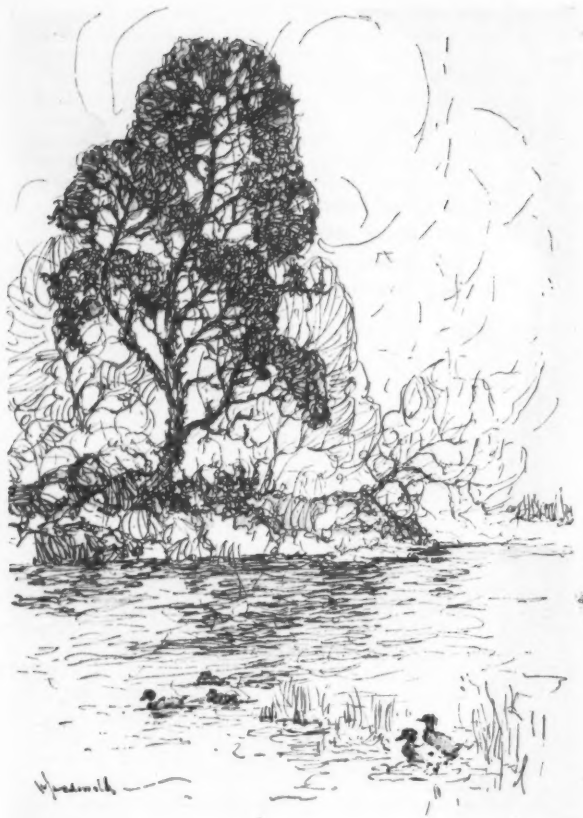
"As things have turned out, it isn't bad," admitted Mrs. Millerand, who had disapproved of it at the time

of its selection for her second baby. "It's the only thing your father ever did that turned out successfully."

It was at this moment that Soli, who in general paid but little heed to their remarks save when her father's name was spoken (she always felt a bit wistful at the mention of him; he had died when she was only a year old, but Soli had a feeling of comradeship with him) looked up from the pear salad she was consuming and saw that the wild plum at the foot of the garden was in bloom. None but Soli knew that the blooming of the wild plum each year marked a mile-stone in her life. Quickly she laid down her napkin, murmured a soft excuse and slipped from the room.

At the head of the garden steps, her face uplifted to the scented breeze that was sweeping up from the flower-beds, Soli was recalled by her mother's voice, querulously questioning, "Solange, have you finished already? Where are you going?"

Soli stopped, half turned, then sighing a bit impatiently, reentered the house. "Yes, mother, I've finished. Please excuse me. I'm going up to my room," and running up the stairs, she hurried into its privacy, turned the key quietly in the door and [Turn to page 97]



# LIFE AND LETTERS of Gene Stratton-Porter

*A memorial to a great  
heart and a loving life by the one  
who knew her best of all*

By Jeanette Porter Meehan

THE Little Lady of Happy Memories is watching me from across the room, and every time I catch her eye, I smile at her, and she seems to smile back at me. Her wise, inscrutable blue eyes look out from a serene, untroubled face; although she has lived long, life's little joys and sorrows have passed over her lightly, and have left but few scars.

You must have guessed—the Little Lady of Happy Memories is my mother's first and only doll, only fourteen inches tall, but such a loved, cherished doll. The black hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips are painted on a glossy china head; from the elbows her arms are china, delicately moulded; the blue garters are painted on china legs; the shoes are painted on china feet; and around the ankles there still remain the narrow strips of cloth, just as mother sewed them on with childish stitches, so that the feet could not click together and break.

Many years ago Mother named her Grace Greenwood, but I call her the Little Lady of Happy Memories because she has seen so much of life; she has watched many children grow up, and has helped to keep them happy; she has watched life's many and varied experiences come to the parents of these same children, first in my grandmother's family, then in Mother's family—and now she sits in my study—still watching.

Mother has carried her about the country for many years. Wherever Mother was, there also was Grace Greenwood. She has known Mother's happiness, love, joys, sorrows, successes, failures, ambitions and achievements; she knew her innermost thoughts and every mood, for I have often heard my mother talking to her.

So I am glad the Little Lady is watching me while I am writing this little volume in memory of Mother. I am trying to write it truthfully and faithfully. I believe the Little Lady of Happy Memories will not allow me to go wrong—she will watch me, and if I make a mistake, some way she will tell me, and I will correct it.

It is the tale of a simple, unselfish life, simply told; it is not one of wealth, luxurious living and arrogance. It is only the story of what one woman, with the heritage of a clean mind, honest heart, ambitious soul and intelligent brain was able to accomplish by her own efforts, many times against serious odds, and always with the thought behind it all of how she could best help others—not allow the struggling one to become discouraged—and how to cheer and comfort them over the

rough places. She, too, had experienced the rough spots; so she knew how to sympathize and offer advice.

Her work was not a constant railery against existing conditions; she believed in the inherent and fundamental good of the people; and she never thought either the country or the people were "going to the dogs." Rather, her work was a valiant plea

and argument for the things that should be, hoping these principles, attractively presented, might prove more alluring than unending preachments which only weary one.

She had a peculiar genius in a timely choice of subjects. She insisted she knew what people would like, if given a chance, and she clung to her point unflinchingly through much serious opposition by various publishers. But she fought it out, and won. She *did* know, and she proved that

did not live to see the glorious realization of her dreams.

It is not such a long story, this tale of a happy little girl who grew up to be a sweetheart, wife, mother, author and artist; and we hope, the Little Lady of Happy Memories and I, that our story will not weary you; we hope it may prove a ray of light and hope for all ambitious souls who are struggling for a place in the sun.

JEANNETTE PORTER MEEHAN.

WHAT more wonderful heritage could be possible for a child than to be born on a farm?—just to have the privilege of watching all sorts of animal, bird and plant life around you grow and develop during the procession of the year. What untold secrets a child learns, and what an everlasting effect they will have on later life if they are cherished with a sympathetic and understanding heart. Just to watch a tiny bud on an apple tree unfold into a delicate, fragrant pink blossom and then grow into luscious fruit; to watch a pair of birds build a nest—the mother sets while the father sings to her, the eggs hatch and the baby birds grow up and fly away; to watch a caterpillar spin a cocoon, hatch a glorious moth or butterfly, and sail away over the flowers; to watch a seed grow into a plant and bloom; to plant a vegetable garden and watch it grow into food; to see the glory of a waving wheat field with the fireflies drifting over it at sunset; or the freshness of the dew on a clover field in early morning with a skylark flinging down notes from the clouds to his mate who is setting on their nest hidden away among the clover blossoms; to feed the tiny chickens, ducks and turkeys; to play with young pigs, colts, calves and lambs; to gather the eggs; to slide down the straw-stacks; to jump into the huge bins of grain; to ride the plough horses and watch fat old robins and sleek, iridescent blackbirds pick worms from the furrows; to watch the butchering, milking and churning, the curing of meat, the cider making; and then to come in, tired and hungry, to a table loaded with steaming, carefully prepared food, with big pitchers of creamy milk; and after that, to creep into a downy feather bed to unbroken sleep.

Such was the home of little Geneva Stratton—a rolling Indiana farm of two hundred and forty acres with a bubbling little creek crossing it. Mark and Mary

Stratton built a big, comfortable house, painted it white, and ran a white picket fence across the front. There were many large trees for the birds, a flower garden for bees and butterflies, a vegetable garden, an orchard and a barn with a big yard for the animals, houses for chickens, ducks and turkeys, for seeds, tools and machinery. Their bush and vine covered fences crept in rows of gaudy color. Their orchard was planted in the valley with a square of apple trees in the center, widely bordered by peach, and at bloomtime



Above is Gene's picture, taken for her fiancé. To the right is Gene at sixteen. Below is Gene at ten.



she did: she knew, as no one else has ever seemed to know, the minds and hearts of her public, and the things that would appeal to them.

She was a happy little wild thing as a child; a busy contented wife; a wonderful mother; and she must have been a successful writer, for her books still live and breathe health, happiness and cleanliness into the lives of those she has left behind. The keynote of it all is simplicity, in code, manner and dress—so simple we fail to grasp it: just Love, love of God, love of Nature, love of her fellow-men. I know the bigness of her soul, her generous motives, and her untiring efforts to reach the goal she set for herself. I shall never cease to grieve that she





it spread like a great pink-bordered white blanket on the face of earth. Swale they might have drained made moist places for sheets of blue flags, buttercups and cowslips. You could look from no window in the house without seeing a picture of perfect beauty. It was an ideal home, clean, neat, artistically planned and the whole permeated with an atmosphere of love, contentment and kindness.

At the time of their marriage, December 24, 1835, Mark Stratton described his bride, Mary Schallenberger, as a "ninety-pound bit of delicate porcelain, pink as a wildrose, plump as a partridge, having a big rope of bright brown hair, never ill a day in her life, and bearing the loveliest name ever given to a woman—Mary." Years later Geneva wrote of her: "She was the mother of twelve lusty babies, all of whom she reared past eight years of age, losing two little girls at that time as a result of scarlet fever and whooping cough, too ugly a combination for even such a wonderful mother as she. With this brood on her hands, she found time to keep an immaculate house, to set a table renowned in her part of the state, to entertain with unfailing hospitality all who came to her door, to beautify her home with such means as she could command, to embroider and fashion clothing for her children by hand; but her great gift was conceded by all to be her ability for making things grow. She started dainty little vines and climbing plants from tiny seeds she found in rice and coffee. Rooted things she soaked in water, rolled in fine sand, planted according to habit. I cannot remember one instance in which they failed to justify her expectations. She even started trees and shrubs from cuttings no one else would have thought of trying to cultivate. Her last resort was to cut a slip diagonally, insert the lower end in a small potato, plant as if rooted and it almost always grew. There is a shaft of white stone standing at her head in a cemetery that belonged to her, on a corner of my father's land; but to me her real monument is a cedar of Lebanon, which she set in this manner, topping the brow of a little hill crossing the grounds. She carried the slips from Ohio where she had obtained them for a man who had brought a tree, a tiny thing, from the Holy land, and he gave her two little cuttings. She planted both this way, one in her dooryard and one in her cemetery. That tree must stand thirty feet tall now, and have a body two feet in circumference.

"My mother was of Dutch extraction, and like all Dutch women, she worked her especial magic with bulbs, which she favored above any other flowers. Tulips, daffodils, star flowers, Easter flowers, lilies, dahlias, little bright hyacinths that she called 'blue bells,' she dearly loved. From these latter she distilled exquisite perfume by putting clusters at the acme of bloom perfection in bowls lined with freshly made unsalted butter, covering them closely, and cutting the few drops of extract thus obtained with alcohol. She could do more different things, and finish them in a greater degree of perfection, than any woman I ever have known. If I were limited to one adjective in describing her, 'capable' would be the word."

Mother wrote of her father: "Father was descended from a long line of ancestors of British blood. He was named for, and traced his origin to that Mark Stratton who married the famous beauty, Ann Hancock, and settled on Stratton Island, afterward corrupted to Staten, according to family tradition. From that point back for generations, across the



"Grace Greenwood"

sea he followed his line to that family of Strattons of which the Earl of Northbrooke is the present head. To his British traditions and the customs of his family my father clung with rigid tenacity, never swerving a particle through environment or association. He believed in God, in courtesy, in honor, in cleanliness, in beauty, in education. His very first earnings he spent for a book; all his life he was a student, with the most tenacious memory of any man I ever knew intimately. He especially loved history—Rolland's, Wilson's 'Outlines,' Hume, Macaulay, Gibbon, Prescott, Bancroft. He could repeat the entire Bible, giving chapters and verses, save the books of generations. I never knew him to fail in telling where any verse quoted to him was to be found.

"My father's mind was such a treasure house that the greatest pity of his passing was that all he knew should perish with him. But it is scarcely fair to express it that way, for all his life, with no thought of fatigue or inconvenience to himself, he traveled miles uncounted to share what he had learned with those less fortunately situated by delivering sermons, lectures, talks on civic improvement and politics. To him the love of God could be expressed in no other way as in love of his fellow men, and the one Biblical quotation most often on his lips was: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' He could

put more meaning into those lines in accent and action than I was accustomed to seeing and hearing in other men. He worshipped beauty: beautiful faces, souls, hearts; beautiful landscapes, trees, animals, flowers. He loved color—rich, bright color and every variation down to the palest shades.

"My father never was too busy to fertilize a flower bed, or dig holes to set a tree or bush. A word constantly on his lips was 'tidy.' It applied equally to a woman, a house, a field or a barn lot. He had a streak of genius in his makeup: the genius of large appreciation. Over Biblical passages, over great books, over sunlit landscapes, over a violet abloom in deep shade, over

a heroic deed of man, I have seen his brow light up, his eyes shine, and his countenance glow until he must have resembled Elijah when he looked into Heaven. He was constantly reading aloud to us children and to visitors, descriptions of the great deeds of men."

Mark Stratton was an ordained minister of the Gospel and, aside from his duties on the farm, he conducted three services on Sunday at the little church which stood on a corner of his farm. He donated the land for this church and helped the neighbors to build it. Next to it is a cemetery where he and Mary and several members of their family are buried. His interest in his fellow men and his desire to serve them is further shown in the fact that he also donated a lot near the church for a country school. The church, the cemetery and the school bore the name which he gave to his farm, "Hopewell," and as the years have passed the entire country-side has come to be known as Hopewell Community, a fitting memorial to the lives of Mark and Mary Stratton.

MOTHER believed that the ability to write successfully was an especial gift from the gods, and that writing that lives because it is loved can be done only by those having vivid imagination, wide experience, a vital sense of humor, copious expression and a sharp eye for the daily exhibits of human nature, good, bad and worse. She believed writers were born with the desire to write so great that it urged insistently until it forced expression.

The Stratton family Bible records: "Geneva Grace Stratton was born August 17, 1863." At this date the Civil War was at its height. Intelligent people were discussing the President's Proclamation of Emancipation and the slave question in general. Mark and Mary Stratton were devoutly anti-slavery and absolute Unionists. They often harbored runaway slaves on their farm. There was a ravine running along the edge of the orchard ending in a hollow which Father Stratton dug out and made into a cave or tunnel. The opening of the cave was heaped with stones, and the place was used as an "underground station." During the night escaped slaves were brought to the farm and hidden in this cave, where they were given beds of straw, food, a candle for light and kept until the next night when they were again picked up and taken on their way.

The excitement of these thrilling and perilous times might easily have had both a pre-natal and a post-natal influence on the vivid imagination which Geneva developed later in her writings. Mary Stratton was forty-six and Mark Stratton was fifty when Geneva was born, six years after they had ceased to expect that more children would come to them. Her journey to earth was half over before they knew she was on the way, giving her no excuse to be other than perfectly normal. Both were at the height of their intellectual development, and the mark of their best was set on the little girl, in her fibre, blood and brain.

The little Strattons were all very well trained, and although Geneva was the youngest by six years and the pet of the family, she still had her tasks and small duties about the farm. The older brothers and sisters were married and gone before she was born, and she had nieces and nephews older than she. Although they kept what was then known as a "hired girl," each child had its duties. Geneva's earliest tasks were picking up the clothes-pins that dropped on the grass, carrying chips to the wood-box in the kitchen and to the huge fireplace in the living room, and pounding bricks into dust to scour the knives.

Later she ran errands, swept walks, and helped to feed chickens and gather the eggs from [Turn to page 88]



Above is Mary Stratton, Geneva's mother. To the left is her father, Mark Stratton.





*One grimy band clutched at the pillow.*

## BOHEMIA'S BABY

*From the crooked byways of Greenwich Village, where life is gay and carefree, comes this whimsical story of a baby in quest of a bed.*

By Leona Dalrymple

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

THERE were orange candles in the big, dim room and seated beside the roaring wood-fire was Kelly Dunn. Jim Clay, shedding his overcoat in the doorway, forgot for a time the overdue batch of cartoons he had abandoned at Kelly's telephone call and blinked in astounded silence at his friend and host. It was like Jim to say least when he was most moved and Kelly's return after an irresponsible elopement and a protracted period of honeymoon somewhere in a painter's borrowed studio on a distant cliff, lay warmly in his heart. Fern, too, Kelly's gay and lovely wife, had been his friend.

"Temporarily affluent," he observed, staring about him. The blond young viking by the fire grinned. "Permanently," he corrected. "My uncle in Connecticut. Uncle Egbert."

"Permanently!" "Yes, Uncle Egbert calls it an ante-mortem legacy," nodded Kelly. "I'm to quit tearing around the globe on free-lance newspaper hunches, settle down and write fiction."

Beyond the glow of silken orange curtains snow whirled in the deepening twilight. In spite of Kelly's telephoned assertion that he had found a roomy garret studio with "atmosphere and all the modern inconveniences" Jim had found the exterior of the ramshackle old house set crazily in a twisted street of Greenwich Village unpromising in the extreme. But inside batik hung brightly on the faded walls. A black rug lay sharply on the painted orange floor. Even the ancient square piano had been painted grotesquely black and orange.

"Can't figure out where you sleep," observed Jim sud-

denly, still staring about the room with interest.

"In a room like this," Kelly told him, "unless it folds, a bed is a glaring candor. The window-seats are wide and we've plenty of bedding."

"Personally," said Jim, "I sleep on a couch."

"Obviously," agreed Kelly, "a couch is less of a candor than a bed. Unfortunately our list of needs was long. By the time we'd worked down to the couch part of it, the money was gone."

"Gone!"

"Uncle Egbert's first check. He works it some way or other by the month. I rather felt Aunt Cora'd had a hand in the size of it. She's like that—Aunt Cora—prudent—regrettably prudent. Fortunately I'd established credit with the grocer. I gave him five dollars ahead and told him when he'd worked it out to ask for more."

"It was like Kelly," Jim groaned.

"What's that thing?" he demanded suddenly. "It looks like a rocking clothes-basket."

"It is," said Kelly. "I made it."

"A green and orange clothes-basket!" exclaimed Jim

in intense annoyance, for he deemed the extraordinary thing some flippancy of Kelly's, and walking toward it he stared down

presently into a grave and searching pair of eyes.

"My Heavens!" he gasped, "it—it's a baby!"

"The individual in the clothes-basket," explained Kelly, poking the fire, "happens to be my son and heir."

Thunderstruck, Jim stared rudely into the basket. The small, sedate countenance

of Kelly's son broadened suddenly into a grin. He chuckled, heaving mysteriously with mirth.

"Any singular composition of human features," explained Kelly, "seems to set him off. You'd be surprised the way he mulls things over."

"Why in the name of Heaven," Jim inquired, "didn't you buy him a crib or whatever the thing is they rock?"

"Because," said Kelly hotly, "when we got to remembering it, there wasn't any money. And we had a clothes-basket. And a busted rocker. Personally," he added loftily, "I consider the contraption rather ingenious."

"I consider the way you've gone about this thing darned theatric," said Jim, bridling. "You might have told me. What's his name?"

"Kelly," said the father of Kelly II. "Though chiefly we refer to him as the Appendix."

Jim rose again and approached the basket. The Appendix it seemed to him, looked, in repose, extremely sturdy and very grave.

"Good Heavens, Kelly," he stammered, wiping his forehead, "it—it never occurred to me there'd be a baby. Both of you are as irresponsible and willy-nilly as the wind!"



"Somehow," explained Kelly, "we felt it more or less a duty. The Doctor pronounced us both eugenically eligible for parenthood. Personally," he added with a touch of irritation, "I feel that Fern and I from the start have exhibited a scientific sort of sense."

"Sense! You eloped with Fern precisely three days after you met her!"

Jim's mind grappled hysterically for an interval. Then again he blinked at the baby. Grotesquely woolly swathings had converted the hapless Appendix into a sort of flannel papoose. To Jim, who knew less of babies than even Fern and Kelly, he looked sensibly warm and fuzzy. He said so.

"Flannel!" declared Kelly proudly. "My idea. I bought a bolt of it. You see we—we forgot he needed clothes. Fern said that dimly in the back of her mind, she figured they just wrapped them up in things. So did I. The nurse was cross. First off we had to wrap him up in a piece of batik. Jim, do new babies always look red and a trifle annoyed?"

"I don't wonder he did," said Jim fervently. "I emphatically don't."

Kelly ignored him. "By the way, what's the bag?" asked Jim.

"What bag?"

Jim indicated a swollen sausage affair on a hook by the window. It was large and woolly and from it protruded mysterious ends of some indiscriminate stuffing.

"Oh," said Kelly, "that's the Appendix's duffle-bag. It imperfectly secretes his wardrobe. No closets," he added. "I keep my clothes in one window-seat and Fern keeps hers in the other. Unavoidably the duffle-bag is a glaring candor."

"To me," said Jim positively, "it was not a candor." The duffle-bag, having fired off apparently in Kelly's mind another domestic fuse of thought, he descended in a panic on the ice-box pan and emptied it barely in the nick of time. A tag dangled wetly from one of its handles. On it in Kelly's handwriting appeared the single word—"Air."

"Air!" he ejaculated.

Jim, bewildered, opened a window. Kelly closed it, talking rapidly. Air, Jim gathered after a time, was an idea of Uncle Egbert's. Persistently he arrived in his

nephew's studio, en route to ambiguous errands which required his presence in New York and apparently nothing but his presence, and expressed on the subject of warmth and air for Kelly, Jr. extremely positive opinions. He had contrived somehow to create in Kelly's mind an almost obsessive regard for the items in question. Remindful air-tags hung plentifully about the studio. The temperature of the Appendix had become a scientific flanneled thing of layers, which Mrs. Duffy, who lived in the basement and humored an ancient furnace, laundered according to her lights. Kelly, Jr. was wrapped or peeled by thermometer. And muffled in his clothes-basket beside an open window, he was daily aired in the bathroom.

"And now," said Kelly hopelessly,

"it's snowing! First time. What'll I do?"

"Well," said Jim flatly, "air or no air, snow's bad for him." They sat down. "Where's Fern?"

Fern, Kelly said was out peddling.

"Peddling!"

Kelly nodded. "A free verse. She's gone in for it."

When Fern came at six, her shoulders white with snow, the Appendix was asleep. Her eyes and cheeks, dark under a scarlet tam, blazed with uncontrollable excitement.

"Oh, Kelly," she gasped, "I—I sold it. A new magazine. I met Nicky Finn in the subway and he knew the editor."

Incredibly child-like, Jim reflected with a sigh, incredibly lovely the mother of Kelly, Jr.—this girl with the soft lovely gypsy eyes and the gay, sensitive charming mouth. In her bright, dark face lay subtly the conflict of a strange heredity. After all, you cannot successfully mate a beautiful, irresponsible circus-rider with an aristocratic black sheep of circus-trailing habits without a striking result. Fern was that result. And many curious forces shot with tinsel had gone into her molding. There had been too, an art school, Jim remembered. Fern, orphaned after undependable ventures in the field of art, had drifted onto an art editor's post on a poor magazine and met in what the Philistine is pleased to call Bohemia, Kelly Dunn.

Inordinately generous, Kelly, truly gifted and indefatigably lazy. And his love for the mother of Kelly, Jr. lay plainly in his face.

"The Nest!" So Kelly telephoning had called his home. Jim feared for the fledgling.

ONLY Jim perhaps saw clearly the handwriting on the wall. He

foresaw the impending popularity of "The Nest" for Kelly and Fern were incurably gay and lovable. He foresaw the appalling consequences of Uncle Egbert's monthly checks. And as time wore on, he worried.

"It's the worst—the worst possible thing that could have happened to them," he burst forth to Bart Mason late one afternoon. "The worst possible!"

Bart, a prolific writer of unpublished songs in the leisure hours of a somewhat unappreciated art photography, gazed at him vacantly.

"What," he asked, "the baby?"

"The money," said Jim impatiently. "They know about as much about money, those two—as you do. Kelly ought to have to work. Then he'd get at it. This way—you know as well as I do Kelly works only when he has to."

"Personally," observed Bart, "I'm with him there."

"As for the things they buy!"

Jim pushed his work back with a snort. "I don't blame the grocer for turning hand-springs on the door-mat when Kelly's been holding out on him and he looks in and spots a new expensive samovar. If those two idiots had to work and earn their living, you can take it from me, they'd spend it with more sense and less

abandon. A tea-wagon, too," he went on with an angry grunt. "They bought a tea-wagon."

A mahogany tea-wagon. A portable thing—umaderry a wiggle oolong around a room and half the time the kid's legs are wrapped in flannel spirals because the money's gone when they think of socks."

The money, Kelly could have told him, was somehow always gone when a chronic need became emphatic. Though perpetually a laboring income pursued the haphazard list he kept of potential purchases, invariably it was laps behind. It never for instance caught up to that spot on the list where Kelly had spelled perambulator wrongly. It never overtook the socks. Once in a crisis, Jim had patiently revised the family memoranda, listing the needs first and the luxuries last but nothing had come of it.

"That time," he told Bart now, "they bought something or other not on the list and shot the budget to flinders. Costumes, I think, for a dance, Pierrette and Pierrot. Hand me my hat."

"Where you going?"

"Kelly's invited me to dinner," answered Jim.

Kelly, it developed, was playing chess at "The Flying Witch." Fern was alone. The Appendix, a magnificent jumble of batik and flannel, dozed placidly on the old piano, pillowed on a utilitarian area of lid behind the yellowed keys. Some one, Fern said, had taken him out of the basket, and the basket of course, had filled up. It always did. Jim watching her flit [Turn to page 95]



"Where," said Jim in an ominously quiet tone, "is the kid?"



ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALTER EVERETT

*"They seemed like a pair of youngsters."*

## THE YOUNG GHOST

*Love, like "a lamp amid the Darkness,"  
pierces the veil of understanding to  
make of Suzo a pleasant memory.*

By Dorothy Heyward

SUZO did not come into my life till more than a year after her death. I knew Bob slightly through our mutual friendship with Walton Dana. And I knew vaguely that Bob was married. But it was only after I had moved into the little white house, where Bob and Suzo had their brief acquaintance with matrimony that Suzo became a genuine reality to me.

It was to Dana that I went with my perplexities. It had been because of Dana that I found myself living in the little white house. I had needed some sort of shelter. An apartment was what I had in mind, but Dana's friend, Bob, had a house to rent—a very little house, as Dana argued, not really any larger than a normal apartment. Besides Bob needed the money. He even talked of moving back into the house himself if it could not be rented, insisting that he could not afford to be paying out rent while he owned a house that stood idle. I suspected afterwards that it was not Bob's mere need of money that led Dana to bully me into taking the house; it was rather his need of knowing that the little house was occupied. It has been pretty disconcerting the way tenants always moved out.

Dana's belligerent gaze fairly dared me to move out, as I stated my discomfort in my new quarters. He was very fond of Bob.

"I suppose you know, Dana," I said, "that the place is haunted."

There was no surprise in his voice as he answered, "An apparently sane, educated, full grown man has the gall to whimper that his house is haunted! If there's anything strange about that house, you know, as well as I do, that there's some reasonable explanation for it."

"What, for instance?"



"Well—there may be a chink in the wainscoting, or, some sort of aperture through which the wind sucks in and out."

"So it was of that that the other tenants complained too?"

"Of what?"

"Her sobbing in the night."

Dana gave me for a moment the full light of his contempt. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes. That's what they said. The first tenants knew

the circumstances of her death, so they thought they had to cook up some fool

story about her; and they've successfully passed it on to all the others, but—"

"Not to me."

"—but I must say I expected some common sense from you, Brent. It's rather absurd, you know, when you think of it; a six-foot, hundred and seventy pound man afraid of Suzan. She was very young, you know—and very little. After she cut her hair, it seemed actually ludicrous, her being married at all."

As he talked of her he smiled; not the sad smile due to the dead, but an amused smile that seemed on the verge of a chuckle.

"I imagined, from the house, that she was very gay."

"Oh yes, gay—when she was gay. But then, she was serious too. She never grew up, I think. But the years passed over her till they said she was twenty, so she got married. And, as a married woman, she would propound her views on life, sex, philosophy—I think she had original opinions on every subject—and always wrong. She was a great unconscious humorist. So, of course, it's very amusing—even though it's very sad—that a lot of big, hulking people are afraid of her funny, serious little ghost."

"My dear Dana," I protested, "I don't believe I mentioned that I was afraid."

"Then why do you want to move out?"

"I don't. I never did. You jump to conclusions. I merely wanted you to know that you had not pulled the wool over my eyes. I know the house is haunted."

He searched my face in silence. When he spoke, the flippancy, the contempt, had gone from his voice.

"You really think she's there, Brent?" he said. "Just



between us, old man. You can go on record as having met the ghost, if you like—but, between us—two fellows who have been through college together and learned as much as we could hold of psychology and philosophy, you really believe she is there?"

"Yes," he said. "It certainly gets me," he said. "I'd have thought you were the least superstitious fellow on earth. That's the reason I was so dead set on your taking the place. I didn't want any more stories carried to Bob about how people couldn't live in his house because of poor, little Suzy—Bob's name for her. She called him Bobbel—absurd names, but they were very young."

"Bob, himself, moved out," I said. "Not for three or four months after her death. And I stayed with him part of the time."

"And did you hear it?—the wind sucking through the walls?"

"No, not a thing. Not a murmur. Neither did Bob."

"Then, why did he move?" "You ought to be able to answer that one. There are plenty of ghosts in the place for him, without his imagining them: the furniture she painted, the wallpaper she selected. He was very happy there—right up to the final crash. He can't bear to go near the place now."

Again he searched his face in silence. "You mean it?—You'll stay? If you really believe you hear her, it can't be very pleasant?"

"It isn't so bad now that I've moved her to the next room," I said. "I always meant to change things around a bit. I didn't want two beds in my room. But, just at first I was busy—I left their twin beds standing side by side. Then she would keep me awake all night long—tossing on her little bed, and sort of gasping, as though she were smothering her sobs in the pillow. It was rather uncanny, in the mornings, to find the bed smooth and neat with no trace, whatever, that it had been used all night. When I moved it to the next room I rather expected her to rebel and insist upon staying where she was. But she moved obediently with her little bed. And now I only hear an occasional gulp, unless I go over and listen at the door."

Dana was gazing at me with an almost ludicrous perplexity.

"I don't get it, Brent," he said. "Bob was her husband. And I was her good friend. You're a perfect stranger. Why should you hear her when we didn't?"

"I don't know the answer. It's a funny thing. Some people can, and some can't. That's all."

He couldn't accept this. "I suppose you consider yourself psychic, or clairvoy-

ant, or whatever you call it," he said sarcastically.

"I don't know," I said. "I've never seen a ghost. But I've always suspected that I might some day. I knew the exact minute my father died, although I was in Europe and he was in New York, and I hadn't even heard that he was ill."

Dana pondered a moment longer; then his manner became suddenly business-like.

"Something's got to be done about it," he announced.

"But what can be done?"

He got his hat.

"I'm going home with you," he said, "and we're going to get to the bottom of this."

He went with me to the little white house. I had lived there two months, and I now felt that I knew Bobbel—really a very slight acquaintance—and Suzy, whom I had never seen, as I knew no one else on earth. Even her face was familiar—though I had never seen her picture.

As I closed the door behind us, I smiled with Dana's fond, amused smile. It was really an odd habitation for a ghost. There it was, just as Suzy had left it in her hurried departure from this life. There was the wallpaper she had chosen—vines and flowers running riot. There was the furniture she had painted—the painting of the very young; not but that her steady young hand had faithfully followed the patterns of the stencil, but there was undoubted evidence that painting had been fun—too much fun to stop when the pattern was completed. There had still been room on each article for some original designs. One surmised that, with a year or two more of maturity, Suzy would have repainted; but, in the twentieth year of life, and the first year of matrimony, she found her work good. And, as we stood in the doorway, inspecting the gay little room that served as combination living and dining room, I somehow found in it the unconscious harmony of an old-fashioned garden where marigolds and blue bachelor-buttons, heliotrope and old-time pinks all nod together in happy abandon.

Dana set resolutely to work with quite the manner of a professional ghost hunter. While the daylight lasted, he examined every crack and corner. I was henchman, holding his instruments and doing as I was told.

After the living-dining-room, we explored the white-curtained room where the little twin beds had stood. Then we moved on to the adjoining room, to which Suzy's bed had been moved. This room received the major portion of Dana's attention. He tapped the walls and took conscientious measurements to insure against secret

hiding places, or any nooks concealed by sliding walls. Across the hall was that grim little room, all white tile, with the shiny white tub, in which Suzy's slim body had been found.

We prepared our own supper in the little kitchenette; then lit our pipes and sat down to examine the evidence.

We reconstructed it all; beginning with the voice over the telephone—a stranger's voice—which had summoned Dana to the side of his friend: "Mrs Carlin's fainted in the bathtub. They're afraid she's drowned." The doctors had been there some minutes when Dana reached the house. The pulmotor was already at work. It was only a matter of minutes before the doctors gave up hope, but it was four hours before they ceased to work. Even then Bob was unwilling to have them stop. It was impossible that Suzy was dead. She had been singing that morning as she polished the wedding presents—too new really to need attention.

"The first thing to look into," said Dana, "is the cause. Why should she roam about, instead of staying quietly in her grave, as, I believe, most dead people do. You will remember that, according to old superstitions, it is always ghosts of people who have met with sudden death that do the haunting—which would, of course, apply in Suzy's case. Why should a person, who had died suddenly, be more prone to haunt than a person who has died quietly in his bed?"

"I have heard it argued," I said, "that, when a person dies quietly in his bed, sinking gradually out of this life, his will-to-live gradually diminishes as his strength fails. But, when a person's life is suddenly extinguished, all his energies violently interrupted at full-stream, his will-to-live has not abated and continues after him."

"But Suzy voluntarily relinquished her will-to-live. So why does she go around moaning?"

"She doesn't moan; she cries," I told him. "I knew she must be very young. You can tell by her crying. It is the crying of a heart-broken child. Perhaps she has changed her mind and wants to come back into life."

"Still, she has been dead a year," he said. "She should be used to death." He relit his pipe which had gone out.

"Perhaps she weeps for her sins," he said.

"Sins!" I was indignant; but then Dana had not heard that heart-broken little wail.

"No one suspects that her sins are very black," he said. "I don't suppose falling in love with a man who isn't your husband can be called a sin at all. We can't help whom we fall in love with. Still—nothing in her life became her less than the leaving of it. Suicide's always



Bob..... flew out at her and told her she was not to see him anymore.

a sin, I think—an unpardonable piece of selfishness."

"I think there's a certain pathetic courage in her method," I said, "—breaking her heart over the other fellow, never admitting it to him, never letting on to her husband; simply telling the fellow that she has made up her mind she must never see him again—and then, going home and drowning herself."

"She was unhappy, no doubt," Dana conceded, "but what was that to the anguish she's left behind her. Have you seen Bob lately?"

I said I had not.

"He looks as if he were dead himself. She might have thought of him."

"You're sure it was suicide?"

"It certainly looks that way."

"Yet, you remember, Dana—the day it happened, when you dashed into my room and told me how she died—I asked you then if it might have been suicide, and you said, 'not a chance.'"

"That was before I knew all the facts—before Keene Everett made his revelations. It was Bob, himself, who put me on the wrong track. He never doubted for a moment that it was an accident—at first, I mean. He knows now."

"Bob had never suspected that she loved Everett?"

"Absolutely not. He never would have believed it—only—the thing worked in a vicious circle. Nothing could have convinced him that she loved Everett—except her suicide; and nothing could convince him that it was suicide—except the realization that he had lost her love. Why the devil couldn't Everett have kept his confounded mouth shut!"

"Well, why believe him?" I asked. "It seems to me a fellow must be an awful cad to come out and claim that a woman committed suicide for love of him—when no one suspected her."

"That's just the trouble. He didn't. He insisted she hadn't committed suicide for love of him—when no one suspected her. There was no reason for him to say anything. But he said it. He assured everyone that her death must have been an accident. Then, in the next breath, he'd say that he blamed himself very much. Then people began to wonder and, to talk."

"But surely not to Bob?"

"They let things slip. Bob soon knew what people were thinking. It made him angry at first. That was all. He said no one could tell him anything about Everett and Suzan, because Suzan had told him everything there was to tell. But the innuendos began to get on his nerves, and he went straight to Everett and insisted he must know what it was all about. He came to me, then, in a perfect rage—because Everett hadn't said a thing he could take exception to. Bob said he was very noble and patronizing; said his attitude was: 'I'll die before I admit that your wife killed herself because of me!' Silly little Suzy—when she had a husband like Bob! Why, I thought they were the happiest people on earth. They seemed like a pair of youngsters; always laughing and teasing each other. I was there one night for dinner when Bob was teasing her about her 'beau'—Everett, of course. It was plain that she was proud of having a beau. Of course Everett's ten years older and rich and all the girls are mad about him. But Bob thought nothing of it—at the time, I mean. Treated it as a joke. He never protested till the night before she died. He told her then that it was getting a bit thick; that she must stop seeing Everett. Bob considered it all the merest tiff. But he was afraid he might have hurt her feelings—a little. That was why he was bringing flowers when he came home and found her there. Why couldn't Keene Everett have kept his mouth shut instead of starting all this trouble?"

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and paced twice across the room.

"It seems there's a difference," he said, "between having the wife you love carried off by death—and—learning that she went voluntarily because she couldn't bear the thought of spending her whole life with you."

He sat down again. "We're getting nowhere," he said. "The question still is, 'what does she cry about?'"

I suggested that we call in the only witness whose testimony might be of value.

Dana shook his head. "I know everything Everett has to tell," he said. "He admits making love to Suzan, but

says he never dreamed she'd take it so seriously. That's straight enough, I guess. He's always making love to some one—usually a married one. He told me just what he'd said to Suzan, and it tallied exactly with Suzan's reports to Bob. Just the usual nonsense of a fellow who loves to talk about love, where there's no danger of finding himself engaged. She had been motoring with him quite a lot. In the beginning Bob had urged her to go, because he could never get home till after six. Then, when he'd ask her what she and Keene had talked about, she'd repeat the whole conversation verbatim. Bob tried to treat it as a joke, but, that last night, he flew out at her and told her she was not to see him any more. She said that she had an engagement for the next afternoon which she wanted to keep but that, after that she would never see him again.

"Keene says he noticed at the time that she was very pale, but he thought nothing of it. She kept her promise to Bob and never saw him again. She never saw Bob again either."

Just before twelve, we went upstairs and into the little room where Suzy's bed stood. It was there that Dana intended to keep his watch.

He made a last investigation; then drew the armchair into a corner and took up his position where he could watch every angle of the room.

"Go on to bed," he said. "I'll call you if I hear anything."

I was restless and could not sleep. The house was very quiet. At last I got up and tiptoed over to the door. I caught the sound of deep rhythmical breathing. Very carefully I opened the door. Dana was sitting in his big armchair, peacefully sleeping. I gently closed the door, went back to my bed, and slept.

I dreamed that I was being racked by an ineffable sorrow, the exact nature of which I could not distinguish, but the whole house seemed to palpitate to my sobs. Vaguely I began to realize that the sobs were not mine. Then suddenly I was wide awake.

It seemed to me that the little green door was opening.



*The sad little ghost . . . gazing . . . with wide reproachful eyes.*

But, when I sat up in bed and stared at it, it was still tightly closed.

Yet I knew that I was no longer alone in my room. My straining ears caught a sharply indrawn breath. I felt that she was crossing at the foot of my bed. Then I knew that there was some one on the bed next to mine. Only there was no bed there. I stared into the darkness.

Slowly my eyes became accustomed to her, as eyes learn to see in the dark after a brilliant light has suddenly been extinguished. The sad little ghost was sitting on her little bed and gazing at me with wide, reproachful eyes.

She looked just as I had known she would; a serious little face with round serious eyes and dark hair. She was

all in white, as a ghost should be, but her garment was not a shroud. It was a diminutive nightdress of a simple design, such as I suppose little girls wear. As I see it again in memory, it seems to me that there were white polka-dots embroidered on it somewhere.

Her steady gaze disconcerted me. I was embarrassed. Was she displeased with me for having moved her bed, or for Dana's intrusion? Quick to use the method which I had found effective with reproachful mortals, I hastened to put her in the wrong.

"You know, you really shouldn't be here," I said.

The round eyes grew rounder with surprise. I saw that I had taken the right track. I thought she was going to apologize. But she said nothing.

"You're quite a young ghost, you know," I said. "It isn't as though you were one of those old spooks that's been wandering about a castle for generations. Most ghosts stay quietly where they belong, you know. There's still time for you to break the habit before it grows on you. Why do you do it?"

She drew in her breath in that sad little sigh, and continued to gaze at me with unblinking eyes. I had just decided that she couldn't talk when she said:

"I'm awfully tired and I can't sleep."

The weariness in that voice quite wrung my heart. I put out a hand to pat her shoulder but my hand encountered nothing. I realized that my fingers were sinking right through her shoulder and hastily withdrew them. But she saw that my intention was friendly, and the result was a rapid succession of gasping little breaths which seemed to presage another burst of tears.

"What's the matter?" I asked hurriedly. "Can't you tell me what's the matter?"

She pressed back the sobs, but it was a moment before she could speak, and she prefaced her remark with a choking little gulp.

"I'm an unpleasant memory," she said. Then she rubbed her small, humorous nose against her hand in which she seemed to think she held the ghost of a little white handkerchief. Her little bobbed head drooped pathetically.

"What?" said I.

She raised her head again and looked at me.

"I wanted to be a nice memory," she said, and two large tears began rolling down her cheeks.

I tried to make my voice stern. "Then why did you commit suicide?"

Suzo was indignant.

"I didn't, of course," she said. "Drowning myself in the bathtub! It's silly. I don't see how Bobbel can think such a thing."

"Then how did it happen?" I asked her.

She considered a moment.

"Why, I don't know exactly. I can't remember anything about it. I remember I was awfully sort of tired, and I thought a hot bath would make me feel better. I remember feeling awful miserable and—oh, funny. That's all. When I came to, I was dead."

She paused impressively.

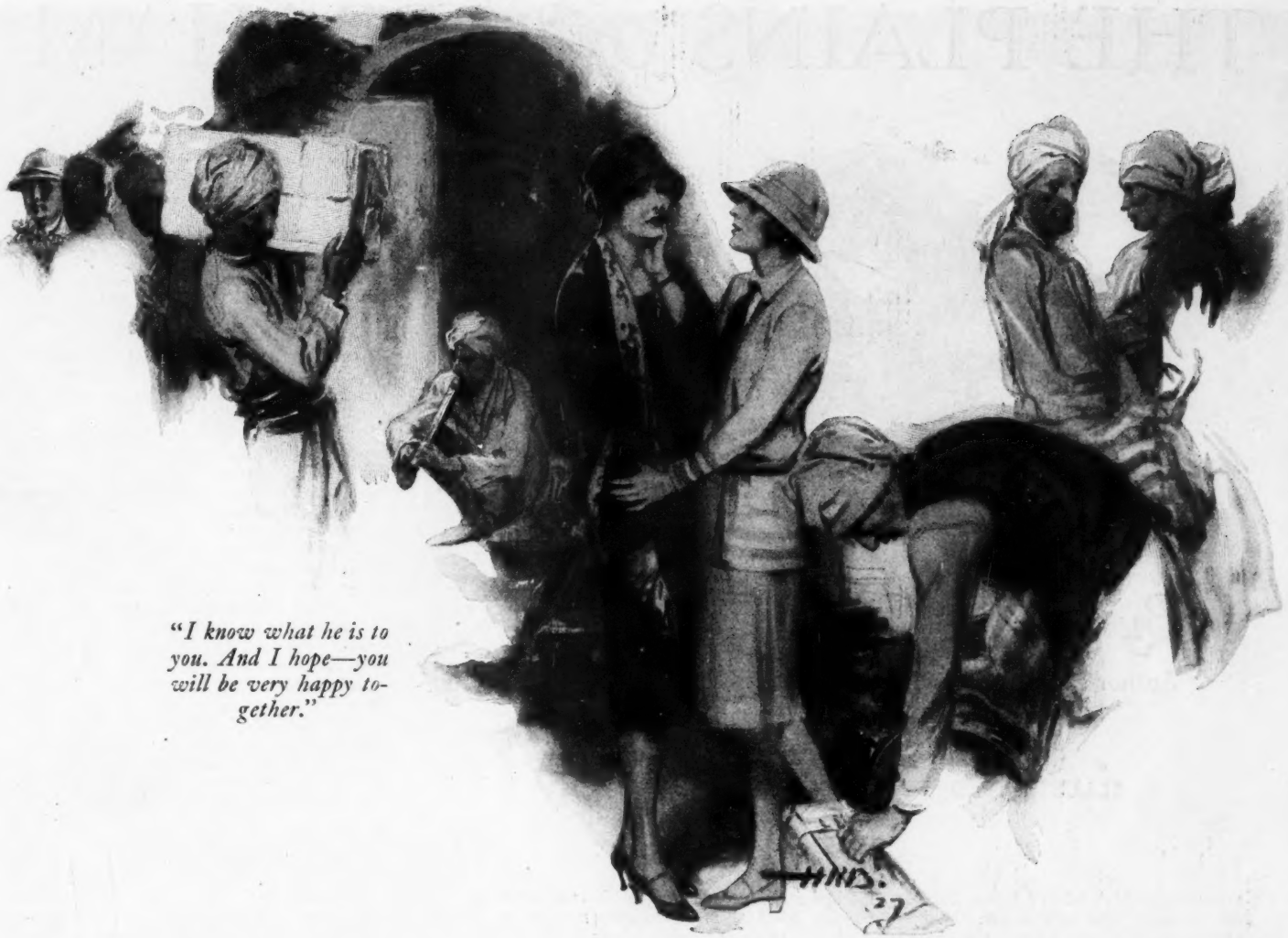
"That—er—must have been quite disconcerting," I hazarded.

"I was dreadfully upset—at first, I mean. I felt so sort of strange and lonesome without Bobbel. But, then, of course, I didn't mind so much after a while. Things are awfully different when you're dead. When I got to thinking about it, I sort of liked it. Of course I felt awfully sorry about Bobbel missing me so. But it wouldn't have been any better, you see, if we'd grown to be seventy together. He'd have missed me still more, because he'd have grown so dependent on me. The first thing I remember is Bobbel leaning over me and calling to me, 'Suzo! Don't leave me, Suzo!' I tried to tell him that I never would; that I'd always be there with him, comforting him and helping him—a lovely memory. But he couldn't hear me. He's funny that way. But I knew, in just a little while, it wouldn't be so bad. And I began to think how awfully nice it was I'd died young. I'd never grow old and tired. I'd always be to Bobbel just twenty years old. There's never be any unhappiness to remember—no cares, or quarrels, or trials at all. It would just go on forever, being—the beginning of our love."

She was silent a moment. Then she added: "I wanted to be a pleasant memory." Whereupon she dabbed at her nose again with the ghostly handkerchief. I gave her time for a few tears. I [Turn to page 101]

I T w  
oth  
see  
The ho  
with ey  
Peggy  
like a  
necting  
Utterly  
he was  
than an  
He s  
not tall  
some fa  
right to  
said: "  
live?"  
She  
"Would  
"Not  
a walk.  
She I  
be quie  
too."  
But  
was sol  
so natu  
deal wi  
all the  
Tiggi  
it for g  
not wat  
and enj  
They  
Railway  
what h  
question  
had said  
never m  
"He  
briefly.  
"Wha  
Tiggi





*"I know what he is to you. And I hope—you will be very happy together."*

## BY REQUEST

*By Ethel M. Dell*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

It was impossible to be other than pleased to see Tiggie Turner. The honest, rubicund face with eyes like a child's held an appeal for Peggy which she could not stifle. He was like a bit of Home, or at least the connecting link with those dear past days. Utterly unromantic, even commonplace, as he was, he held a larger place in her heart than any of those about her.

He stood by her side while she had tea, not talking much, nor wholly appropriating her, yet in some fashion making it apparent that he had a certain right to be there. Later when she rose to go home he said: "May I walk back with you, and see where you live?"

She looked at him with an instant's hesitation. "Wouldn't it be rather a waste of time?" she said.

"Not on my part," said Tiggie with a smile. "I want a walk. We'll go as fast as you like."

She laughed. His methods were so transparent as to be quite disarming. "All right," she said. "I'll walk too."

But when they started a few minutes later, her face was sober. For somehow the tactics which had seemed so natural on board *The Pioneer* were not so easy to deal with at Ghawalkhand, and she knew exactly what all the Club were saying as they walked away.

Tiggie was sublimely contented and appeared to take it for granted that she shared his complacency. He did not want to talk much, merely to saunter by her side and enjoy her presence.

They were half-way up the track that led to the Railway Bungalow when Tiggie roused himself from what had been almost a reverie to ask an unexpected question. Did she know a chap called Wyndham? Bobby had said he was stationed at Ghawalkhand, but he had never met him since they were at school together.

"He is hunting big game at Bakri," said Peggy rather briefly.

"What is he like now? An excellent dancer?" asked Tiggie in an innocent and somewhat detached manner.

Peggy made a further effort. "I haven't had very many opportunities of judging. Rather above the average, I should say."

Her tone was strictly impartial. Tiggie seemed to be making a mental note, for he paused before he asked his next question.

"And when did you say he was coming back?"

"I didn't say," said Peggy. "I don't know."

"I should like to see him again," said Tiggie musingly. "He was the worst chap for getting into scrapes I ever knew, generally other people's scrapes. An awfully good liar, too! He would swear that black was white until he really almost convinced you that it was." He dropped into silence again, and Peggy forgot to break it.

They went on up the hill and came to the Railway Bungalow.

"I suppose I mustn't ask to come in?" said Tiggie, looking wistful.

"Of course, if you want to!" said Peggy. "Why not, Captain Turner?"

He smiled. "I say, I do think you might call me by my Christian name when we're alone. I'm sure you call Wyndham by his."

Again that vivid flush rose in Peggy's cheeks. Instinctively she ignored his last sentence.

"I'm afraid I don't know your Christian name," she said. "And—besides—"

He interrupted her goodnaturedly. "Oh, never mind that! Call me Tiggie! It's short for Montague, but nobody ever called me that, thank fortune!"

Peggy's color began to die down. She uttered a faint

laugh. "I'm not sure that I want to call you Tiggie," she said somewhat coldly.

"Oh, then don't!" he said, with great earnestness. "Never do anything you don't like to please me! I couldn't possibly bear it."

She looked at him in sharp surprise, almost as if she were seeing him for the first time. "Come in and see my father!" she said.

She conducted him by way of the veranda to her father's room. It was impossible not to treat him as an intimate friend. He fitted no other rôle. Involuntarily she had come to regard him as a big, kindly elder brother with an undoubted right to be treated as such. In some shape or form yet to be decided, he had come into her life to stay.

The sound of voices in her father's room made her pause just as she reached it. She drew back with a sharp gesture, staying the man behind her. Forbes was in there, talking with Sir William.

She had not met him since the night on which Jingo had accomplished his discomfiture, and every impulse within her revolted against meeting him now. She stood in indecision.

As she did so, Forbes' voice, strident with anger, came fiercely forth.

"I have long known that my wife was tainted—not to be trusted. But Wyndham—I took him for a gentleman! And by all the gods of India, I'll make him pay!"

Peggy stiffened as she stood. Sir William's voice came, quiet and concentrated, through the silence. The matting on the veranda had deadened the sound of approaching footsteps, and it was obvious that he was unaware of any presence outside his room.

"You are taking a good deal for granted," he said. "You have no actual evidence of the truth of it. It may be an entirely false rumor."

"False!" echoed Forbes in a voice that was like the bellowing of a bull. "False! I tell you the story is all over the city. She has been in camp at Bakri with him for the past week. I know now [Turn to page 35]

# THE PLAINS of ABRAHAM



*By James Oliver Curwood*

Author of "The Black Hunter," "River's End"  
and "The Flaming Forest."

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

AFTER the massacre by Mohawks of Jeems Bulain's parents and Toinette Tonteur's father, the boy and girl try to make their way back to the French settlements of Quebec. But before they can reach safety they encounter an Indian war party. They flee and hide under a massive pile of rocks where for a short time they elude the vigilance of their pursuers. But Indians gather about the spot and Jeems learns from their speech that they are Senecas, not Mohawks. Finally the pile of rocks attracts the curiosity of one of the Senecas, who starts to crawl in to explore the recess.

HE must have been larger than Jeems, for he began to advance with difficulty. His body scraped the sides of the little tunnel. His hatchet made a clinking sound on the stone as he thrust it ahead of him a few inches at a time. His breathing became unrestrained. Evidently the handicaps of his procedure were convincing that nothing more dangerous than a creature of hair and claws had lured him in. Every instinct reached its highest tension in Jeems as a danger approached which he would be able to touch with his hands in another moment or two. He removed himself gently from Toinette's embrace and prepared his arms and body for swift and deadly action. Their eyes had grown more accustomed to the gloom and Toinette could see him as he crouched forward and gathered himself for the struggle which would mean life or death for them. Suddenly she understood that it would not be a struggle. When the Seneca's head appeared Jeems' hatchet would smash it in. She could see the hatchet. It was poised to strike. There would be no cry—no moan—only that terrible, hidden sound. She listened to the doomed man slowly advancing.

His progress was easier now. The cavity grew larger and he grunted his approval. There was something of humor in the guttural chuckling with which he continued his invasion. A dog and a badger smell alike. A warrior, painted, with three feathers in his tuft, crawling for a badger! That must have been his thought.

The feathers appeared first, then the long black scalplock, the hair-plucked head, a pair of shoulders. Jeems put all his strength behind the upraised hatchet. He knew there must be but one blow—well-placed in the middle of the skull. That would end it. He almost closed his eyes and the hatchet descended a little, an overwhelming sense of the horror of the thing holding back his stroke. It was not simply killing; it was murder. The Seneca turned his head and looked up. His eyes were trained for use at night and he saw more clearly than Jeems. He saw the white face, the hatchet, the death behind it, and he waited, transfixed to stone. No voice came to

his lips and no movement to his cramped body in this moment of shock and stupefaction when he must have realized that all the power of his forest gods could not help him. The pupils of his eyes glowed darkly. He did not breathe. Conscious of his impending end, he was amazed but not terrified. His fine countenance did not shrink from the steel about to sink into his brain. He gave a gasp of wonderment as he realized how surely he was caught.

For a second more the blade did not fall and in that second Jeems' eyes and those of the savage met steadily. Then the hatchet clattered to the rock floor and with a protest of revulsion at what he had almost done, Jeems clutched at the Seneca's throat. The Indian was at a disadvantage, and though his powerful body strained and fought to loosen the choking grip, his position was so hopeless that in a short time he was limp and unconscious.

The Seneca's adventure, and the combat—if it could be distinguished by that name—had not terminated a moment too soon for those concealed under the rocks. The trail-hunters were now aware that the placing of the arrow had been a ruse to delay them and began swarming back to the ridge. Half a dozen warriors gathered in a fierce and animated debate close about the rocks.

Back in his corner Odd had struggled to understand and obey the discipline of his master. Years of comradeship and training had given to him a knowledge of silence and its value, and though he had yearned to confront the invading savage and afterward to join with Jeems in the struggle, he had not moved from the

watchful position he had occupied at the beginning. A hundred generations of carnivorous fighting blood were at work in the dog's body. His eyes had grown green and red in the gloom until they were pools of livid flame; his teeth were bare; his jaws clicked at times like castanets, his heart was breaking in its subjection to inactivity and stillness. Now he looked again on victory. His master was triumphant as the Indians returned and crowded about the rocks. Defiance rose in his soul in an overwhelming flood. He hated the smell outside. He hated the creatures who made it. Without warning his passion broke loose in the howling rage of a beast gone mad. Toinette's arms and Jeems' hands were futile in their effort to stop it.

The Seneca on the stone floor moved a little.

Outside there fell an awful stillness.

Then Odd realized what he had done and grew quiet. They could feel rather than hear a velvet-footed, voiceless cordon gathering about them in a ring of death.

The warrior on the floor opened his eyes. His ear was close to the rock and he could hear the footfalls which were scarcely louder than the sound of leaves falling to earth from a tall tree. So near to him that he could have touched them, he saw the woman with long hair and the man who had throttled him, white-faced, in each other's arms. He closed his eyes, feigning unconsciousness. But his fingers crept over the stone floor with the stealth of a serpent until they found the hatchet which the white-faced man had dropped.

TWENTY minutes after Odd had revealed their hiding-place Jeems and Toinette were standing in the sun. Mysterious things had happened in this time. Unseen hands had dragged the warrior from under the rocks. An interval had followed in which excitement gave way to solemn and low-voiced talk outside. Then some one had called in guttural, broken French commanding them to come out. They had obeyed, Jeems first, Toinette after him, and Odd last with the downcast air of a beast who knew he was in disgrace.

It was an astounding and unexpected reception by enemies at whose belts scalps were hanging. There were between twenty and thirty

of the Senecas, splendidly built, keen-eyed, lean-faced, most of them young men. Even in the shock of the moment Toinette surveyed them in startled admiration. Staring at the youth with his bow and at the girl with her tangled, shining hair the Indians returned their gaze with a look of amazement not unmixed with approval. They seemed scarcely able to believe these two had fooled them so completely, capturing one of their number in the bargain.

A young savage who stood before them seemed largely responsible for this attitude.

Purplish lines were around his throat as if a rope had choked him. Two of the eagle feathers in his tuft were broken and his shoulder



*Toinette,  
clad as an  
Indian princess*





*He remained . . . two days. On the second of these days he married Jeems and Toinette.*

was bleeding where the skin had been torn by a jagged tooth of rock. Beside him was a much older man of even more powerful figure with a face scarred and cut until it bore an unalterable expression of ferocity.

It was he who spoke in Seneca to the younger. "So this is the boy who made my brave nephew a captive to be saved by the voice of a dog!"

The other scowled at the taunt in his voice. "He could have killed me. He spared my life."

The older man grunted. "He looks strong and may stand to travel with us. But the girl is like a broken flower ready to fall in our path. She will cumber our feet and make our way more difficult, and great haste must be our choice. Use your hatchet on one and we will take the other."

At this command Jeems gave a sudden cry and the faces of the savages again relaxed in astonishment when he began to speak in their language. Hepsibah Adams' schooling and the comradeship of White-Eyes and Big-Cat had prepared him for this hour. His tongue stumbled, some of his words were twisted, there were gaps which only the imagination could fill, but he told his story. The Indians listened with an interest which assured Jeems they had not been a part of the force that had massacred his and Toinette's people. He pointed to the girl. He related how the Mohawks had destroyed his father and mother and all who had belonged to Toinette; how they had fled together, how they had hidden in the old house, and that with an arrow he had killed the white man who had fired the gun. He was pleading for Toinette as he had once heard Big-Cat plead with his father for the life of a dog that had gone lame. He bared his breast, even as the Indian boy had offered his own, with the demand that his father strike there before robbing him of the comradeship of his four-footed friend.

With the courtesy which Tiaoga had already established

for himself in borderland history the chieftain listened attentively, piecing the story together where Jeems' verbal powers were at fault, and when the youth had finished he spoke words which sent two of his men running down the ridge in the direction of Lussan's place. Then he asked questions which let Jeems know the Senecas had not gone as far as Lussan's but that they had heard the gun and in seeking for the one who had fired it had stumbled upon their trail in the hardwood slope half a mile from the abandoned house. When he spoke of the Mohawks Tiaoga's ugly face grew darker and behind this look Jeems saw the blaze of an age-old Seneca hatred and jealousy of the Mohawk, though both were of the same powerful confederacy.

When his brief questioning was over Tiaoga turned attention once more to the young man beside him.

"I think the boy is a great liar and I have sent back for proof of it," he said. "If he has not sped an arrow through this friend of the Mohawks, as he claims, he shall die. If he has spoken the truth in the matter, which will be proof that he has spoken it in others, he may travel with us, and his companion also, until her feet tire so that death is necessary to bring her rest." Then he spoke to Toinette in the broken French with which he had called under the rocks. "If you cannot keep up with us we shall kill you," he said.

Toinette began to prepare herself for the ordeal, braiding her hair swiftly. Jeems came to her and she saw the torture of doubt in his eyes. "I can do it, Jeems," she cried softly. "I know what you were saying and what they were thinking, and I can do it. I will do it! I am going to live—with you. I love you so much that nothing can kill me, Jeems—not even their tomahawks!"

The tall young warrior approached. He at least was one friend among the many who stood about them. "I am Shindas," he said. "We are going to a far town—a long way. It is Chenufsio. I am your friend because you have been a brother and allowed me to live. You love the white maiden. I, too, love a maiden."

The Seneca's words brought to [Turn to page 75]



*Men bearing a scalp-laden pole had gone ahead.*

# WHEN WASHINGTON WAS 23



*From every side came the war whoop . . . chilling the blood.*

*The heroic spirit of Washington  
was embodied in these frontier lovers whose  
devotion endured through torture and  
bitter separation*

**F**ATE sometimes plants the most delicate flowers in the bleakest places, and leaves them unsheltered beneath storms that break down oaks and split off flints.

Such flowers were Rachel Neff and Nimrod Helm, and they grew in the Shenandoah Valley in whose virgin realm their German parents were the first pioneers, having stolen down from Pennsylvania and squatted on Lord Fairfax's land the very year of George Washington's birth.

Sixteen years later that young surveyor found them there when he first crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains; and little Nimrod and little Rachel followed the uncouth throng that followed Washington about. He wrote of them in his first boyish diary:

"We did two Lots and was attended by a great Company of People Men Women and Children that attended us through ye Woods as we went Showing there Antick tricks. I really think they seemed to be as Ignorant a Set of People as the Indians. They would never speak English but when spoken to they speak all Dutch."

The souls of Rachel and Nimrod were starved and

their bodies took such little nourishment that they seemed doomed to wither away. They were a cause of sorrow and self-reproach to themselves and to their parents, who took shame to themselves for bringing such weaklings into the world.

Yet they lived on somehow while dozens of tougher children perished either of the diseases, or the doctoring they encountered. As children they were drawn to each other by their very unfitness for their existence, and in due time fell in love and found a hope of bliss in marriage. But this dream offended the common sense of the parents of both and was forbidden flatly. The whole community laughed at the thought of Rachel wanting to marry Nimrod.

Rachel's parents ordered her to forget Nimrod and set her cap for old Israel Seybert. He was rich in cattle and timber and had already proposed for her elder sister Sara, but since she was bespoken by Nimrod's elder brother Jake, they suggested that perhaps Rachel could win him if she got herself strong and put on some flesh.

Nimrod's father growled at him in a harsh voice:

*By Rupert Hughes*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MAURICE BOWER

"Such a runt like you would marry anudder one, eh? and have what for children?—flibbertigibbets? Find for yourself a Frau like your Mutter, ugly maybe, but a goot wife for a poor young man—a big, hosky woman. 'I know just the one—Widder Spengler. If anytink happens by your Mutter I might marry her mineself. But I give you feerst chence.'"

He laughed with odious good nature and his wife laughed with him, and agreed with him for once.

To run away was easy enough, but to keep alive afterwards was another matter. The wilderness was full of wild game and of wild Indians. Nimrod could not hunt and was afraid of being hunted. He was not strong enough to cut down trees and build a hut, conquer oxen and break the stubborn soil with the plough. And, suppose he did, how could they live till a crop came up.

In another world both might have found wealth and honor and wide acclaim, she as a dainty favorite of kings; he as a poet or a painter or an immortal philosopher. But they were seeds fallen upon a rock soil where only weeds could flourish.

There were no schools, no books, except the great German Bible, which Nimrod knew already almost by heart. There were no opportunities—except to repine, submit and fade away.

Least of all could Nimrod dream of being a soldier, though the land was stirred with martial fire and there was a great cry for fighters. The French and English had renewed their ancient wars, and Washington the surveyor, was a colonel of militia now, trying in vain to secure men enough to whip the French. He resigned in disgust just before the great General Braddock came over from London to drive the French into the Mississippi River or the Pacific Ocean, or somewhere west to Virginia's elastic western boundaries. The flower of Virginia's youth joined Braddock, and Colonel Washington went along as a private citizen to act as the General's aide and messenger, rather than miss a chance to fight for his people.

There was a call for a home-guard to fill the place of the men who went out with Braddock. Nimrod lacked the strength to volunteer, or be accepted, but his big brother Jake and a number of the neighboring young giants felt it a good time to enlist and win a bounty, and a military title, without any risk. Jake promised Sara that he would be back in ample time for the wedding, and she said:

"You better had, or I marry old Israel Seybert."

Then everything turned black. The most magnificent army America had ever seen vanished in scarlet glory beneath the billowy treetops of the vast forest sea. At the very brink of its goal, something happened. Half its number of French and Indians flung it into a panic and destroyed it. Only the shreds of it came back in a mad stampede.

The French and the Indians, drunk with unexpected triumph, vowed to push the English back into the Atlantic. What was to prevent them? Only such ragged, unequipped, half-naked, half-hearted militia men as were left.

Colonel Washington had brought back a shattered frame from Braddock's field, but also a fame enhanced by his peerless courage in a shambles of cowardice. He was recalled to the command. The whole salvation of the state was put in the hands of an overgrown boy of twenty-three. What could he do to hold back the tidal wave that came roaring across the whole frontier and into every valley?

He must create an army from the unwilling and the unfit. Only a few could be bribed to enlist. They straggled in by ones and twos and deserted by dozens. The frantic Washington drafted negroes, indentured servants, and all the men he could seize. But they were so sullen with terror that they often refused to obey him till his sword was brandished over their heads. And he heard them muttering threats to shoot him in the back.

Jake Helm was not of the mutineers. But he felt



cheated. When he offered his resignation, his captain laughed at him. When he said that he had a wedding date to keep, he was told that the bride would keep.

But he knew that she might not. So he and four of his neighbors, who had been similarly duped into the service under false expectations of a life of peace, quietly walked off one moonlit night without bothering to ask permission. They found five horses in a stable and borrowed them without troubling the slumbers of the owner whose snores muffled the noise of their theft.

By dint of hard riding they reached home in good season for the wedding, only to find that the French and Indians were expected as soon as they had burned all the farmsteads and butchered all the people intervening.

In spite of the dreadful danger, the whole community was stricken with the same irresolution that had kept Rachel and Nimrod from running away. The people were chained to the soil by the lack of a land of better promise to go to, and by their inability to believe that the fruits of all their lifelong toil could be turned to desolation and themselves sent adrift as beggars.

Nobody thought of giving up the wedding festival. Was it not an ancient rite brought by their grandparents from overseas into Pennsylvania and thence by their parents down into the Shenandoah?

An indestructible faith in human and divine justice sustained the bridegroom, for it seemed impossible that the French and Indians should bear any grudge against him.

"I never done nothin' to them," he kept saying. "Why should they come bodderin' me? And ain't I resigned from Colonel Washin'ton to keep the peace?"

His trust instilled a certain confidence in all the people, especially the young ones who envied him and Sara their promised relief from the harsh tyranny of parents. Marriages would bring no respite from drudgery, but the drudgery would be for one's own interest.

However, every hour now made it a little less certain that the wedding would take place, and increased the determination to go ahead with it. The gaiety took on a feverishness, a bravado.

Jake was in a quandary. Not only was he beginning to lose trust in his theory that the Indians would not harm him, but he learned that Colonel Washington was coming up from the Southeast, laying down forts, rescuing farmers, drafting what strong men he could lay hands on, and rounding up deserters.

To flee from the Indians was to fall into Washington's power and be forced back to battle with the Indians. Jake had one desperate hope: that if he could get himself married before his colonel found him, he might be let off from service. So he stuck to his post.

On the eve of the wedding-day he and his groomsmen spent his last hours of bachelorhood in trying to drown their anxieties. They succeeded so well that none of the roosters left alive could wake them the next morning. Their snores drowned the rattling of pans and the loud shouts of the early guests.

Then Jake began to dream of being in camp again at reveille. He heard drums ruffled and fife squealing like stuck pigs, and he and his fellows tumbled out and staggered to the roadside just in time to run into Col. George Washington, Esquire, and his ragged, barefoot army.

THE Colonel recognized the five deserters and called them by name. Before they could flit to the woods, a sergeant and a corporal

stepped out and made prisoners of every man of them.

"You did not turn out at reveille this morning," said Washington.

They shook their heads and saluted.

"That means an extra day of digging trenches."

They saluted cheerfully; it might have been worse.

It became so:

"You are dirty and dishevelled; your faces are not washed."

They shook their heads so hard that Jake stuck his thumb in his eye as he saluted violently.

"Ten days in the guard-tent for that."

They saluted feebly. He went on:

"You have been drunk; you are drunk."

Their shoulder blades began to crawl before he had said:

"Twenty-five lashes apiece—on the bare back, laid on well."

Their groans were quenched by his next words:

"But I will let you off from all those very painful punishments."

They smiled broadly and began to titter with relief, until—

"As soon as I get the authority, I will have you hung as deserters in the face of the enemy."

Their knees sagged and Jake would have sunk to the ground if the sergeant at his elbow had not held him up.

There was a shriek of terror and Sara Neff darted forward from the gaping crowd of spectators. She clutched at Washington's knees and at the mane of his horse, then swooned right under the hoofs.

The big beast reared high with fright and would have perhaps killed her as his forefeet came back to earth if

Washington's tremendous left arm had not swung him about in air.

Sara's mother and father ran to pick her up while Jake's parents and his brothers and sisters crowded about the trembling horse to implore Washington's mercy. The best argument they could offer was to point to the expensive preparations already made for the wedding.

The young commander answered with a grim gentleness:

"Everywhere I go the women crowd about my horse. But they are begging me to protect them and their homes from the Indians. Who is to save the women if the men all run away? Who can save Virginia but the Virginians? Your son is a coward, madam, and a runaway, and because of men like him you may all be butchered. The Indians are only a few miles away?"

Jake's mother fell back, but Rachel, so timorous at other times, was emboldened to slip through the frightened and retreating little mob. She laid her hands appealingly on Washington's stirrup and gazing up into his young blue eyes with younger, bluer eyes, pleaded:

"Sir, my sister who faints now for the first time in her life, she waits three years to marry Jacob Helm. She would be glad to send him back to you as soon as the wedding is over. She was hoping—" Rachel turned white and red, but went on with a saintly courage—"she was hoping—hoping—maybe there would be another war yet in years to come. Your Excellency himself might lead a bigger army some day somewhere and you might need new soldiers? Yes?"

He understood her meaning and knew how much courage her words cost her; and since he revered courage, he lifted his hat and said:

"You speak like a true Virginian. I hope you, too, may be the mother of many brave soldiers for your country."

Then Nimrod, feeling perhaps that he was all the soldiers Rachel would ever give to her country, pushed forward and, taking off his cap, spoke up to the Colonel:

"If your Excellency would take [Turn to page 102]



The wilderness was full of wild game and of wild Indians.

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

### *The Taming of the Shrew*

PRODUCED IN MODERN DRESS

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

PEOPLE wandering into the Garrick Theater these days to see Shakespeare's play and thinking they are coming to the streets of Padua and the house of good Signor Baptista with his daughter Katherine and her sister, their servants, tutors and friends walking about in clothes such as Queen Elizabeth saw in her day, have a surprise in store for them.

They may have heard of Shakespeare in Modern Dress, of the *Hamlet* that was given in England two or three seasons ago, and afterward in New York with Mr. Basil Sydney in the part. But even at that they are not wholly prepared for that modern drawing-room, those gentlemen and ladies in frock coats, tweeds, dresses from smart shops in New York, nor are they prepared for the electric lights, the pistols, cameras, heaters, radios and, last but not least, that crazy automobile in which Petruchio carries his bride along the road, and sitting in which she has to declare that the sun is the moon that shines so bright, and then the sun again, or moon or sun or whatso'er he wills.

This, then, is the Shakespeare in modern dress of which we have heard so much. The method consists in giving to the play all the properties and settings of our own day. It may be Theseus in Athens, Hamlet in Denmark or Katherine in Padua; no matter who it is, the costumes are such as we see on every side, the world they walk in is the world we look at all around us everywhere.

The method is not new. In Greek times dramatic characters of every age were dressed in one style; at Shakespeare's own Globe or at the Fortune Theater Caesar and Brutus wore doublet and hose, and Garrick dressed Hamlet in a skirted coat and silk stockings. It is not new, then. Nor is it the ideal method of producing Shakespeare—there is no ideal method. But it is one way and it has its advantages.

The advantage of this Shakespeare in modern dress consists in the way in which the lines themselves and the acting that expresses them are made to stand on their own feet and to profit by the opportunity. For many people the familiarity of what they see on the stage makes the play and its characters more familiar, brings everything closer, makes all more convincing and real. It accentuates Shakespeare's modernity or universality. It saves in expense and thereby allows us to produce more plays. The disadvantage lies in the chance of too much incongruity in the effect, the intrusion that this may make on the play, and the temptation to use the method for its own sake, for the mere shock or whimsicality that may derive from it.

But for *The Taming of the Shrew* the method is all advantage. No other play of Shakespeare's would be so well adapted for such a treatment. *The Taming of the Shrew* is a lusty farce out of the Renaissance. To take it seriously, pile it up with scenery and costume, recite it as if it were a great classic, means only that you burden it with qualities that are not its own and that you kill the rough and ready gaiety and impish red blood of it. For such dramatic entertainments as this play what we need most is happy players, free and spirited, alive with the vigor and fun of the situation, vivid with the high color and gusto of the piece.



Mary Ellis, a new Katherine



Katherine and Petruchio

The practical gain in the modern dress applied thus to *The Taming of the Shrew* appears at the Garrick most in scenes like the wedding, with its camera man, its bridal frocks and especially in the horrifying costume of the bridegroom. If he were in Elizabethan clothes, Petruchio might wear anything he chose, he might tear, spot up, mismatch his outfit and do all the other things that actors have done in the rôle, without our seeing much of [Turn to page 130]

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

### *A Revival and a Novelty*

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

AS everyone knows, the proper thing to do, just before going to see a new opera at the Metropolitan, is to read the libretto through and take a hasty glance at the score. I have an idea that a far better preparation for *Violanta*, the Metropolitan's first novelty of the season, would be a careful re-reading of Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*. For if one bears in mind the fact that the composer of the opera, Erich Korngold, wrote it when he was exactly the age of William Sylvanus Baxter, the hero of Tarkington's immortal study of adolescence, one will find it a work of astonishing talent and skill. The music is written with dash and confidence, is appropriate to the action, and is expertly, if heavily scored.

The story concerns a lovely Venetian, Violanta, who has sworn vengeance against Alfonso,

a heartless blade who has betrayed her sister. She plots with her husband, Simone, to pretend to succumb to Alfonso's wiles, and to arrange a rendezvous with him. Once they are together, the husband is to enter, at her signal, and stab the seducer. The appointment is made, and the two meet. But Alfonso, for once, is sincerely in love, and Violanta, to her horror, finds that she is being won by the man she has hated. After a tense struggle with herself she summons her husband; but her emotions defeat her resolution, and at the last minute she springs forward and receives the avenging dagger in her own heart.

This is hardly the subject that one would expect to see chosen by a boy of high school age, but it is good conventional operatic stuff, and theatrically effective. The fatal trouble with *Violanta* is that while it is a remarkable achievement for a seventeen-year-old boy, it is not particularly important otherwise. The music is well done, but it is not eloquent nor individual as music. In the field of art, unfortunately, a thing that is "wonderful, considering—" is not wonderful. Judged by the standards that it will have to meet, *Violanta* has no very long life ahead of it.

Humperdinck's *Haensel and Gretel*, a revival of which followed *Violanta* as the second half of a double bill, is quite another story. This enchanting fairy tale, without which no Christmas afternoon in pre-war New York was complete, still holds its own among the masterpieces without allowances or reservations. The aptness and technical skill of the music and its orchestral garb are such as to excite the envious admiration of any composer; but what matters so greatly about this score is the significance that it contrives to attach to the adventures of the wood-cutter's two children. A child can love *Haensel and Gretel*; but only a grown-up can know completely why.

Both productions gave evidence of conscientious preparation. The chief importance of *Violanta* lay in the fact that it provided a new rôle for Maria Jeritza. As the blood-and-ice heroine she made a striking figure, but seemingly a slightly uncomfortable one, for while she covered a great deal of ground, and managed an enormous train with admirable adroitness, her impersonation as a whole struck one as a brave but unsuccessful attempt to humanize an incorrigibly operatic heroine. Walther Kirchhoff was hardly more comfortable as the amorous Alfonso. Clarence Whitehill did what he could—which was considerable—for the husband.

*Haensel and Gretel* was distinguished by Queena Mario's adorable Gretel and the scarcely less successful Haensel of Editha Fleischer. Dorothee Manski, a newcomer at the Metropolitan, contributed a performance of The Witch that was entirely and ably terrifying. Joseph Urban's scenery deserves particular mention, especially the dream scenes, one of the most beautiful stage pictures that the Metropolitan has ever provided, wherein



The witch in "Haensel and Gretel"

a tier of living figures and back drop of painted ones are so cunningly blended by expert lighting as to produce a marvelous illusion of a ladder of angels reaching indefinitely into space.

The witch's hut is equally successful. Its trimming of ginger cakes should meet the specifications of the most exacting infant spectators, while its charming design and background of fantastic fir trees make it a brilliant contribution to the art of the theater.





Maria Jeritzka in  
her new role, Violanta

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

### Sunrise

DIRECTED BY F. W. MURNAU

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

IT is dangerous for a critic to indulge in superlatives. Indiscriminate use of the word "most" (attached to a laudatory adjective) causes the reader to suspect the critic has succumbed to the lure of gold and become just another press-agent.

Nevertheless, I am compelled to seem extravagant in my praise of the picture *Sunrise*. It is an extraordinary achievement—one that deserves to be considered above all the other extraordinary achievements in the miraculous history of the movies. It was directed by F. W. Murnau, who was responsible for *The Last Laugh*, and it possesses all the qualities of imaginative expressiveness that made its predecessor conspicuous. It transcends *The Last Laugh* in scope, in dramatic power and in the remarkably smooth presentation of its story. I have never before seen a picture in which one purpose was indicated, developed and fulfilled, without interruption, from beginning to end.

*Sunrise* is the story of a Man—a humble, dull-witted, credulous peasant—and his Wife, a shy, tender, unobtrusive little person. They live in what might be a fishing village on the coast of Finland, although at no stage of the picture is the locale definitely established. The whole drama could have been enacted at any given spot on the face of the earth.

Into the lives of this Man and Wife comes a Woman from the city, vacationing and looking about for diversion. She loves the Man, fills his blurred mind with visions of ecstasy, and persuades him that his Wife might easily meet with an "accidental" death.

He starts out in a boat with his trusting Wife, and when they are far out at sea, with no witnesses other than the shrieking gulls, he prepares to carry out the Woman's terrible suggestion. But he can't go through with it; he hasn't the heart—or rather, he has too much heart. He returns to the oars and rows madly to the opposite shore, where there is a great city. It is an obviously American city, but a wildly fantastic one.

Here the love of the Man and his Wife is reborn, and they are happy and at peace when they set out again across the waters for their home. A terrific storm comes up. Their frail little craft is overwhelmed by the waves . . . and the Woman, waiting for the return of her lover from his mission of death is triumphant in the belief that he has accomplished that mission.

There is more—a lot more—to the story, but I shan't tell it here. I hope that those who read this review will see *Sunrise* for themselves, and benefit thereby.

Mr. Murnau has assembled a splendid cast to play the principal parts in this weird and wonderful tragi-comedy. Janet Gaynor is the Wife, George O'Brien is the Man and Margaret Livingston the Woman. All three of them give flawless performances, but the greater responsibilities, and the greater glory, are given to Miss Gaynor and Mr. O'Brien.

Janet Gaynor, it will be remembered, is the extremely young star who burst into prominence in *Seventh Heaven* a few months ago. *Sunrise* really represents her debut, as this picture was made before *Seventh Heaven* and held for subsequent release. Seeing her in *Sunrise*, I have no reason to reverse my early opinion of her: she is one

of the first actresses of the screen.

As to Mr. Murnau, who has done so much for the languishing art of the motion picture in *The Last Laugh* and *Sunrise*, there can be no question that he now ranks as the finest director of them all. He possesses an amazing knowledge of pictorial values—as evidenced in his photography and composition—and, what is more important, he knows how to tell a story, simply, directly, consecutively in terms of pictures that move.

Also recommended: *The High School Hero*, *The Magic Flame*, *Three's a Crowd*, *The Student Prince*, *Wings*, *The Garden of Allah*, *The Patent Leather Kid*, *Seventh Heaven*, *The Way of All Flesh*, *What Price Glory*, *Chang and Stark Love*.



Would one suspect that murder was plotted in this home?

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

### George Washington 1762-1777

BY RUPERT HUGHES

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS



Rupert Hughes

GEORGE WASHINGTON at thirty was living a life of ease. There was good hunting for duck in the marshes of the Potomac and the foxes were always barking in the coverts. There were horses to ride, pretty girls to dance with and soldiers ready to trade tales about the French and Indian wars.

Though he became the first American, he was an English gentleman who spoke of the Old Country in capital letters. Life was too easy for him to take a great interest in the speeches

of firebrands who were denouncing George the Third. Washington thought it an ill-bred thing to do. At first he would have none of it.

Somehow George the Third offended Washington's sense of personal dignity. He took liberties with the liberty Washington as an Englishman enjoyed three thousand miles from London. And so this farmer of thirty actually determined to make war upon his king, and soon found himself an amateur general with a gang of ill-armed militia for an army, lied about and talked about, schemed against and betrayed.

In spite of it all he beat his king's men and won freedom for an American commonwealth. The sheer truth of it, minus all story-book trappings and school room fancy, is one of the finest stories in the history of mankind.

Rupert Hughes has taken it upon himself to do a definitive biography of Washington and sift the thing out. His work easily becomes a prime requisite for any American bookshelf. He succeeds with his hero better than any other biographer of Washington has succeeded, and he does it with cold honesty and patient truth. Washington walks alive in his work, and the curious doll on our postage stamps drops the mask to reveal a giant of a fellow.

Somehow Mr. Hughes, delving into history, has been assailed for making Washington human. The attacks can never hit home, for the Washington work fairly bristles with truth. Mr. Hughes, who has known controversy ere this, spares no pains to fix the seal of truth to every line of his book. It is candid, cogent and winning.

Mr. Hughes writes with charm of the man. His biography is not in any way sensational. Its first quality is a humanity and a tolerance, much as Washington's was, that strikes the reader instantly.

One forgets the strong biographies proving that Washington was a G. O. P. man and the weak ones contesting that he was a plaster saint. The more facts that pile upon the bonfire of Washington's storybook reputation, the more the man himself rises Phoenix-like from the ashes of the past. There are facts about the Continental army that may be forbidden the school-room. There are facts of Washington's own despair. But these things are not contributed in a sneering way. They reveal, by their very history of inadequacies, Washington's personal integrity, his grimness, his determination.

There is for example that speech that Washington made in the Virginian Convention, after the firebrands had rolled their oratory to the rafters. Washington, the country gentleman, making up his mind no longer to defend his king, and grown wrathful against the British troops of Boston, knew himself to be no orator. Yet, as Mr. Hughes says, he made the best speech of the convention. One can see him at it, a giant of a red-faced gentleman farmer, close in a business deal, sparing of money, anxious to better his share of the world's goods . . . the first American. *I will raise one thousand men, says Washington, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston.*

This book is likely to cause almost as much comment as the work which preceded it. It does not seem, however, that the debates will be quite so angry, for, though the author shows us the Father of His Country in an unfamiliar pose, the statue that he has carved is of heroic size.

George Washington 1762-1777. By Rupert Hughes.

# THE FREEDOM of THE SEAS

## The World Event of the Month

COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

ONE of the frequent causes of war has been the interference of commerce at sea, and yet the statesmen of the world make but little effort to bring about an international understanding regarding maritime laws.

During the Great War a serious effort was made to bring about the abolition of the practice of *Capture and Search* at sea. In stating America's War Aims, President Wilson made it one of the Fourteen Points, but the question was not pressed at Versailles, for it was thought, with the general acceptance of the League of Nations, the necessity to do so was not urgent.

One of the first essentials toward world peace is the reduction by common consent of armaments both by land and sea. How difficult the problem is of solution is attested by the inconclusive conferences which from time to time have been held at Geneva. There is no short cut to an agreement as to land disarmament, for there are so many problems correlated with it. On the other hand, by the simple device of bringing about an agreement regarding the abolition of capture and search at sea, the question of naval disarmament almost solves itself.

The attitude of Great Britain regarding such an understanding is the main obstacle to its being brought about. Other powers would have no objection to Great Britain having as large a navy as was considered necessary for protection from invasion, provided it were not used to blockade enemy ports, or interfere with enemy or neutral commerce in time of war.

Looking at an international agreement (from a purely British viewpoint) giving all merchant ships, both enemy and neutral, immunity at sea during time of war, the objection has been raised (1) that a power at war with her might refuse to keep the pact; (2) that it would prevent the blockading of enemy ports and would permit the entry of contraband of war into such ports.

The answer to the first objection is that with the Freedom of the Seas guaranteed by covenant between nations, there would be no incentive for continental powers to maintain navies larger than sufficient for police purposes. Therefore, Great Britain would be in a more advantageous position to cope with an outlaw nation than she is today, because her navy probably would be vastly superior to any other navy.

To say that such a treaty would not be kept in time of stress is to condemn all treaties. The consensus of world opinion is that had Germany not violated Belgian neutrality she probably would have won the war, since Great Britain, at least, would not have entered the lists against her in time to check the victorious German advance on Paris.

The second objection to the Freedom of the Seas, that the right of blockade would be practically abolished is not of as much importance as it would seem. We all know that it was a potential weapon against Germany in 1914-18, but the conjunction of circumstances then was unusual, and doubtless would never arise again owing to the improbability of there being another coalition among France, Russia and England against Germany.

If Great Britain were at war with Russia very little harm could be done by blockading her ports, for she is self-sustaining, excepting as to munitions which might be obtained from Germany and other nearby states. To blockade Germany would be equally ineffective unless Russia and France were both leagued against her and allied with Great Britain. The same may be said of France in the event Germany and England were not allies.

Before the Great War Ger-



President Wilson demanded Freedom of the Seas

many's and Great Britain's interests touched at many points. Today they barely touch at all, therefore war with Germany for the present is unlikely. On the other hand, the interests of France and Great Britain touch at many places. If war, by some un-

his passion does not get the better of him, he writes with a force that few can equal.

*The Great God Brown* was O'Neill's most subtly constructed play, and he there displayed more acceptance and understanding of life. *Marco Millions* is perhaps his bitterest and most prejudiced. He has followed in the footsteps of Mr. Shaw, who made his *St. Joan* [Turn to page 130]

### THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

## The Church in a Changing World

By REV. HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT, D. D.

REVIEWED BY  
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, Litt. D.

DR. SPEIGHT recently gave up the pulpit of King's Chapel—one of the oldest and most famous Churches of Boston, built of stone brought over from England—to take the chair of Philosophy in Dartmouth College. For years he has made the old Chapel a shrine of broad-minded christianity, inviting men of all faiths to its pulpit, and his influence and example will not be forgotten. In the sermon here reviewed he reminds us that while the Church seems to be slow and staid, it is in fact changing rapidly, in three significant ways.

First the Church is changing in its relation to its worshippers. Hitherto there have been two types of Church and worship, the liturgical and the informal, the sacramental and the evangelical, each noble and useful after its kind, and ministering to different needs. Today, under the challenge of a changing world, we are discovering that these two types of Church and worship belong together, as the two hemispheres of one complete spiritual life.

"To minister to a man's mind," says Dr. Speight, "perplexed and distracted by a thousand problems, and also to his heart, which yearns for assurances of faith; to speak to the consciences of men, compelling them to measure their personal inclinations against the well-being of the whole community, and at the same time, through the same institution, to foster the meditative, mystical, undistracted communion with God—that is indeed a complex task."

Attempts to meet it are seen in the richer forms of worship and the use of Gothic architecture now used, increasingly, by the non-liturgical

Churches; and on the other hand by a greater flexibility of ritual in the liturgical communions. The Church is not driven to this larger ministry, but drawn to it by its sense of responsibility to bring the inspirations of religious faith to an age which, if left without a spiritual vision, is at the mercy of nameless fears, baffling perplexities, and a sinister cynicism.

Second, as Dr. Speight points out, the Churches are changing radically in their relation to each other. Dogmas which separated them in other days seem less and less significant, and the common inheritance of faith is found to be vitally important, if the world is not to lose its way. There is a tide running in the hearts of men moving toward a larger, deeper unity—not a dead uniformity, but a living unity of fellowship in which all can serve in their different ways with mutual respect and brotherly goodwill.

"All forward-looking men," says Dr. Speight, "will seek to hasten the breaking down of barriers and the day of understanding. There is a grander Church than all particular ones, however extensive—the Church Universal—and into this Church all who partake of the Spirit of Christ are admitted, and [Turn to page 130]

### THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

## Eugene O'Neill

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

A RECENT Spanish novelist has said that there are two ways of understanding life: through drama and through philosophy. The philosopher stands remote from ordinary concerns and reveals to us the great forces that control the whole of humanity: reason, faith, knowledge, desire, the mind, and the senses. The dramatist shows us well-marked types of humanity in action. His place is among us. No dramatist of the present day has shown us more clearly what American life is than Eugene O'Neill.

His latest play, *Marco Millions*, reveals clearly his great outstanding virtue and the technical defects of his method. From his first play to his last, O'Neill is immensely serious, possessed by a somber moral fury. This seriousness goes hand in hand with a passion for melodramatic scenes and situations. He is almost without humor in the way he insists on such situations. Thus in the present play,

he starts with a prologue which has nothing to do with the main subject, and which could only have been written to satisfy his passion for presenting life in the raw. But this fault does not alter the fact that when



Dr. H. E. B. Speight



Eugene O'Neill



# Why women like this modern way of "making" Vegetable Soup

THE VICTORY for soup has been won. No one any longer questions whether it belongs in the diet. The day has passed when soup was considered simply as an attractive food with delicious flavor.

It is now known that soup stimulates the digestive juices, encourages a healthful, wholesome appetite and so is a food that should be eaten regularly every day, both for its nourishment and its other benefits.

If you have any doubts as to its popularity and regular use in millions of homes, just step into any grocery store and look for the familiar array of Red-and-White

Labels lined up in their neat arrangement, ready to supply the daily demand that never fails to come.

It's the modern way of "making" soup—these visits to the store and selection of a delightful variety from the twenty-one different Campbell's kinds, listed on each label. Then, in the home kitchen, this is all that is required: Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. The soup is ready for your table!

You know how many different ingredients, how much time and expense it takes to make really good

vegetable soup. Is it any wonder that housewives nowadays—yes, the most careful and exacting housewives—welcome the help of the famous and spotless Campbell's kitchens?

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup they have ready to hand a most tempting, nourishing, substantial soup, which contains no less than thirty-two different ingredients, with fifteen vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. Invigorating beef broth, cereals, fresh herbs and flavor-giving seasoning all aid in producing this quality blend.

To make such a soup yourself, you would have to search the markets for the finest vegetables that grow. You would spend time and precious energy in doing the tedious work of preparing and cooking them. You would have no trained French soup-chefs to help you—such chefs as have made Campbell's quality an accepted fact the country over.

Campbell's Vegetable is the soup with such a remarkable popularity and reputation as "almost a meal in itself." 12 cents a can.

Back from town and fallen down,  
Bubbling o'er with laughter.  
Going fast, with joy at last—  
Campbell's feast comes after!



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



OLIVE TREE

# SOAP FROM TREES

## Nature's Gift to Beauty

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurements. Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

*The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal*

WASH your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin seems at all inclined to be dry, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly each day, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

### Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above.

Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

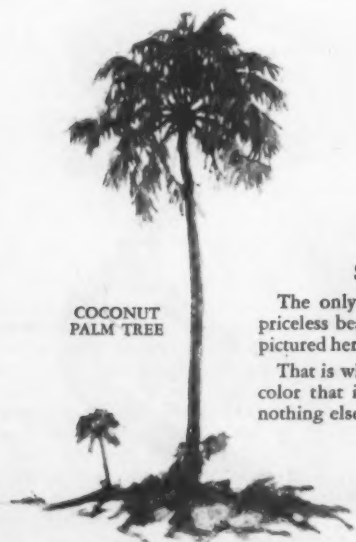
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

### Soap from trees!

THE only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.



COCONUT  
PALM TREE

### Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured here—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for olive and palm oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.



AFRICAN  
PALM TREE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price

10c





*His fingers gripped the sand. "And I've broken your heart," he said.*

[Continued from page 25]

well enough that it was going on before that—weeks before. I felt it in the air. But he tried to throw dust in my eyes by running after your daughter, the dirty scoundrel, though she may have been in the secret for all I know."

Sir William's voice came with just that note of authority which upon occasion he was so well able to assume. "I should prefer," he said, "that my daughter's name were not mentioned in this connection."

It was at this stage that Tiggie, very red and uncomfortable, addressed himself in a loud whisper to the motionless marble figure which a few seconds before had been a laughing happy girl.

"I say, hadn't we better go?"

She did not answer him or turn her head. There was an awful sightless look in her eyes which he was to remember for many a long day.

But if his whisper failed to reach her, it pierced beyond. There was a further quiet movement, and Sir William stepped out onto the veranda.

"Peggy!" he said.

That stirred her. She gave a gasp and seemed to awake. "Yes, Daddy," she said, and turned towards him. He came to her. "My dear child!" he said.

She uttered a choking sound, and collected herself. "Daddy dear, this—this is Tiggie—I mean Captain Turner—a friend I made on the way out. May he come in? And please—" she was frowning a little as if the words cost her some effort—"will you tell Mr. Forbes to go before—before Jingo finds him? Take him—take him out the other way, please, Daddy!"

She made an urgent gesture with the last request. Her strength seemed to snap with the words. Her hands went out with a groping movement towards him. He was just in time to catch her as she fell.

OUT of a darkness that was like unto death Peggy came trembling back. It was the most terrible

awakening she had ever known, and it was accompanied by such fits of trembling as shook her from head to foot. When she opened her eyes at last, it was only to be seized by a nauseating giddiness that compelled her to close them again.

A voice spoke close to her—a voice she vaguely knew. "Let me give it to her, sir! That's better. Peggy, try and drink this, dear! Just try!"

The rim of a glass came against her quivering lips, and she knew that it was Tiggie's hand that held it. She made an effort to obey him in answer to the gentle persuasion of his voice, and swallowed a drain of brandy and water that burned intolerably yet imparted a certain strength. The fiery draught went down, and she opened her eyes.

She was lying in her father's arms, and Tiggie was kneeling beside her, glass in hand. His was the first face she saw as her vision gradually focussed. "Oh, Tiggie!" she said weakly, and began to cry with great sobs.

I HEARD what Mr. Forbes was saying," Peggy said to her father after Tiggie had left them together. "I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" She glanced around her, shivering. "Daddy, do you believe it?"

Haltingly he tried to soften his answer. "You know, my dear, it is a very difficult subject. I have never felt sure—never wholly sure—of Lord Wyndham's stability. But I cannot definitely say that I—"

She hid her face in his neck. "I think I've expected too much of life," she told him tremulously. "It was as if—everything came to me at once, and—and I got dazzled, bewitched almost. It was like—like a lovely dream. And even now—even now—" she faltered, hiding her face a little deeper, "it may—it may not be over. It may be all a dreadful mistake. I felt somehow—so sure—that we belonged to each other—were always meant for each other. He—he was so good to me, Daddy, and—I know—he thought he loved me." A little sob rose in her throat; she controlled it quickly. "But I'm going to be brave, darling. I do promise I'll

be brave. And you won't keep anything from me, will you, when you really know? Promise—promise!"

"I promise, darling," he said tenderly. "Peggy, tell me," he went on, "this Captain Turner—a very nice man, my dear, and I like him, but—have I ever heard of him before?"

"No, dear, you haven't," she answered. "I'm afraid I forgot to mention him. There have been so many new things to fill one's mind. He was very kind to me on the voyage out. He made friends with Major and Mrs. Bobby at the same time, and now he is staying with them."

"Do you know what has brought him?" asked Sir William, still looking at her.

No flush rose in Peggy's pale face as she answered him. Her smile died completely away.

"Yes, Daddy, I do know," she said steadily. "He told me he was coming. I didn't really want him to, but I couldn't tell him not. I think he knows that it isn't any good. I have never let him think anything else."

"Ah!" Sir William said, and sighed deeply. "Well, I like him, Peggy. He is honest and straight."

She echoed the sign as she turned away. "Yes, I know he is, Daddy. I like him too. But—but—"

PEGGY was sitting on the veranda on the following morning with Jingo serenely on guard when the lift of his head and smiling angle of his ears told her of the approach of some one of whom he approved. She heard a step immediately afterwards and saw Tiggie come round the curve that hid the road.

Peggy rose from her wicker chair with a touch of languor to greet the visitor as he reached the veranda. She was still pale, but her smile was wholly spontaneous.

"How awfully nice of you to come!" she said. "Sit down! And do smoke your pipe if you want to!"

"Thank you very much," said Tiggie.

He concentrated his attention upon his pipe for a few seconds. Eventually he pushed it into the side of his mouth and looked up at her. [Turn to page 109]



*Busy women who need  
to relax find the drying  
hour a delight.*

## HOW OFTEN DO YOU WASH YOUR HAIR—AND HOW?

### *McCall's Beauty Editor tells how to give your hair a Beauty Parlor treatment at home*

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

IT'S the "and how" of keeping your hair clean that really matters. Whether you wash it every ten days or once a month is a matter of common sense rather than scientific knowledge. Some hair thrives on frequent washing, and other types of hair lose their luster and healthy charm if washed too often. It has always seemed foolish to me to lay down a law about this which will apply to hair of all kinds and textures. Keeping your hair clean and healthy is the important thing. If your hair shows signs of losing its vitality, begin before the next shampoo to analyze its condition and treat it accordingly.

Fashion of recent years has masqueraded as a goddess of all that is sane and sensible. But she is still responsible for plenty of the contributing causes of abnormal hair conditions. Tight hats that bind the head where the main nourishing veins are, too frequent and inept marcelling, the use of certain curling fluids that have a drying tendency, strong blasts of artificial heat after the shampoo, and lack of after-care if you have had a permanent wave; all these and more are to be blamed for dull, lank hair that sometimes shows dangerous thin spots where it has begun to fall. The right method of shampooing and the use of a good tonic between times will do much to counteract the bad effects of fashion's tyranny.

For those lucky ones who have normal, healthy locks, a hair specialist I know gives the shampoo routine printed in the box on this page. If you are guilty of any of the little sins of smartness listed above, however, you had best begin preventive measures to keep your hair in its healthy and beautiful state. Have a good scalp massage occasionally from an expert. When you have learned to give yourself this massage at home, do it just as often as you can. Every day isn't too much, and it only takes a few moments to go over the whole head. Begin at the base of the neck; clasping your head with your hands rotate the thumbs, *hard*. Then work up till you have stimulated the whole scalp. If you use a tonic, apply it on the scalp parts, not on the hair. Like a plant, the hair gets its food through its "roots." It is necessary, of course, to keep the stalk-like strands clean and free from dust by brushing. But the honest-to-goodness nourishment comes through the scalp itself. Any gardener knows that the soil around the plant roots must be turned over and kept rich and fertile. Our scalps, for the same reason,

require the same enriching process.

When oiliness creeps in—and this seems to be the modern woman's greatest trial—you may have to shampoo your hair oftener for a while, to keep it looking its best. But be-

from the head. After each stroke, wipe the brush on a towel to get off the oil and dust. Before the shampoo it's often stimulating to rub ordi-

nary table salt into the scalp. One of the best known hair specialists in New York does this.

If, after several weeks of tonic massage and careful shampooing your hair stubbornly persists in being oily, you can vary the soap shampoo with an egg treatment. Many hairdressers have found them a special boon to blondes with delicate hair. Soap the hair as usual and rinse well in lukewarm water. Have the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, add one teaspoonful of salt and apply this mixture right to the hair. Let it dry on the hair, then carefully brush out the egg powder that is left. Dry shampoos of almond meal or powdered orris root, or of prepared commercial cleansing powders, may also be used between the soap-and-water shampoos. Always be sure to brush the powder out of the hair. And take time each day to wash your brush and comb. If you cannot have two brushes, so that one will be drying while the other is in use, better wipe off the brush every night with a towel slightly dampened with alcohol, getting all the oil possible off the bristles. On the hair that is permanently waved egg-shampooing is apt to be less satisfactory. The powdery residue is a bit hard to shake out of very curly hair. It is also apt to show more if the hair is very dark. It's a good thing, by the way, to look well to your diet if your hair persists in oiliness. With some girls the cutting down on fat-producing foods like cream, butter and oils helps a lot.

If your hair is overdry be careful not to shampoo it too often. Wait at least three weeks, and cleanse it in between with a tonic for dry hair, brushing it according to the directions for tonic-cleansing given for oily hair earlier in this article. Choose a shampoo soap with a high oily content, good Castile or one of the liquid shampoos made on an oil base. If you possibly can, avoid having it dried by gas or electric dryers. These are efficient and not harmful generally, but it is wiser to dry the hair by hand, giving the scalp a good stimulating tonic massage the while. It takes longer but helps in the end to bring extra dry hair back to normal. Split ends are common to the dry condition. Lift the hair with a comb strand by strand, toward the scalp, and clip it on a slant with a sharp pair of scissors. Then brush over the clipped ends with a little brillantane. [Turn to page 13]

#### WHEN YOU SHAMPOO

Use plenty of hot water and hot towels. A small bath spray makes your home shampoo almost as good as a professional one.

First, wet the hair with warm water, using a spray. Now rub in the shampoo mixture, either a liquid soap or a good cake soap shaved and dissolved in a little warm water.

Rinse with hot water, then repeat the soaping. You should rinse again, gradually cooling the water until it is quite cold.

Now spray with hot water again and dry with hot towels, by hand. The specialist who uses this shampoo routine declares that the final spraying is what keeps the hair light and fluffy.

#### AND

For scalp and hair health we've just found the following unique exercise. This was developed in the salon of a specialist who noticed that the quality of women's hair, especially since the bob became almost universal, was suffering from lack of exercise. So she advised that the scalp be exercised daily by actually pulling the hair. Separate the hair into sections, twist a small section on your finger and pull gently away from the head several times, lifting the scalp. Just as daily morning exercises tone up the general circulation and strengthen bodily vigor, so this little exercise of the muscles at the hair roots invigorates them to greater vitality.

tween shampoos, give yourself this kind of cleansing. Part the hair in six or eight places and apply a tonic lotion for oily hair with a wad of cotton. Now brush your hair firmly from the scalp, upward and outward. Lift the strands away

Split ends are common to the dry condition. Lift the hair with a comb strand by strand, toward the scalp, and clip it on a slant with a sharp pair of scissors. Then brush over the clipped ends with a little brillantane. [Turn to page 13]





*A rose . . . a pearl . . . what can compare with the beauty of a wonderful skin!*

## "flawless!"

*A wonderful skin— isn't it worth making this effort for?*

**EVEN** overnight your skin can improve—can look clearer and softer by morning.

Think, then, what infinite possibilities there are in the right care of your skin, followed regularly day after day! In just a few weeks you can give it a freshness, smoothness, color, it has never had before.

Begin today to take care of your skin the Woodbury way, with hot or warm water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap recommended by skin specialists as best for a sensitive skin.

Women of fine background and traditions everywhere are testifying to the wonderful helpfulness of Woodbury's Facial Soap in their own experience. Society debutantes from New York to New Orleans—college girls—women guests at America's most splendid hotels, most exclusive resorts—say Woodbury's "agrees with their skin better than any other soap"—is "wonderfully beneficial" in clearing the skin of common skin

defects and keeping it in perfect condition.

The right way to use Woodbury's for *your* skin is given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you are fortunate enough to have a clear unblemished skin—you should use the famous Woodbury treatment for normal skins, given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes,

excessive oiliness, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble. Within a week or ten days you will see the beginning of a very great improvement.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today—begin using it tonight! Learn how simple it is, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

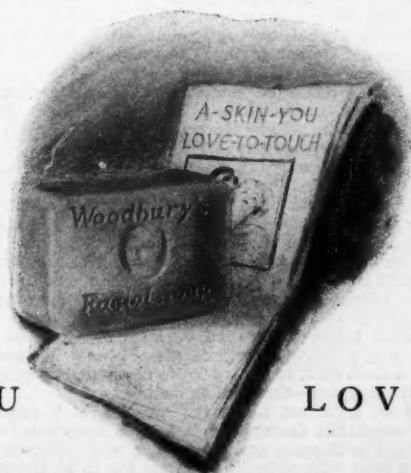
*Send for the new Woodbury Trial Set!*

The Andrew Jergens Co.  
1503 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1503 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....



A SKIN YOU

LOVE TO TOUCH



THOMAS FOGARTY

*In even the smallest  
small towns now one can  
buy green vegetables in Winter*

## MAKING THE COMMON WINTER VEGETABLES UNCOMMON

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

DIRECTOR, DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY  
AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

**P**LEASE," wrote Mrs. L. B. C. last Autumn, "please get us up an article this Winter on seasonable and moderate priced vegetables. I am so tired of serving boiled cabbage, creamed onions and mashed turnips to my family—to say nothing of *their* feelings—and I don't know whether canned vegetables possess the necessary nutritive properties. Vegetables are the hardest part of my menu making."

Mrs. L. B. C. is not alone in her troubles by any means. Every thoughtful homemaker has experienced similar difficulties during the long months when the variety of reasonably priced vegetables is so small. Yet by preparing the old stand-bys—carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions—in new ways, by experimenting with some of the less common vegetables now making their way into practically every market, by using canned and dried vegetables judiciously, you can set just as interesting a table in January as you can in July.

Consider the squash family, for instance. Besides the yellow squash and the dark green Hubbard squash, with which we are all familiar, there is the Crookneck, and a delicate variety known as Vegetable Marrow. This last is especially popular in England and would be more so in this country if it were better known. Ask your grocer if he has it or will get it for you. I will gladly send you several recipes for it.

Among the "leafy" vegetables, one of which we must eat every day, Dr. McCollum says, are Brussels sprouts, kohlrabi, cauliflower, broccoli, kale, collard, lettuce and cabbage. While it may not be possible for all of us to get *all* of these vegetables in our home markets we can always find red or green cabbage, and *almost* always lettuce, the outer leaves of which can be cooked just like spinach. Brussels sprouts are usually sold in quart boxes or baskets. Fresh Brussels sprouts are green in color and firm to the touch—those that have become yellowish and soft are old and apt to be wormy. They have a rather strong flavor and should be cooked quickly, as should cabbage.

Cauliflower and broccoli also belong to this popular family, but these rather exclusive members are more perishable and more expensive. Everyone knows cauliflower, but broccoli is a comparatively new vegetable to Americans. It resembles a loose head of cauliflower, but is green instead of white. The

stems or stalks are longer and more tender and they are cooked and served along with the flowering head. Formerly broccoli was imported from Italy, but now it is grown in large quantities in Texas and is becoming very popular.

Kohlrabi, also a form of cabbage, is sometimes called Italian cabbage. It is green and about the size and shape of a turnip. This vegetable keeps better than cabbage, and so if you have a dark cool place to store it, you may buy it when the market offers a bargain and use it several days later.

Spinach is a wholesome and popular green leafy vegetable, but it cannot be bought in all localities during the Winter. Homemakers who are not within shopping distance of a large market must substitute something else. In the South kale is popular, and there is a form of kale called collards. All these greens are usually sold by the peck or pound according to the custom in each community.

Celery may be used raw or cooked and is one of our most healthful root vegetables. For table-use dwarf celery or the trimmed hearts are often preferred, but as the untrimmed bunch may be bought for only a few cents more it is greatly to the housewife's advantage to buy it and so have outside stalks to use for cooking. She can use the tops for soup and the stalks as a vegetable. Celeriac is a variety of celery with a large turnip-like root. It may be cooked like other root vegetables or used raw in various salad combinations.

Another rather inexpensive vegetable is salsify or oyster plant. It is a long slender root generally sold in bunches of about 6 roots each. It has a delicate flavor slightly resembling that of the oyster—therefore its name.

And we must not forget the eggplant. It is one of the oldest vegetables known and is said to have been used in India over 3000 years ago. Choose one with firm unwrinkled skin as those with shriveled skin are apt to be bitter. After an eggplant has been cut, it does not keep well so buy one

only as large as you think you can use at one meal. Mushrooms belong to the de luxe class of vegetables. When their price is high, as it is during the Winter months, many of us cannot afford to buy them in sufficient quantities to serve as a vegetable. We can, however, use them for flavoring other things, such as sauces, gravies, creamed meats and casserole dishes. Used in this way, a half pound of mushrooms will go a long way in a family of 4 or 5 persons, and the craving for the mushroom flavor will be satisfied.

Before leaving the subject of fresh vegetables, I must speak of those which can be served raw. (According to the best nutrition authorities we should eat at least two servings of uncooked vegetables or fruits every day). Carrots, celery, cabbage, lettuce and onions are, or can be made, most delicious in the raw state, and I am giving you several excellent recipes for them in this article.

Canned vegetables which may be had at all seasons, in all places, deserve a warm spot in the housewife's heart and a prominent place on her table. No longer are they to be scorned if they have the guarantee of a reliable packer behind them. They are wholesome, of good flavor, and retain much of the nutritive value they had when fresh. Canned tomatoes, for instance, are so rich in vitamins that child specialists prescribe the strained, unheated juice for babies.

The idea that the liquid in which vegetables are canned should be drained off and the vegetable rinsed with cold water before it is heated is an exploded theory. Many of the valuable mineral salts and vitamins are lost in this way. If you do not want to use all of the liquid, drain part of it off and save it for soup. Cook down the rest with the vegetables.

Corn, tomatoes, asparagus, peas, string beans, lima beans and spinach are the most popular of the canned vegetables and are invaluable to the woman who wants variety in her menus.

Do not forget when you are searching for new ideas that dried vegetables offer an occasional change. Red kidney beans, limas, flageolets, and black-eyed peas are among the most usable. Limas and kidney beans, are especially good and may be prepared in any number of delicious ways.

It has been said about us American. [Turn to page 40]





# POND'S opens its Letter Box to you

**B**EAUTY'S but skin-deep? "That's deep enough for me," a witty young woman once declared. Pond's Letter Box attests that countless others, young and old, agree with her.

From every state in the union women write us delightful "thank you letters," enthusiastic in appreciation of Pond's Two Creams.

And how varied are the writers—from eastern farm and western ranch, from northern prairie and southern cotton-field, from pretty girls in society, from business women, trained nurses, writers, world-travelers.

Pond's Creams—so inexpensive yet so fine that they are favorites of the aristocracy—win honorable mention for distinguished service "in all climates, from Duluth, 42° below zero—to Texas 105° above." In "bitter frosts," in "driving winds," in "hot dry winds," in "brilliant suns," in "alkali dust," the Creams have proved "just as effective—wonderful for preserving the complexion fresh and clear."

"I'M NOT a society lady, far from it!" one charming letter from Colorado begins.

"I live on a ranch, am out all day, face unprotected from stinging winds.

"Yet—a lady asked me how I could possibly have such a smooth, soft skin. I opened my cupboard and showed her my jars of Pond's Creams!"



"I'm not a society lady—I live on a ranch . . ."

A Brooklyn woman has flivvered four times across the continent.

She says: "A university friend and I wanted to see America first-hand, to get material for stories. We camped in every climate from the Siskiyoues in January to the Desert in July.

"Needless to say, it was dirty! Water and alkali just ruin the skin . . . We found Pond's Cream a necessity of tourist equipment."

From the California Desert: "For years my skin was treated at beauty shops. When it became necessary for me to live on the Mojave Desert, I started using your Two Creams.

"Now I have been here 18 months with hot winds and cold winds, yet my skin is softer, clearer than it has ever been . . . Not a young skin, either, as I am middle age."

But fie upon middle age! Keep youthful with Pond's.

This is from Massachusetts: "I am a mother of six. I look so young that when I am with my husband folks ask for an introduction to his daughter!"

"The only explanation is Pond's Two Creams. I have used nothing else for 17 years."

*Women reveal for other women's sakes experiences as varied as life itself*



"I am a violinist, having difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand . . ."

A pretty Georgia girl got rid of premature wrinkles: "They made me look old. I was ready to give up in despair. A month ago I tried Pond's Cold Cream, massaging it well, leaving it several hours.

"Now I'm looking young once more. I'm delighted!"

**OTHER CLEVER USES** for the Two Creams: "I am a violinist," a Chicago girl writes. "I have difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand.

"They constantly harden and peel—unless kept soft with Vanishing Cream. Yours is the best skin softener on the market."

A graduate of the University of Missouri says: "Your Vanishing Cream is a favorite of mine. It sure softens 'rusty' elbows—important with evening



These Two Creams, together with Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, provide complete and exquisite care of the skin

gowns. And it keeps my hands soft and white."

A California mother uses the cream to "massage tired feet." She says: "In a few minutes we feel like dancing."

**M**OTHERS, especially, prize Pond's Creams. From Maryland one writes: "I have twins, six months old. Each morning as I prepare them for their baths I cover their faces with Pond's Cold Cream.

"In the tub they kick and splash to their hearts' content. When I take them out their soft rosy skin has been both cleansed and protected."

A New Jersey mother says: "I have three out-of-door kiddies. You know what winds and snows do to their tender skins. Pond's Vanishing Cream has saved them hours of suffering.

"My little daughter has a 'fairy' skin. A good rubbing at night (legs, too) keeps her in perfect condition. Vanishing Cream does not soil the bed linen, either—an asset, I assure you!"

And so they come—letters as welcome, as kind as if from personal friends. Won't you, too, write us your experiences with Pond's Creams? For regular daily cleansing and beautifying use? For an interesting emergency?



"Three out-of-door kiddies . . . You know their tender skins."

**THE FOLLOWING** is the complete Pond's method of caring for the skin. First cleanse with Pond's exquisitely light Cold Cream. Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove every trace of oil and the dirt it has brought out. Next tone and firm your skin with Pond's new Skin Freshener. Finally apply Pond's Vanishing Cream for a lovely finish and protection. At night refresh and cleanse your skin again with the Cold Cream and Freshener. See what new beauty this brings!



"Across the States in a Ford"

**New! 14¢ Offer:** Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14¢) for trial tubes of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. B, 111 Hudson Street, New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# "Nuthin' I Like!"



**H**UNGRILY and expectantly he had gone to dinner. "Nuthin' " he liked—just things which "were good for him". String beans—he wouldn't eat them. Time had come for discipline. When told that he was to have none of a favorite dessert, he gave in. Smiling thro' his tears after the first few mouthfuls, he said, "I didn't know it, but I was liking string beans all the time."

**P**ERHAPS in your own home there is a small child who is finicky about his food. But you insist upon his having plenty of milk, cereals, vegetables and the other foods he requires, for you know that the growth of his body and his health depend upon the "building" foods he eats.

But how about yourself? Have you dropped into the habit of ordering what you like without regard to the foods you need to build and repair your body and to keep it in the best possible condition of health? And do you know how much food you require, or how little?

Diet is literally a separate problem for each individual. The "overweight" is usually too fond of starchy, sugary and fatty foods and disinclined to eat vegetables and fruits, while the "underweight" often neglects the fattening foods he needs. Appetite is not always a reliable guide to correct eating.

If you are blessed with good health and good digestion, take time to find out what constitutes a properly balanced day to day diet for a person of your age—how much meat, fish, cheese and milk you require, how many sweet foods, and most important of all—how many vegetables. Don't forget the string beans or the tomato, King of the Vitamins. Raw salads, fruit, butter,

cream and nuts are important parts of the regular food supply when taken in correct amounts. And six to eight glasses of water daily, please—mainly between meals.

It is worth remembering that, through a well-balanced ration, you can keep in good condition every part of your body—muscles, bones, vital organs, nerves, eyes, teeth and even hair.

Incorrect diet is responsible for a vast number of ailments and lack of strength and vigor. It is estimated that three calls out of ten in doctors' offices are caused by faulty diet—errors that may be easily corrected. If you wish to have better health and probably longer life, apply the new knowledge of food and nutrition, gained for you through the chemical research of recent years.

It is really amazingly interesting to discover what each particular food contributes to the body—to know just what to eat if you wish to reduce your weight, or increase your weight, or keep it normal—to know what your body needs when you feel that your energy is low.

For more enjoyment in eating and for better health from eating, learn what to eat.

Because our daily food needs are little understood by most persons, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet, "The Family Food Supply", which tells what to buy and how, and includes diet and marketing helps for the housewife.

The best food is not always the most expensive, and the most expensive is oftentimes far from the best. The least costly foods can often be prepared in such a way as to give more nourishment and more taste-satisfaction than those which are extravagant in price.

By means of this booklet, the modern housekeeper can easily find out which foods her family requires. She will learn which foods are needed by a man who does heavy physical labor, which are necessary for the office-worker, which for herself and which for the growing child.

"The Family Food Supply" tells how to buy economically and should be used in connection with the "Metropolitan Cook Book". A copy of either, or both, will be mailed, free, upon your request.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

## MAKING THE COMMON WINTER VEGETABLES UNCOMMON

[Continued from page 38]



*Vegetable plates are becoming more and more popular for luncheon and dinner.*

housewives that we do not pay enough attention to the subject of cooking vegetables. One of our worst faults is that we are apt to overcook them. In the majority of cases a short, quick process will give the best result as to flavor and color, and with the least loss of nutritive material. Green vegetables in particular should be cooked very quickly and in as little water as possible. White vegetables, such as onions and cauliflower, should on the contrary, be boiled in a large amount of water in an uncovered pan so as to prevent their becoming darker during cooking.

And now before the recipes begin, let me tell you something a wonderful cook once told me. She said, in speaking of seasoning vegetables, "If they don't taste just right try a pinch of sugar." You will be surprised to find how a little sugar brings out the natural flavor of winter vegetables!

**Stuffed Baked Onions:** Select large Bermuda onions, remove dry outside skin and parboil 10 to 15 minutes. When onions are cool, remove part of centers and fill with minced left-over meat (chicken, veal or lamb) mixed with an equal quantity soft bread crumbs and the onion which was removed, chopped fine. Season with salt, pepper, paprika, and melted butter. Place in baking-dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and dot with bits of butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour or until onions are tender. Remove cover and allow tops to brown.

**Scalloped Tomatoes and Corn:** Drain some of the liquid from canned tomatoes. Season with salt, pepper and a little sugar. Open a can of corn and season that with

salt, pepper and paprika. Put a layer of buttered bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking-dish, cover with a layer of the tomatoes, then a layer of corn and another layer of buttered crumbs. Repeat until all ingredients are used. Cover top with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 30 minutes.

**Asparagus Italienne:** Drain the liquid from canned asparagus and lay stalks in shallow baking-pan. Sprinkle with salt, paprika and grated American cheese mixed with a little Parmesan cheese if you have it. Place in a hot oven (400° F.) to heat asparagus and to melt the cheese slightly. Serve at once.

**Glazed Carrots:** Wash and scrape carrots. Cut in half lengthwise, then cut into quarters and if carrots are very large into eighths. Cook in boiling water until almost tender. Drain thoroughly, reserving liquid in which they were cooked to make soup. For each 3 cups carrots melt 4 tablespoons butter in frying-pan, add 5 tablespoons sugar and stir until melted. Add carrots and stir lightly with a fork. Cook very slowly about 5 or 10 minutes or until carrots are tender and well glazed. Serve hot. Sprinkle with minced parsley or finely chopped mint for variety.

**Turnip Souffle:** Wash turnips thoroughly. Peel and cook until tender in boiling, salted water. If turnips are old and rather strong in flavor, put on to cook in cold water, allow to come to boil, drain and cover with boiling water, adding salt when partly cooked. When tender, mash thoroughly or press through strainer. Season with salt, pepper, [Turn to page 133]



*Uncooked carrots, celery, cabbage and pickled beets are easily transformed into de lux relishes.*



# A LITTLE MORNING TREATMENT

according to the Elizabeth Arden method, will clear your skin for the day and rid your eyes of the puffiness with which they awaken

*Elizabeth Arden  
recommends these Preparations  
for your care of the skin  
at home*

## VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

## VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

## VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD

Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

## VENETIAN VELVA CREAM

A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

## VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT

For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. \$2.25, \$4.

## VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL

A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

## VENETIAN PORE CREAM

Greaseless astringent cream, contracts open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. \$1, \$2.50.

## VENETIAN AMORETTA CREAM

A vanishing and protective cream, gives the skin a soft natural finish under powder. \$1, \$2.

## VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION

Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. \$1, \$2.50.

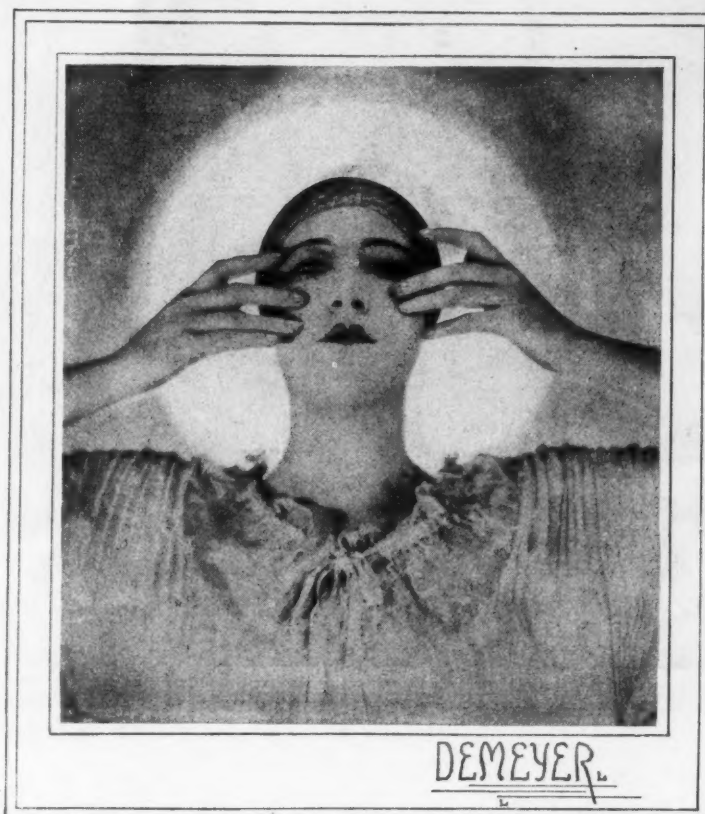
## VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM

Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight. \$1.50.

## VENETIAN FLOWER POWDER

Fine, pure, delicately perfumed. White, Cream, Naturelle, Rose, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel. \$1.75.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "YOUR MASTERPIECE—YOURSELF," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.



AS soon as you get up in the morning, begin the Elizabeth Arden Self-Treatment which will prepare your skin for a busy day. Take a pad of absorbent cotton, wring it out of cold water, moisten with *Ardena Skin Tonic*, dip in *Cleansing Cream*, and "wash" the face and neck with this. Wipe away the cream with soft tissues.

Next pat the face and neck briskly for several minutes, using a fresh pad of cotton which has been wrung out of cold water and moistened with *Ardena Skin Tonic*. A second patting with *Special Astringent* is excellent to firm the contour. Pat back and forth gently under the eyes to reduce puffiness.

Then apply *Orange Skin Food*—or the

delicate *Velva Cream*—add *Muscle Oil* over lines and wrinkles—patting the Preparations well into the skin to stimulate their absorption by the tissues. Leave a little cream and oil on the skin while you bathe and dress. Then wipe the face with your moist *Skin Tonic* pad.

Clear the eyes by using *Special Eye Lotion* in an eye-cup. Smooth your skin with *Amoretta Cream* as a protective foundation. Then a little rouge, perhaps, if fatigue or illness makes it necessary. A dusting of powder to protect the skin. And *voila!* your heavy eyes, your dull skin, your tired lines, are gone. Your skin is lovely—because this daily scientific treatment has made it healthy.

On sale at smart shops all over United States, Canada, Great Britain, in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia, the Far East, South America, West Indies and the U. S. Possessions.

## ELIZABETH ARDEN

LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Place  
PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street  
BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street

WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue  
DETROIT: 318 Book Building  
PALM BEACH: 2 Via Parigi

SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Avenue  
ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block  
LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street

BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta  
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries  
© Elizabeth Arden, 1927



"Of course he loves you, even if he does cry for beefsteak and onions."

## COOKING *for* A MAN

*His taste in food demands something more substantial than fancy feminine folderols*

BY MABEL CONDICK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. SUTTER

**W**HOSE taste is the presiding genius of your kitchen—yours, or that of the man of the family?

If you cook for yourself, then this article is not for you. But if the arbiter of your kitchen wears a number fifteen collar and has a way of replying off hand to your question: "What would you like for dinner?" with a casual "Oh, anything'll do!" and then, when you take him at his word and let "anything do" he looks over the table disappointedly and asks "Is this all we're having tonight?"—if, as I say, this is a fairly representative picture of your home any night in any week, then it will not hurt you to read on.

What do men like to eat?

Perhaps it is easier to say what they *don't* like—and chief of these is "party" food; left overs from the bridge party you had that afternoon; or "warm ups" contrived hastily at the last minute.

Every man worthy the name has a hankering for honest, filling food that does not disguise itself as something else. Nor has he ceased to love you because he pleads sometimes for beefsteak and onions in place of the whipped cream folderol you might find more interesting to concoct.

The menus and recipes that are given here feature dishes that men like. Each dish described here is the chosen favorite of the male members of a particular household. The clam pie recipe has been handed down for three generations in a well known Connecticut family. The recipe for escalloped potatoes and pork chops comes from the private cook book of a Pennsylvania household. The particular virtue of this dish is that it can wait. If the man of the family is detained late at the office, or if he misses his usual train, this supper will not be spoiled. A Colorado ranch wife sends the recipe for corn chowder which is her husband's favorite cold night supper dish.

### CLAM PIE Crust

1 cup flour	½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter or other fat	½ teaspoon baking-powder
	Cold water

### Filling for Pie

30 soft shell clams	1 large potato
	½ teaspoon chopped onion

Mix flour, salt, baking-powder and fat together with tips of fingers until thoroughly mixed. Add enough cold water to make a paste that is not too soft or the least bit wet.

Cut the potatoes into inch cubes and parboil. Prepare the clams as follows: Scrub shells and put in a sauce pan with one pint of boiling water. Cover, and set over the fire for a few minutes until the shells steam open. Remove from the fire. Open shells and remove clams into a bowl, taking care not to lose any juice. Discard the tough parts and the necks. The liquor in which the clams were steamed, together with any juice from the clams, should be boiled up again and carefully skimmed to remove all traces of foreign matter. There will be too much liquor for the pie, but the surplus can be set aside in the ice box. It will make sufficient broth to serve two persons. Line a small bowl with crust, fill with clams, potato, onion and enough juice to fill bowl and sprinkle with one tablespoon of flour to thicken the gravy. Cover with a top crust and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes or

until crust is a delicate and appetizing brown.

Care should be taken in pouring off the broth for with even the utmost care in scrubbing the shells some sand will adhere. Lift the clams out of the liquor, rather than pour them with the liquor into the pie. Then, if any sand remains it can be strained out, a little practise will make this much simpler than it sounds.

### PORK CHOPS WITH ESCALLOPED POTATOES

Slice six potatoes in thin slices. Place a layer of potatoes in the bottom of a large baking-dish. Sprinkle a little flour, salt and pepper over the potatoes. Then put in two or three pork chops. Add the rest of the potatoes with a sprinkling of flour, salt and pepper. Over the whole add enough milk to come to the top of the potatoes. If a little onion and green pepper are added they make the dish even more savory. Cover, put in a hot oven and bake for one hour after boiling begins. The heat can be lowered after the milk boils up.

### STEAMED PUDDING

Butter earthenware cups such as are used for custard. Put a tablespoonful of rich jam—strawberry, raspberry, currant, either red or black—in the bottom of each cup, fill with cottage pudding batter and steam one hour over boiling water.

### GROUND STEAK WITH BACON

½ pound of round steak, ground	2 thick slices of bread
3 or 4 strips of bacon	2 tablespoons ketchup
	Small piece of suet
	Salt and pepper to taste

Ask the butcher to grind a small piece [Turn to page 100]



# SWIFT



That touch of variety which can make winter vegetables so good is never a problem to the woman who has learned how to combine them with Premium Bacon. Rich and distinctive in its savor, with fat and lean in just the right proportion, Premium blends appetizingly with other foods and makes them unusually tempting.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Many women who want to have a generous supply of Premium Bacon always on hand, buy it in the whole piece in the original parchment wrapper. Others prefer it in the convenient half-pound and pound cartons, evenly sliced, free from all rind and ready for cooking.

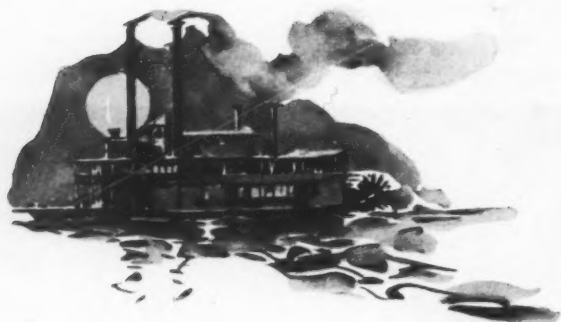


### Fresh Vegetables with Premium Bacon

- 4 cups cooked spinach
- 4 cups cooked winter squash
- 6 large potatoes, mashed
- ½ lb. Swift's Premium Bacon

Arrange vegetables on large glass baking platter. Cook bacon slightly. Place bacon on vegetables and put dish under broiler until bacon browns. Garnish with carrot and hard cooked egg. (Serves six)

Swift & Company



# Things that make men happy!

## BUCKWHEATS

### with that old-time "tang"

*Her famous recipe  
ready-mixed with choice  
buckwheat flour*



NE of those things your husband longs for, but seldom mentions. A memory from boyhood days: buckwheats with the true, old-fashioned savor.

Right now, these winter mornings, is when men are hankering for them most of all—fragrant cakes with that real buckwheat "kick." How good they taste! How they make a man's eyes light up!



We are often asked,

"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago

Southern pancakes with her old-time plantation flavor! Her own recipe comes ready-mixed in the red Aunt Jemima package

They are a surprise from old days—one that millions of women are giving their husbands this very month. They have found a sure way: golden-brown cakes made with Aunt Jemima's ingredients.

Her famous plantation recipe, slightly changed by expert cooks and ready-mixed with choice buckwheat flour: that's what you get in the yellow package—Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. All the ingredients for tender cakes with just the savor that men like most of all. To get this taste at its very best, we use only the pick of the crops from certain sections known to yield the finest buckwheat flavor.

#### No overnight waiting

No need to let the batter stand overnight! No chance to go wrong! No trouble to get these cakes, always so tempting, always so light and wholesome! Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats (yellow package)—and stir.

Watch for that look of youth, of boyish pleasure in your husband's eyes when you first serve him Aunt Jemima buckwheats. See how good that old-fashioned taste really is. Plan now to test Aunt Jemima's famous recipe, ready-mixed in the yellow package—Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. Just mail the coupon for

### FREE —a chance to test this famous recipe—ready-mixed

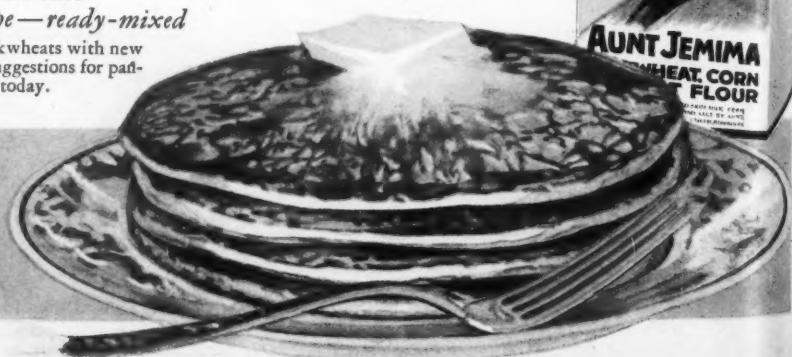
Trial size package Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today.



*Just add milk  
(or water)  
and stir*

free trial size package. Or get a full size package from your grocer.

And don't forget how much your family enjoy those other cakes of Aunt Jemima's, pancakes with her famous plantation flavor. The kind you make with the red package, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Your grocer has it.



THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH  
Dept. D-22, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats with recipe folder

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....





## SIXTEEN WAYS TO SERVE POTATOES

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery  
Teachers College Columbia University

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN

POTATOES are the most popular of all vegetables, yet even they become tiresome in time if they always appear in the same old dresses. Here are sixteen less common ways of serving them—some are stylish enough for parties, others are hearty enough for the main dish at luncheon or supper, all of them are good.

### POTATO SALAD

6 large potatoes 2 tablespoons cider vinegar  
2 small onions 1 teaspoon salt  
1 sweet pickle 1 teaspoon paprika  
1 green pepper 1/2 teaspoon black pepper  
6 tablespoons salad oil

Wash, peel and boil potatoes. When cold, slice thin. Slice onions very thin, chop pickles fine and shred or chop green pepper. Mix potatoes, onions, pickles and pepper. Make a French dressing by mixing together oil, vinegar, salt, paprika and black pepper. Mix with vegetables and let stand in very cold place 1 hour. Serve on lettuce with or without mayonnaise, as desired. Thinly-sliced cucumber may be added for variety and salad may be garnished with sliced hard-cooked egg, sliced cucumber and pickle fans.

### SPANISH POTATOES

Cut old boiled potatoes in small pieces and cook in a thin white sauce slowly until sauce is thick, taking great care that they do not burn. When nearly done, sprinkle with paprika until they have a deep pink color. Serve hot. A rich white sauce made with cream is particularly good for potatoes prepared this way.

### HASHED POTATOES WITH MILK

Heat 2 tablespoons bacon fat or shortening in large frying-pan. Add cold cooked potatoes, sliced. Cover with milk and cook until milk begins to bubble. Season with salt and pepper and hash steadily with knife until potatoes are cut very fine, turning with knife to prevent burning. When potatoes have absorbed all the milk allow them to brown on bottom. Turn out on hot platter and garnish with parsley.

### CURRIED POTATOES

Peel potatoes and cut in slices. Fry in large frying-pan in small amount of shortening, letting each slice become golden brown on one side before turning to brown on other side. Add shortening a little at a time, as required. When potatoes are nearly done, sprinkle with curry powder from a shaker, and salt, as desired.

### SAVORY POTATOES

6 medium-size potatoes 1/2 teaspoon pepper  
2 medium-size onions 1 tablespoon shortening  
1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley 1/2 cup water  
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup grated cheese

Peel potatoes and slice very thin. Chop or slice onions and mix with potatoes. Add parsley, salt and pepper. Melt shortening in saucepan and add potato mixture. Pour in water, cover tightly and cook gently 20 minutes. Add milk and cook 15 minutes longer. Serve on hot platter and

sprinkle grated American cheese over top.

### STUFFED POTATOES

Select medium-size potatoes, scrub and bake in quick oven (450°F). When done, cut a slice from top and scoop out inside of potato with teaspoon, taking care not to break shell. If potatoes are very large, cut in halves instead of removing slice from top. Mash potato, adding 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper for 6 potatoes. If desired, add 2 egg-whites, well-beaten. Refill shells with potato mixture, sprinkle with chopped parsley, paprika or grated cheese and bake in hot oven (400°F) until brown on top. Serve with tiny sprig of parsley in top of each.

### LYONNAISE POTATOES

1 small onion, diced 3 tablespoons shortening  
or cut fine 2 cups cold sliced potatoes

Cook onion in 1 tablespoon shortening 3 minutes. Add remaining shortening and potatoes and fry until all shortening is absorbed. Allow to brown and serve hot.

### DUCHESSE POTATOES (Potato Garnish)

2 cups hot mashed potatoes 1/2 teaspoon salt  
or rice potatoes 1/2 teaspoon pepper  
3 tablespoons butter 3 egg yolks

Add butter, salt and pepper to hot potatoes and stir vigorously. Beat eggs very slightly and add. Beat potato mixture until soft and velvety, and put into pastry bag or tube. Be careful not to have potato mixture too soft to hold its shape. Press out on greased baking-pan in rings, rosettes or any desired shapes. Brown in hot oven (400°F). Remove from pan with spatula and use as garnish for meat or fish.

### POTATO NESTS

Make Duchesse Potatoes by recipe above. Put into pastry bag and press out on greased pan in form of nests about 3 inches in diameter. Brown in oven as directed, and slip carefully onto hot serving plate. Fill with creamed vegetables, meat or fish and garnish with parsley.

### DELMONICO POTATOES

Cut cold cooked potatoes very fine. Measure and make half as much white sauce as you have potatoes. Mix potatoes and white sauce and pour into greased baking-dish. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake in hot oven (400°F) 15 minutes or until crumbs are brown.

### OAK HILL POTATOES

Put alternate layers of cold boiled potatoes, sliced, and sliced hard-cooked eggs in well-greased baking-dish. Pour over

half as much white sauce as potatoes. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven (400°F) 15 minutes or until crumbs are brown.

### POTATO MUFFINS

1 cup cold mashed potato  
1/2 cup milk  
1 1/2 cups flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt 2 eggs  
4 teaspoon baking-powder 2 tablespoons melted shortening

Add milk to potato and stir until well mixed. Sift together flour, salt and baking-powder. Add potato and milk, then well-beaten eggs. If potato is very dry, add more milk. Add melted shortening last. Put into greased muffin tins and bake in moderate oven (375°F) 30 minutes.

### POTATO OMELET

Hash cold boiled potatoes very fine, adding just enough milk to moisten. Season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Put into well-greased omelet-pan and cook until potatoes are well-browned on bottom. Cut nearly through across center, sprinkle with parsley, chopped onion or grated cheese and fold over like an omelet. Serve on hot platter, garnished with parsley.

And here is a sweet potato recipe nothing less than gorgeous.

### HAWAIIAN SWEET POTATOES

3 cups parboiled sweet potatoes 1 1/2 tablespoons brown sugar  
diced 1/2 cup pineapple juice  
1 1/2 cups sliced pineapple cut in pieces 1/4 pound marshmallows  
3 tablespoons butter

Put 1 cup potatoes in layer in bottom of greased baking-dish. Cover with 1/2 cup pineapple, sprinkle with 1/2 tablespoon brown sugar and dot with 1 tablespoon butter cut in bits. Repeat layers of potato, pineapple and seasonings until all are used. Pour over all pineapple juice and bake in moderate oven (350°F) 1/2 hour. Remove from oven, place marshmallows on top, return to oven until marshmallows are puffed and slightly brown.

### SWEET POTATO PUDDING

2 eggs 1/2 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon cinnamon 2 1/2 cups grated raw sweet potato  
1/2 teaspoon ginger 1 cup milk

Beat eggs slightly. Add cinnamon, ginger, sugar, sweet potato and milk. Mix thoroughly and pour into well-greased baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 45 minutes or until firm. Serve with cream.

### SWEET POTATO AU GRATIN

Wash and peel 6 medium-size potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until tender but not soft. Cut in thick slices. Put a layer in well-greased baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and 1 tablespoon brown sugar. Repeat layers of potato and seasonings until all is used. Pour 1/4 cup rich milk or cream over top. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in moderate oven (350°F) 1/2 hour.

## February menu surprise

### EGGS LATTICED WITH ASPARAGUS

Drain asparagus and heat. Prepare 2 cups white sauce; hard cook 5 eggs and halve crosswise. Place layer sauce in greased baking dish, add layer asparagus, add sauce and eggs. Lattice with asparagus; pour on melted butter, heat in oven. Garnish with pimiento.



## When winter appetites yearn so hard to beat the calendar

Now—when you long for fresh greens and vegetables—is just the time to serve California Canned Asparagus. It brings you the garden freshness of spring weeks and months ahead of the calendar.

And, really, you'd be surprised at the many ways you can serve it—appetizers, soups, salads, main course dishes—endless variety and unsurpassed delicacy.

So why not keep several cans on your pantry shelf? Then spring freshness need never be out of season—as far as your table is concerned.

## CALIFORNIA CANNED Asparagus



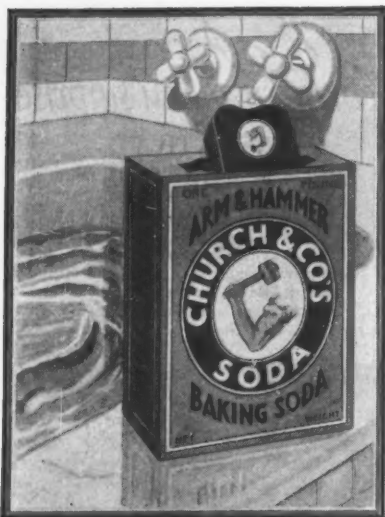
### Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 531,  
451 "Longway" St., San Francisco, California.  
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book  
"Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Weariness?

*just wash it away*

ONE price we pay for modern life is frequent fatigue. Every man and woman who is active—in business, at home, or socially—often has that worn-out feeling.

It's not a serious weariness: as a matter of fact, you can actually wash it away—by taking a hot Soda bath.

And you'll probably find a supply of Soda on the kitchen shelf—Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is Bicarbonate of Soda whose purity exceeds the U. S. P. standards.

Dissolve half a pound to a pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) in a tub of hot water and bathe thoroughly in this—it will bring you a new exhilarating energy.

It's constantly helpful, Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, useful every day in many ways—get a package today at your grocer's.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.  
80 Maiden Lane New York

Cow Brand Baking Soda and Arm & Hammer Baking Soda are identical—both are Bicarbonate of Soda in its purest form.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is also an ideal dentifrice, helpful in combating colds, a first aid for burns and insect bites, it has

68

FREE— uses  
fill in the coupon  
and mail today

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc. (F-4)  
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

Please send me valuable Free Booklet on Baking Soda as a Household Remedy—also send me Free Set of Thirty Beautifully Colored Bird Cards

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

A Friend in Need



## IF YOU SUFFER FROM ACIDOSIS

*Because a large percentage  
of Americans do, Dr. McCollum advises  
how you may eat and keep well*

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS *School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University*

WE hear much, today, about acidosis and the dangers of an acid diet. However, there is much misunderstanding about the whole question. Acidosis exists, and it often results from the continued use of foods which on being burned in the body, leave an excess of acid substances. But acidosis is not caused solely by an acid diet. Nor is there a clear understanding as to just which foods are acid-formers; foods which taste acid do not necessarily form acids in the body.

Let us consider, first of all: (1) acid substances and (2) basic or alkaline substances.

Vinegar, grapes and grape fruit are sour because each contains an acid; but in each of these substances, the acid is of a different nature. These three kinds of acids are all alike, however, in that they can be completely burned and so disappear from the body. Certain mineral acids contained in foods cannot be completely burned.

In the second class of substances, the alkalies, we are all familiar with ammonia, lye and washing-soda. Baking-soda is a still milder representative of the basic or alkaline substances. Lime is also mildly alkaline. Several of the alkaline substances occur in foods and have an important part in nourishing our bodies.

Acid and basic substances, combined in the proper proportions, neutralize each other so as to form salts which are neither acid (sour) nor caustic (basic).

Of the food substances which are essential for life and health, the proteins build muscles and other tissues; the sugars, starches and fats serve as fuel foods to furnish energy for warmth and work; the mineral nutrients maintain a proper state of neutrality in the blood and in the other body fluids. At least nine of the mineral substances are indispensable to life—of them are basic and four acid.

Under normal conditions of

exists, in the body fluids, a slight excess of the basic elements. The most important is the soda content of the blood. This is the same substance as baking-soda. Unless there is a proper amount of it in the blood, the waste gas, carbonic acid, which results from the burning of food substances, cannot be carried to the lungs and

breathe. These are sugar, starch, butter, tapioca, lard, salad oils, shortening fats and cream. These do not influence in any way the acid and base balance in the human body.

Many of our most appetizing foods are highly acid although their taste gives no clue to this fact; only after they have been burned in the body, do the acid and basic compounds manifest themselves. Whole wheat and white bread, corn, crackers, peanuts, rice, rye and barley are all acid-forming foods. They are only one-half to one-eighth as acid-forming, however, as are meats, fish, eggs, oysters and fowl. There is no appreciable difference between light and dark meats in this respect. Oat meal or rolled oats are much richer in acids than are the wheat or corn products used as human food. Oysters and egg yolk are the most highly acid foods we eat.

With the exception of cranberries, plums and prunes, all vegetables, fruits and nuts are alkaline. Milk also produces a slight excess of alkaline substances of mineral nature and so assists in keeping the condition of the body in proper balance.

For practical purposes we may segregate the common foods into three groups according to their relative alkalinity:

**First:** Apples, asparagus, bananas, cabbage, milk, cauliflower, celery, chestnuts, currants, lemons, oranges, muskmelons, peaches, peas, potatoes, radishes and turnips are decidedly alkaline foods.

**Second:** More markedly alkaline than the preceding, are carrots, beets and almonds.

**Third:** Some of the most strongly alkaline foods are dried navy beans, lima beans and raisins.

Even lemons and grape fruit, which taste so strongly acid, are actually alkalisers in the body since they produce an ash which is strongly alkaline. Their taste gives one a wrong

### ACIDOSIS

is most often caused by the excessive use of foods which leave acid substances in the body. Plan your diet so as to have suitable amounts of milk, of green leafy vegetables, some raw fruit or vegetable every day; then, keeping the meat consumption somewhat low, eat whatever else the appetite calls for in the way of breads, tuber and root vegetables and other foods that are attractive.

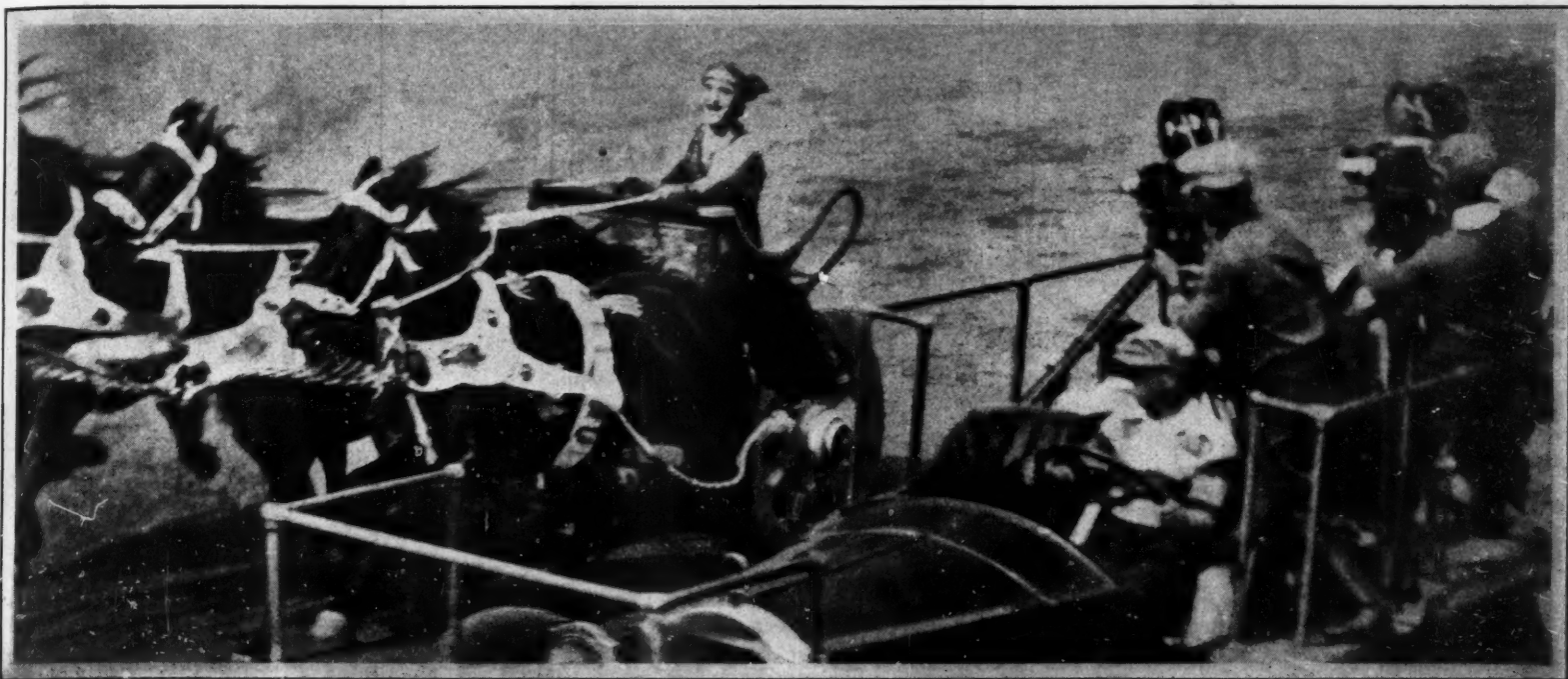
expired. In health the amount of soda in the blood is very carefully adjusted and is maintained at this favorable adjustment notwithstanding the fact that the character of the food taken into the body may vary considerably for days at a time. Yet since certain acid substances, when taken with the food, must be neutralized by the soda of the blood and eliminated as waste products in a neutral form, the loss of soda from the blood may be excessive at times.

This is the commonest condition known as acidosis. It is not, strictly speaking, an acid condition of the body but rather a condition in which there is too little soda in the blood.

Certain foods are essentially free from ash-forming material and when burned, only carbonic acid which is eliminated from the body, as waste, when we

[Turn to page 133]





Francis X. Bushman, star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's super-film "Ben-Hur," says "Hot oats for physical fitness and clear brain."

# This New-Found Freedom from Vimless Mornings

*That thousands are finding in breakfasts that "stand by" them*

**D**ULL, draggy mornings—most people are handicapped by them; thousands, largely on expert dietary advice, are ending them.

Few people, dietitians say, understand the tremendous influence of what they eat at breakfast, on how they feel during the forenoon. Few know what they should eat.

The essential requirement is well-balanced food, food that "stands by" you. One can't expect to feel right during the forenoon with that kind of breakfast.

Thus Quaker Oats is urged. It contains 16% protein—vegetable meat—the Action Element in food. The element that rebuilds lost body tissue—that builds muscle. The element, according to leading dietary thought, that acts to insure greater mental activity.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over

**In four morning hours  
70% of the world's  
work falls**

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast*; to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

**Quick Quaker—  
the world's fastest  
hot breakfast**

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.



100% more than rice, twice as much as cornmeal. Consider what this means.

*Plus—an excellent food "balance"  
and unique deliciousness*

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in carbohydrates and minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. The roughage to lessen the need for laxatives also is importantly contained. The oat is admittedly the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast. Because protein builds muscle and NOT weight, Quaker Oats is widely used by people who are following weight-reduction programs.



Alice Ferguson, domestic science expert, broadcasting on the food value of hot oats.



A speed cop's breakfast has much to do with his temper. Good-natured Dan Ryan is a hot oats fan.

**Mrs. Knox's  
new book  
gives new  
ideas for  
everyday  
meals and  
special  
occasions**



**A** BOOK full of delightful surprises in the making of unusual desserts, salads, and candies.

A book with valuable recipes for turning leftover foods into the daintiest of dishes.

A book that ends table monotony with new meat, fish, egg, vegetable, and fruit delicacies.

A book so helpful in entertaining that every hostess will say it is worth its weight in gold.

Sent free, if you mention your grocer's name.

*Why not write for it — today?*

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.  
108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

**KNOX**  
*Sparkling*  
**GELATINE**  
"The Highest Quality for Health"



## FORCING THE FOOD

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

**E**VERY normal baby rightly managed is a hungry baby. This desire for food obtains in the well child throughout his entire life, providing his wants in this direction are properly administered. The baby which is entirely nourished at the breast always has a good appetite, if the nursings are at proper intervals and the milk supply is adequate. The infant takes what he wants, nurses until satisfied and then stops. Sometimes he will take perhaps but three ounces, at another time five ounces—the baby is content and the mother does not know how much he has taken. There is a satisfactory gain in weight and both mother and child are happy. When a breast fed infant refuses the breast and has to be forced, something is definitely wrong with either the milk or the baby. In breast feeding no definite number of ounces are portioned for the baby to consume. If the infant is strong and vigorous and there is an abundant milk supply he may get more than is necessary, more than he has the capacity to accommodate, and then nature steps in and a portion of that taking is regurgitated—a moderate amount of vomiting is often a safety measure and if the infant is thriving, gaining in weight, it is of no consequence and need cause no anxiety. It simply suggests that the nursing period be made shorter or that the nursing interval be made longer perhaps from three to four hours.

There are two reasons why nursing babies are not troubled with poor appetites—the first is that the infant is receiving the food that nature intended him to have, a food that fits his digestive capacity and physical requirements and the second is the mother or nurse does not know how much he is getting.

In bottle feeding the child's food is apportioned so many ounces at definite intervals and the child is supposed to consume it all at each feeding period. It is this belief and habit in infant feeding that gives rise to the habitual loss of appetite with the consequent forcing that brings so many complaints of poor appetite to the attention of the physician. A baby does not invariably want the same amount of food at each feeding time. It is peculiar to the members of the human family that they vary, one day to another, in their food desire. A vigorous man incapacitated by an accident will require and take much less food than when actively engaged at his occupation. After a day of unusual active physical or mental effort the food desire is appreciably lessened in most persons. In illness perhaps more or less trifling the food desire is wanting. After various celebrations, such as New Year's Eve for example, the food desire for many the following day is at a minimum. What would

happen to the adults of the human race if they had their food apportioned—so much for each meal every day in the month, and some giant twenty times his size stood over him and forced him to take the allotted amount at each feeding period? A considerable number of nurses come to me every year with the simple complaint that the patient will not take the bottle readily or won't eat without forcing or coaxing. When the coaxing habit is necessary, an insufficient amount of nourishment is taken and the outcome is rickets and other forms of malnutrition; many of these young infants are on well arranged diet plans but the necessity for not forcing has never been impressed upon the parents or nurse. When a bottle-fed infant with the complaint of loss of appetite is presented for treatment the patient is examined from every standpoint to determine the cause of the trouble. In some the formula is too strong or given in too large an amount or he is fed at too frequent intervals—now and then active dentition is a factor. When a baby does not take the bottle feeding *don't force him, find out the reason.*

If the patient is found in all respects normal, as the most of them are, he is given a formula suitable for his age and requirements. In the event of the discovery of some disease that influences the child's appetite it is of course corrected. In not a few of the forced infants, but little or no change is made in the food constituents. The attendants are told to feed the infant at suitable intervals, always four hours, and give him what he will take without urging. Additionally, and most important, are the attendants warned not to give water or orange juice or cod liver oil between the feedings. I also require that the child with the habitually poor appetite have two bowel evacuations a day. When the child takes his milk formula readily in suitable amounts, then the decidedly useful cod liver oil or orange juice or both may be added to the diet.

It is not at all unusual to have the forcing habit continued into the run-about age and now threats, bribes and entertainment are the daily accompaniments to the three meals—they are the children of whom we are told that they never have had an appetite or who have acquired the poor appetite habit at a later period, and almost invariably through injudicious management. My records show that the great majority of these patients represent the first and only child—children of large families are rarely troubled with the loss of appetite—it is the very precious only child who suffers most from excessive food attention and he is made to take the allotted portion and the forcing and coaxing begin—it becomes [Turn to page 133]

**Never  
another  
tiresome  
Meal  
if you  
use  
Knox  
Sparkling  
Gelatine**



**M**EAL monotony is ended with KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE on the pantry shelf. Every-day foods of which we tire so quickly are given an entirely new touch, a fresh delight. Try this simple, easy recipe and see how it adds to the joy of the simplest meal!

### FRUIT SHERBET

(6 Servings)

1 level teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine (scant measure)

1½ cups sugar 3 cups rich milk

1 orange 1 lemon Salt

Grate the outside of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out the juice and add to this the sugar. Soak the gelatine in part of a cup of milk for five minutes and dissolve by standing in pan of hot water. Stir into the rest of the milk. When it begins to freeze add the fruit juice and sugar, and fruit of any kind if desired.

Remember, the economy of Knox Sparkling Gelatine is as outstanding as its quality. One package makes four different dishes, six generous servings of each. Recipes in every package.

Free booklets on request.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.  
108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.





## AMAZING HEATING OFFER

(Good only until January 28th)

Your old stove is taken down.  
You are allowed \$10 for it.

A genuine Estate Heatrola is  
installed immediately.

You make a small deposit, but  
no regular payments until Fall.

Read the details—then see your  
dealer, or write us.



# WHY SHIVER until SPRING in a half-heated house?

Join the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club and exchange old-fashioned  
"spotty" stove heat for Heatrola's whole-house comfort

**T**ODAY, if you like, you can exchange your old-fashioned stove and its half-hearted heat for a Heatrola and cozy whole-house comfort. Imagine! Your whole home—upstairs and down—flooded with the balmy, breathable warmth of Summertime! No shut-off rooms—no arctic hallways. No drafty floors to set the children sneezing! Every room always the same toasty temperature, no matter how cold it is outside!

That's what membership in the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club means—modern heating for your home, not next year, next Fall, but NOW!

It means a healthier household, for doctors tell us that the properly moistened Heatrola heat helps to ward off head colds, coughs, and other illnesses so prevalent in late Winter and early Spring.

It means, too, freedom forever from mess and litter—for the beautiful mahogany-finished Heat-

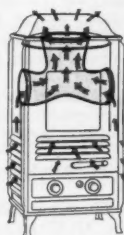
rola is ash-and-dust-tight, and can be kept always new-looking by simply dusting it occasionally.

Last but not least, it means a *saving of approximately 45% in your fuel bills!*



### THE INTENSI-FIRE exclusive with Heatrola

The Intensi-Fire Air Duct, found only in the Heatrola, is a unique device built directly in the path of the flame. It captures and uses much of the heat that ordinarily escapes up the flue—tremendously increases Heatrola's heating capacity.



**New low prices**  
on the Estate  
Heatrola for  
Coal  
**Effective Jan. 1st**

**Estate**

The "Enjoy-It-Now" Club is open for members from January 7th to January 28th  
... after that the books are closed! See your Heatrola dealer now!

# HEATROLA

There is only One Heatrola—Estate builds it

### Here is the "Enjoy-It-Now" plan\*

- 1 You make a membership deposit of only \$25.00—which is applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.
- 2 The Heatrola dealer then installs a beautiful 1928-model Heatrola, removes your old stove, and allows you \$10 for it, which is also applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.
- 3 You do not make another payment until next Fall. But all the rest of the winter you enjoy Heatrola's whole-house comfort for a total cash outlay of only \$25.
- 4 In the Fall, you start paying the balance in easy installments. And, remember, you already have a credit of \$35.

\*NOTE: On the Gas Heatrola the membership deposit is only \$15.00, and no allowance is made for the old stove.

**S**EE the local Heatrola dealer at once and get further details about the extraordinary "Enjoy-It-Now" Club offer. Or, mail the coupon to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 4-B, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 243 W. 34th St., New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Ore.



### A companion Heatrola FOR GAS

A true Heatrola in every respect. Already it has brought new comforts to thousands of gas-heated homes. Your local gas company or dealer will tell you more about this remarkable small-home heater that circulates billows of healthfully-moistened heat through three to five connecting rooms.



Tested and approved  
by the Laboratories  
of the American  
Gas Association.

The  
Estate  
Stove Co.  
Dept. 4-B  
Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please  
send me full information  
regarding the  
"Enjoy-It-Now" Club  
offer on the  
☐ Estate Heatrola for Coal  
☐ Estate Gas Heatrola  
(check which)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL THIS FOR FULL INFORMATION



*The deck steward will bring you whatever you order*

**I** DON'T know whether February is a great month for travelling or whether it is by chance alone that so many of the Post Box letters are concerned with the subject of sea voyaging. For instance:

*"Dear Mrs. Post:*

*I have been invited by some very dear friends of my parents to accompany them on a trip to the Bahama Islands. Will you be good enough to tell me all the things I don't know? Some of them will sound foolish I am afraid, but I have never been on a steamer in my life, and I won't want to seem a dumb Dora through having to enquire of my host or hostess information pertaining to the following:*

*First of all, I wonder—what to do if I am sea-sick? I don't know whether I am a good sailor or not, never having been on rough water. How can I tell when it is coming on, in time to make my escape? How long will it last, if I do get sick? Can I do anything not to be?*

*Will you also tell me the tips I am supposed to give? Your book gives a list for a voyage to Europe, but to Nassau is only three days, and I suppose the tips would be less?"*

It is, alas! only fair to tell you that any trip on the ocean in a ship of small tonnage is apt to be a severe test of your ability to withstand sea-sickness. Speaking from the personal view of the worst possible sailor, crossing the Atlantic or Pacific on one of the gigantic liners is not likely to cause a qualm—unless your cabin is far forward. But the two days to Bermuda or three to Nassau can all too easily be twenty-four to thirty-six hours of abject misery to the really poor sailor.

My own advice on this subject therefore is to go to bed the instant you feel unreasonably cold or light-headed. If only slightly uncomfortable—that is, afraid you are not feeling very well—you may be all right if you stay on deck in a steamer chair. But if you are actively threatened, go to your berth (unless it is in the bow!) and stay there. Ring for the stewardess (there is a bell beside every berth) to come and look after you.

The best way to prevent sea-sickness is to take a dose of

calomel or sodium phosphate a day or two before you embark and be careful to eat sparingly and avoid rich or indigestible dishes. If you do this you will probably be all right. As for duration, some people recover as soon as one "active attack" is over. Others don't recover until they dock. The last is happily very rare. If you are of the first, you enjoy yourself most of the trip. If of the latter, you sit in your steamer chair or stay in your berth until time to land.

However, let us hope that you will be a perfect sailor. Especially as it is NEVER NECESSARY for a passenger to go down to meals; all you have to do is to say that you would like to eat on deck. The deck steward will bring you the menu and whatever you order.

The average tips would be about fifty cents a day to your room steward, (or stewardess) your table steward and the deck steward. Double this or even more if you require unusual service.

The next letter asks for advice as to clothes to take and to wear on a steamer.

Your letter doesn't say what sort of a steamer, but in any case you wear on deck exactly what you would put on to go to the Country Club, or sit on a beach in Summer—thin white sweater suits or "country" dresses of non-creasable material. On all steamers, most people change for dinner into other clothes, but of the same day-time sports variety. Others only wash face and hands and brush their hair. Others again dress in evening clothes. But the last are not appropriate unless you take your meals in the Ritz restaurant of a trans-Atlantic steamer. Even then you wear only a semi-evening dress—meaning one with high neck and no sleeves, or at least a dress that is inconspicuously simple. In a Ritz restaurant, a man wears a dinner coat (tuxedo) but in the ordinary dining saloon a dark business suit is in best taste.

The next letter seems to be both typical and important:

*"My dear Mrs. Post:*

*I am very much in the position of one who, never having been in an airplane, is told that one is mine and that I will be allowed to get in it and fly away. My problem is this: My husband who was what would be called a successful business man was obliged to stay home throughout his life, and since his passing away two years ago I and our two daughters (15 and 17) stayed at home as we always have. But this year they have begged me to close our home and take them to Europe. They say it is a great educational advantage and that as their father left us more than well provided, there is no reason not to go. So at last I have promised, but I don't know how to plan and carry out a trip. I thought of taking*

*a specially conducted European tour because it seems easy just to be taken along in a crowd. But the girls don't want to go that way; they have set their hearts on seeing something more of people than just going on shore from the boat or having to rush from city to city when perhaps we won't want to, or having to stay or go here when we'd rather go there. So I wonder could you plan a trip for us and tell us where the nice little hotels are—or a family where we could stay and learn a little French. I'd like sort of homey things—if you know what I mean? And I don't want to take my girls to great big expensive hotels where we'd be just lost! Perhaps what I want is impossible, but perhaps you can advise me about a steamer to Paris and somewhere to stay when we get there or tell me who could advise us."*

As to steamer, you can go by steamer direct to Havre and Paris. Or by almost any line to Cherbourg and a somewhat longer trip to Paris. Write to any or all of the passenger lines for plans and rates. For your own particular need I would write Miss Sheppard, care of the Clara Laughlin Travel Services, Ltd., 18 East 53rd Street, New York, who makes a specialty of taking entire care of such special details as French families who will take boarders, "drive yourself" automobiles, or anything that can possibly be done by a woman travel expert for your ease in foreign travel from renting a Villa or finding rooms in a boarding house, to planning excursions and getting your tickets for steamers, trains, amusements and every other form of advice and help. Also, you pay her no fee for any service she may render.

Another letter asks about special conducted cruises:

There are special voyages to the Orient, or West Indies, or the Mediterranean or the Panama Canal advertised in the papers. Average of so many days to such and such places and return, at a fixed price for everything included. You buy a ticket including steamship and railway fares and hotel accommodations. You have nothing whatever to worry, arrange or think about, and you see more places and things and travel further than you can in any other way on the same amount of money. On the other hand, you have no choice as to where you go or how long you stay. That is, if you buy your tickets for a Mediterranean cruise, you can not, on your way to Egypt change your mind and get off at Genoa and go to Paris instead. It is well, therefore, before embarking on an especially arranged for cruise to read the itinerary very carefully, find out exactly where you are to go and how long you are to stay, and what you are to be shown—and if you like the plan, then make your arrangements accordingly.

Otherwise, you buy your independent tickets for when and where you want to. It is well to write for rates. Any travelers' agency or an individual specialist like [Turn to page 52]

# The POST BOX

For all  
would be travellers,  
Mrs. Post explains  
the etiquette  
which obtains  
on shipboard, and answers  
the question: "what shall  
I do to prevent  
sea-sickness?"

BY EMILY PRICE POST Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage"

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY EDINGER



MANY DIFFICULTIES of planning meals will disappear as you become better acquainted with the interesting varieties of breads your baker makes. Stollen, Butter Horns and Pecan Rolls, for instance, are excellent for dessert. They are made with fresh eggs and fine butter and carefully selected fruits. Even if you had them baked in your own home under your personal supervision, these breads could not be made with better ingredients or with greater skill and care.



Steichen

## Breads for the Formal and the Informal Dinner

EVEN the simplest surprise does so much for a meal—and it is easy to supply this surprise unflinching from the tremendous variety of delicious breads your baker makes.

There are literally dozens of interesting varieties from which you can now make your choice.

Of course, when you buy bread for a formal dinner, glistening crusty Dinner Rolls are correct.

But if it's an informal dinner you will find tray upon tray of tempting goodies: dainty, crusty, brown rolls; sweet buns with icing or jelly or nuts or fruits; beautifully baked loaves of raisin, white, rye and wholewheat bread with a delicious, nutty flavored crust and a dozen or more of fascinating coffee cakes so rich they are delightful for dessert.

You can plan your breads now as you do your other foods—to suit the spirit of each occasion. There is no excuse for monotony.

So skillfully does your baker make all his breads these days, no meal

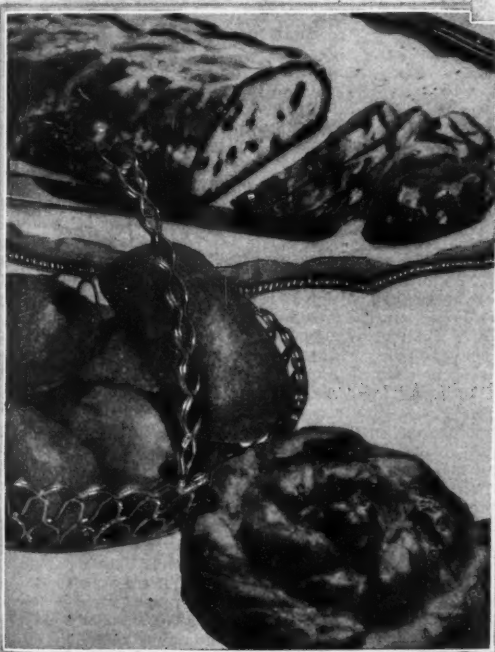
need ever lack that most successful of appetizers—variety.

*It pays to ask your baker or grocer for their "specials"*

Shopping for breads is a real pleasure these days. Your baker's breads are always uniformly baked with an even, brown crust and a fine texture because of daily experience and scientifically adjusted oven. Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. Offices in all principal cities.



At your baker's or at the bakery counter of your grocery shop you will find delicious breads for every occasion.



STOLLEN is full of the choicest candied orange and lemon peel, cherries and raisins. It is particularly delicious with coffee.

The DINNER ROLL has a crisp, glistening brown crust that simply melts in your mouth. It is correct for all formal occasions.

The BUTTER HORN is rich and tender and buttery brown under delicate vanilla icing. Children love it with milk or fruit.

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES EVERY ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

# To prove it...

## Here's David and Vivian and Gertrude and Chris



Vivian is the daughter of a registered nurse—Mrs. E. Brashear, 1201 South Walker St., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Vivian was put on Eagle Brand at nine days of age, and kept on this milk throughout the entire feeding period. Her mother writes: "Vivian is now eleven years old. The school physician says she is exceptionally healthy. Our dentist says her teeth and mouth formation are as near perfect as he has ever seen."



David Richardson of Fresno, California, was recently crowned king of the babies of his home town! Four leading physicians examined all contestants in a baby contest and pronounced David "the most perfect." His mother writes to tell us this with pride—and to say that David has been "a constant and exclusive user of Eagle Brand since he was two months old."



Chris Kitchler lives at 2324 Florence St., Victoria, Canada. The doctor prescribed Eagle Brand for Chris when he was two weeks old. His very proud father writes: "If you had seen that baby go for that milk it would have done your heart good. We kept him on it until he was old enough to go on solid food." As for Chris's health, his father says: "The picture speaks for itself!"



Here's another prize winner—Gertrude Newell, 72 Oakland Ave., Jersey City, N. J. At one year old she was the proud possessor of two 100% health certificates, a medal and a loving cup. Not to mention sixteen teeth! The photograph shows her at the age of two. Mrs. Newell writes: "My doctor told me to put Gertrude on Eagle Brand when she was six weeks old. She has never been sick a day since."

THE millions of sturdy children who have been raised on Eagle Brand furnish overwhelming proof of its value as an infant food. It is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar furnishes the carbohydrates

required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building materials and growth-promoting vitamins. And in ease of digestion Eagle Brand can only be compared to mother's milk!

If you cannot nurse your baby, we suggest that you and your physician consider this food. It is always pure and uniform. Safe for traveling or for use in hot climates. Send for free booklets, containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the supplementary foods—orange or tomato juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc.,—now generally advised by physicians. Just mail the coupon!

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Borden Building  
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

L.-MC.—2-28

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "What Other Mothers Say." My baby is \_\_\_\_\_ months old.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## THE POST BOX

[Continued from page 50]



*By their luggage shall you know them.*

Miss Sheppard will get you accommodations on steamers, rooms at hotels, in fact, anywhere on land or sea that you can want accommodations for.

General directions in answer to miscellaneous letters are as follows:

You get your dining-room seats from the head steward either before or soon after the boat sails. Tell him how many are in your party and he will give you seat checks, or show you on a diagram which seats will be reserved for you.

It is advisable to see the bath steward as soon after going aboard the ship as possible, and arrange for the bath hour. Naturally, the last persons to speak get the inconvenient hours.

You get your steamer chairs and rent rugs, if you have not brought your own, from the deck steward. Flowers, or other gifts as well as letters will be found in your cabin.

There is no especial steamer etiquette. You behave as you would anywhere in public. Needless to say you do not make yourself conspicuous sitting up half the night giggling and flirting. On a very long voyage such as an especial cruise, you probably get to know the majority of your fellow travellers and even on the smaller and slower Atlantic or Pacific steamers you are much more likely to talk with other passengers than on one of the big and fast trans-Atlantic liners where people seldom get farther than saying "Good morning" to strangers who may chance to sit at the same table or next to one another on deck.

Every ship's company has its male and female bores. Often these manifest themselves by hunting down some helpless, reclining figure in a deck chair, or by buzz-

ing around the Lounge after dinner like a mammoth mosquito. "Being friendly," they call it.

There are occasions when it is correct to introduce oneself to a stranger. For instance, if you find on the Passenger List the name of a relative or an intimate friend of a member of your family or of one of your friends, it is within the bounds of etiquette to introduce yourself.

Naturally, this privilege does not extend to include "lions"—famous authors, explorers, actors or other people of importance whose names are known to you through the Press. Because chance has placed you in the same ship's company you have not the right to collect scalps.

Of course, if you are the sort of person who likes to make friends, and you find yourself next to some one who seems to like making friends also, there is no reason whatever against talking to any one you feel inclined to, provided the other person meets you equally half way. But if your advances are met by a monosyllabic "yes" or "no," or any other evidence of indifference if not unwillingness to talk, you should withdraw at once, and seek out some one more gregariously inclined. To refuse to make friends does not imply a slight or anything but the wish to read or think or dream in peace. There is nothing that each of us has a greater right to than our own uninterrupted company should we prefer to be left alone.

NOTE: Mrs. Post is very glad to answer all letters addressed to her in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th St., New York City. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply.

If you and your friends are planning to give a play—a simple, easily staged affair with several good parts—send for our play ANTIQUES, just published. It costs only ten cents.

A HEART PARTY FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY! Just the sort of party that all children love—lively games, delicious (but digestible) refreshments! Two cents for this.

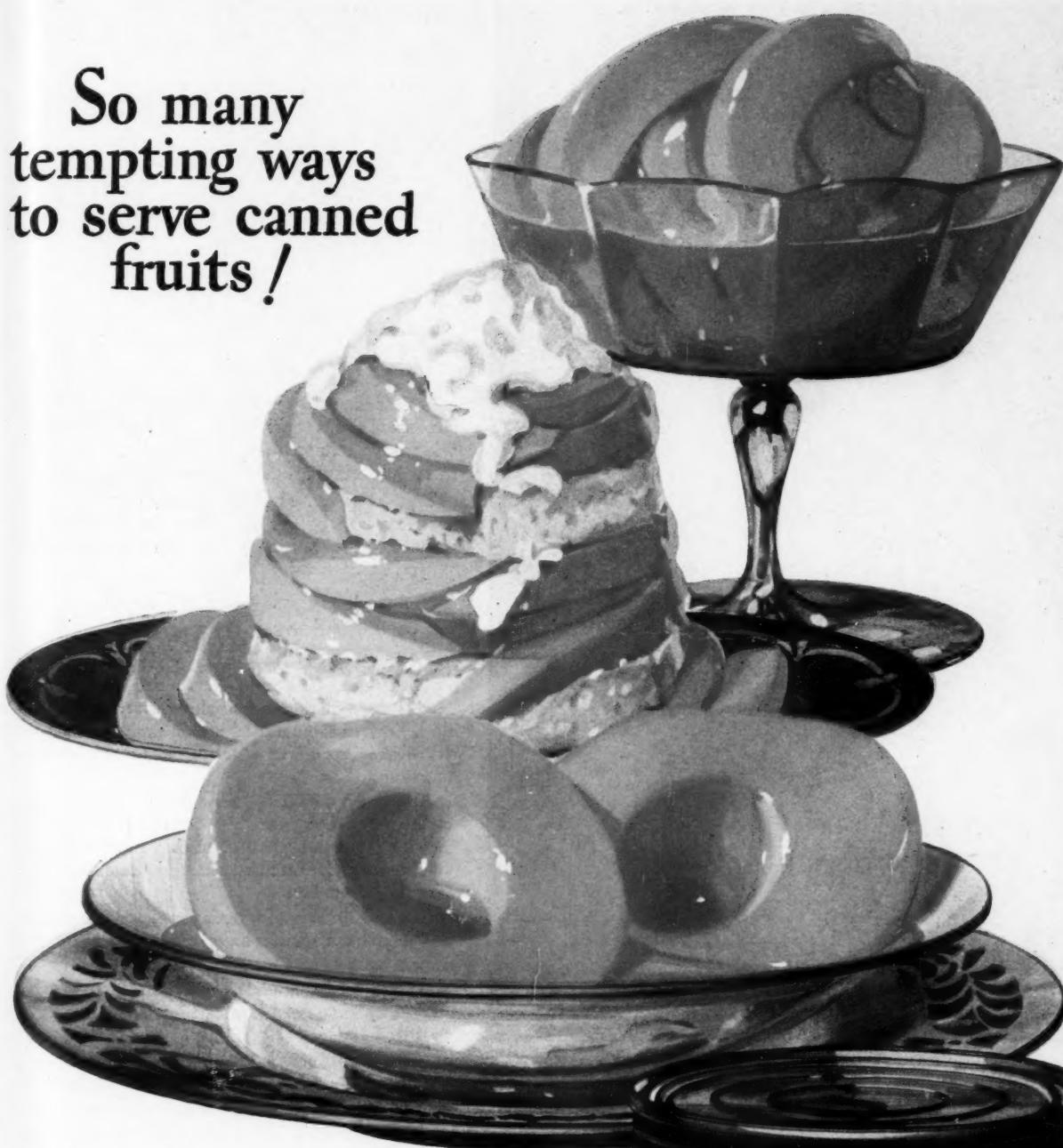
BIRTHDAY PARTIES FOR TINY TOTS (another new leaflet will help you solve the difficult problem of birthday celebrations and also gratify the Tiny Tots of your acquaintance. The price of this leaflet is two cents.

Are you a club member? If so, you'll be interested in McCall's leaflet, CLUB PARTIES, just out. It contains all sorts of original entertainments for literary clubs, music clubs, sewing clubs. Also a money-making bazaar, in case your club needs extra funds. This leaflet costs two cents.

For all the above, address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



So many  
tempting ways  
to serve canned  
fruits!



—but only one way to be sure of  
their quality before you buy!

And that's to know the reputation of the label—the reputation and ideals of the canner himself.

His experience, his resources, his care and vigilance are the real guarantees of the quality inside the can.

That's why it's so important, in ordering canned fruits, to insist on DEL MONTE.

You know this dependable label! You know, in advance, exactly the quality it stands for—luscious, tree-ripened fruits, picked at the very moment of perfection and packed in just the proper richness of syrup. Always delicious and tempting—no matter where you buy.

Why not be certain—when it's so easy? Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE! Many varieties—vegetables and prepared foods as well as fruits. And all ready for instant, economical service—without a bit of bother.



## PEACHES

—you'll be surprised how much better they make your old favorites, too!

What good cook doesn't have her favorite recipe—some simple cake or pudding that the whole family likes?

Well, here's a prediction—if you'll try an experiment with us! No matter how well you like that recipe now, you'll like it better if you add DEL MONTE Peaches.

They're not only a luscious dessert by themselves—and naturally good in such special treats as cobblers, pastries, pies and sherbets—but they're also the finest kind of addition to almost any other standard dessert or salad. They supply that essential fruit balance—and a brand new fruit flavor, too.

Even a bread pudding, baked with peaches, is about as delicious a dish as you can imagine. Or custards! Or rice, steamed with peaches! Or floating island, or shortcake, or jelly roll, with peaches added! Or simply cottage cheese salad! To any or all of these favorites, DEL MONTE Peaches bring just the needed touch of flavor to give them life and zest.

And once you learn this easy "knack" of adding DEL MONTE Peaches, how often you'll use them! You, too, will call them "the handiest fruit on America's pantry shelf."

With no more bother than opening a can, you get all the richness and fragrance of sun-ripened, summer fruit—ready for full enjoyment in winter meals.

Remember, too, DEL MONTE Peaches are only one of many delicious fruits and vegetables always at their best under the DEL MONTE label. DEL MONTE Apricots, Pineapple and Pears; DEL MONTE Spinach, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas and Corn; DEL MONTE Salmon and Sardines are also packed under this brand. Highest quality in each—but all as economical, practical, convenient foods as you can serve.



### FREE MENU SUGGESTIONS

Let us send you a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"; also our new leaflet "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them"; also an assortment of folders, containing special recipes for the use of DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables. Address Dept. 618, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.



Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST



# When a little girl needs her mother most

*To help you guide her—these new, simple plans at home and at school*

IN the years between 8 and 12, a new set of influences begins to shape a child's character and habits. The books she reads—the other children she plays and works with at school.

What questions she asks! She who has been

wholly yours begins to have notions of her own.

It is a period that calls for wise handling, to encourage the development of her own personality and yet build sound habits into it.

It is during this period when mothers most often have cause to worry about the child's eating habits—particularly the tendency to slight breakfast entirely, or to eat an inadequate one.

So widespread are bad breakfast habits at these

ages that school authorities have become seriously concerned about them. They have started a nationwide movement to help you—to enlist your child's interest in carrying out the better breakfast program.

This program stresses particularly the need, which you recognize, for a *hot cereal* breakfast. In over 60,000 schoolrooms today this slogan is displayed on the walls:

*"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"*

Tests in the schools of many great cities, such as Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, have shown that children show marked improvement both in their studies and in their entire health when they are given a *hot cereal* regularly in the morning.

And you, of course, know from your own experience that when your child goes off to school with a good *hot cereal* like Cream of Wheat inside her, she is really prepared to meet the demands of her morning's work.

The reasons why, for over 30 years, both mothers and health authorities have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal *hot cereal* for children are these:

1. It supplies in abundance just the energy-giving food elements needed most by little minds and bodies.
2. Cream of Wheat is so quickly digested, containing none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat.
3. Children love its creamy richness so easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

This little precaution which means so much to your children's future—begin it now. The simple plan described below will help you guide them at the breakfast table. Start them off to school every morning ready for a good day's work. No doubt there is a package of Cream of Wheat in your pantry now. If not, your grocer has it. Give your children a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat for breakfast—regularly.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

**FREE** — *this simple plan works wonders with children*

What mothers write us about this plan shows the splendid results it is bringing in over 30,000 homes. "The H. C. B. club idea appealed strongly to our children. A hot cereal breakfast was demanded at

once and the first star applied." (Mrs. E. F. H., Hinsdale, Ill.) "Until she received your poster and gold stars, my little girl didn't eat hot cereal once a month. Now she eats it at least five times a week. We

are so thankful." (Mrs. E. L., Demopolis, Ala.) "Many thanks for the poster and stars you sent me. Never before could I get my son to eat a hot cereal breakfast." (Mrs. S. E. T., Glenn, Cal.)

**To Mothers:** A plan that arouses your children's interest in eating a *hot cereal* breakfast and makes them *want* to eat it regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material *free*—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. G-14, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

**To Teachers:** To co-operate with your health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. It has been successfully used in 60,000 schools to teach the idea of a *hot cereal* breakfast to groups of different ages. And, just as important, it enlists the co-operation of mothers. The entire plan will be sent free to teachers or any school official. Mail coupon to Dept. G-14, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child.....

Address.....

Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

Grade.....

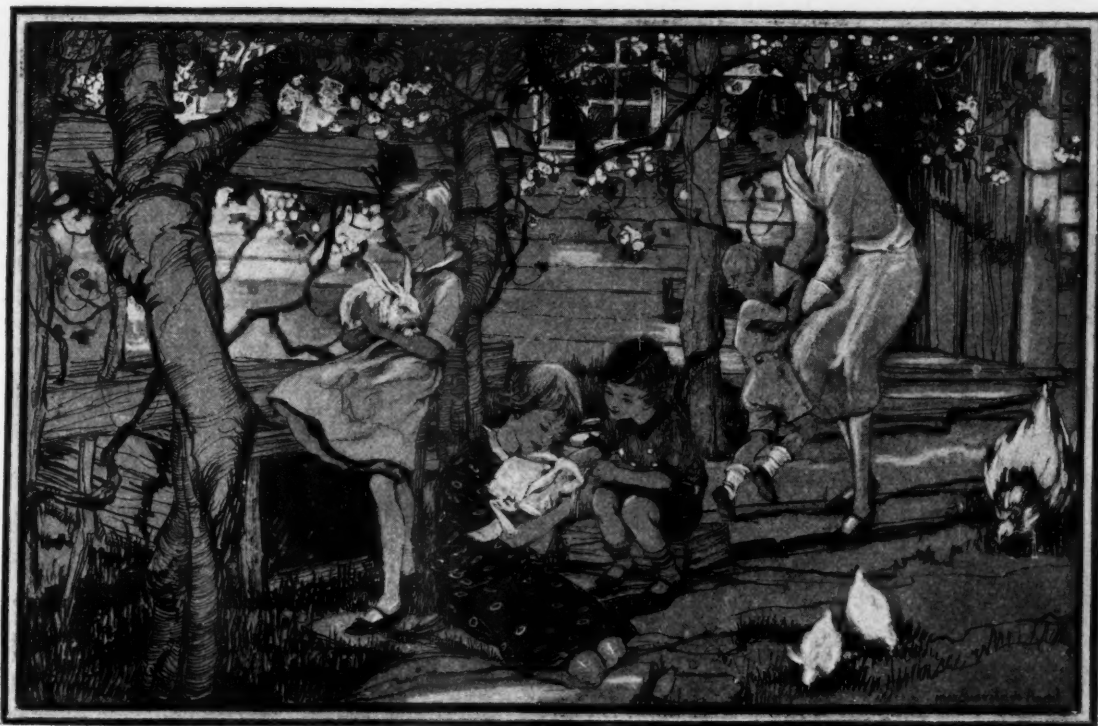


© 1928, C. of W. Co.





ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARGUERITE DE ANGELI



*When the older child interferes with the movement of the younger, trouble results.*

## RAGING YOUTH

*"The child does not have to learn temper: it is inborn," says*

*Dr. Watson in this, the fifth of his thought-provoking articles on child training*

BY JOHN B. WATSON

**M**INE!" says Jimmy the two-year-old. "It isn't, it's mine; Mother, make Jimmy give me my harmonica," says Billy the four-year-old. A fight ensues. Billy wins out and Jimmy screams until he is black in the face.

Mother comes. She may try several different ways to straighten out the matter. Usually whatever she does is wrong. She may spank Billy for jerking the harmonica away from Jimmy, thus starting him off on a crying jag and a temper fit of his own, possibly sowing the first seeds of inferiority and cowardice in her older child. She may hug and kiss and pet the raging Jimmy, thus insuring rage behavior on his part the next time such a set-to occurs.

If she is a wise mother, she will have prepared herself in advance for just such a scene. When her children are so near together in age, she will have purchased identical toys for both boys. When a scene occurs she will go quietly and get the mate of the toy in question, take both the boys in her hands, show them and when crying stops offer them to the young hopefuls.

Neither youngster is to be blamed for the scene. It is perfectly natural for every young child to reach out for any object that catches his eye. *Young children are born positive—i. e. to reach out for nearly all objects.* Seeing the harmonica in Billy's hands, Jimmy reaches for it. It is only after we have suffered grief at the hands of mother, father, nurse or society for reaching out for forbidden objects that we come finally to withdraw our hands or our body from these objects. If, now, we could charge Billy's toys with electricity so that he could play with them with impunity but so arrange affairs that Jimmy would get shocked with the current whenever he reached for Billy's toys, then Jimmy would soon learn to keep his hands off Billy's toys. But in real nursery life toys cannot be charged with electricity. A row begins when the older (or stronger) boy forcibly takes something out of the hands of the younger boy, pushes his hands or shoves him. Note that the older boy does not actually hurt the younger (no pain stimulus is present); he merely interferes with or hampers the movement of the younger.

This stimulus, *hampering of movements* and it alone, will bring out a rage response even in the newborn. They do not have to learn temper—they do not have to learn to go into a rage. It is inborn. In some of our first experiments upon the newborn infant we tried to find out whether it could

turn its eyes towards a source of light without movement of the whole head. To test this we laid the child flat upon its back upon a mattress in a dark room. Immediately above its head we placed a very faint electric light. The light was arranged so that we could show it either to the right or the left of the infant's head. To keep the infant from turning its head, the experimenter held the head gently but firmly in his two hands. A soft cotton pad was placed on each side of the head so that the experimenter's hands did not come into direct contact with the scalp. Even when very little pressure was exerted upon the head the infant began to cry and, if we continued to hold its head, it went into a real fit of rage.

The same thing happens when we hold the feet together or the legs. In no case do we exert pressure enough to cause real pain. The response is first struggling, then crying, if the holding or hampering continues, the mouth opens wider and wider, the breath is held sometimes up to the point where not a sound can be heard, although the mouth is stretched to its fullest extent. The body grows rigid and the face becomes first flushed and then almost black. Here indeed is a new find in the laboratory. Rage or temper is a response which is present in the newborn and its stimulus is holding or hampering any part of the body. In other words, the emotional situation is quite similar to that of fear. In fear, you will recall, only loud sounds and loss of support will at first bring out the response.

Nor will any amount of training ever completely eliminate the rage response. Watch the angry looks and fights which occur in crowds. You yourself will stiffen up when somebody jostles you or sits so close to you that you can't read your paper. Watch the struggles of an individual who is tied up or locked up in a narrow closet. If you want an adult demonstration of this primitive reaction, try walking into a very crowded suburban car with a heavy suitcase that jostles and rubs against the people who are packed in around you.

In the newborn, temper is called out many times every day—in fact almost every time we dress, undress, or change them, unless we handle them very smoothly and carefully

and quickly. The present mode of dressing a child seems eminently adapted to encourage rage behavior.

After bathing him sometimes not too wrenched his arms off, we put on a woolen shirt with sleeves. Next we roll him and twist him into a diaper and bundle him up so that his legs are never free for the first eighteen months (at night for a much longer time). Then by a highly developed system of gymnastics we get a woolen petticoat over the head; then usually a white petticoat next goes over the head—if the head is still there! Nor does it help much to start the other way—by poking his feet through first. Finally we pull and twist him into shoes. Then we tug and pull him into a sweater. If the baby is going out, it must be pulled into a cloth coat with sleeves. And as the baby gets a little stouter the woolen things get a little smaller because of their various trips to the laundry.

The job of dressing becomes more and more of a gymnastic feat. Please understand that I am raising no quarrel with wool; it is very essential for the infant, so some medical authorities tell us. Nor have I very much to offer in the way of dress reform. I am merely bringing out the fact that dressing the infant with modern clothes gives us almost a pure experimental set-up for building in rage behavior.

So far we have talked only about the original stimulus to rage behavior. You will recall from my previous articles how fears and loves are built up in the home. Our experiments in the laboratory proved quite conclusively that we make children fear more and more objects and show attachments for more and more people and things. We call this a process of *conditioning*. These new fears we call conditioned fears, the new loves conditioned loves.

Conditioned rages and tempers grow up in the same way. Here is a youngster in front of me whose movements I have interfered with from the day of his birth. In order to carry out a certain test upon him, I hold his hands until they begin to stiffen. I shake him a little, sometimes hold his nose. This brings out the grasping reflex in the hands. I then slip a tiny stick into his hands. He grasps it tightly. I lift him and let him support himself over a feather pillow. Just the instant he begins to release his hold my assistant catches him. Nearly always he goes into a rage the moment this test starts. After three or four such tests the mere sight of my face drove the youngster into a rage. I no longer have to hamper his movement. A conditioned rage response has been built in.

## The one flavor treasured by children



CHILDREN are peculiar. Their tastes are peculiar. "I like this"—"I don't want that" takes the place of explaining why. They do not like all foods, nor even all makes of the same food. But the test of twenty years proves they all like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread thick on a wide slice of fresh bread. Comparisons may not be polite, but it stands to reason that all peanut butters could not have the same appetizing flavor, the same smoothness as Beech-Nut unless they were prepared from the same crop of Spanish and Virginia peanuts and then roasted and blended by the same skill. Other peanut butters may have as much nutriment—as many calories BUT it's the *flavor* of Beech-Nut that makes it "the preferred peanut butter" of most youngsters.

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



*The obliging young agent pointed out the beauties of the site*

## *To own or to rent? To build or to buy?* *How one husband and wife arrived at their decision* *is told here in this the first of their* **ADVENTURES IN HOME BUILDING**

BY RHYS NORTH AND MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's architectural advisor, collaborating*

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

WHEN Helen and Frank were married and enthusiastically adjusted their new lives to a tiny city apartment, they had solemnly agreed that while it was all right for a start, it was only a stepping-stone to the house of their dreams. This, and the articles which are to follow, is the story of how that house was built. It was just an ordinary home, built for ordinary people, but to the two owners the story of its making is more fascinating than any novel. Perhaps their "adventure" may carry some helpful information for other prospective home builders.

Two winters passed and Frank was beginning to have some feeling of confidence in business. There was nothing to fascinate Helen any more in the little apartment, and she wanted more than ever the house she had planned so long. Perhaps

there was the restlessness of another springtime within them both.

Helen busied herself with maps and time-tables, and one Saturday afternoon found them on their way to look for a place on the outskirts of the city. It was the first essential to have their home within comfortable commuting distance, so time-tables and railroad maps determined to a certain extent the matter of accessibility of location.

In a building loan pamphlet Frank found a list of some of the things to be considered when selecting a location. Almost the first thing mentioned was the advantage of being near a school. This had never entered into the plans for the new home, but they knew in their hearts that

it was not being planned for just two, and they were glad.

Then came the question of what kind of neighborhood would be desirable for the next twenty-five or thirty years. Being among "their own kind" of people would make all the difference in the world in social conditions for themselves and their children. And since their surroundings were to be part of their lives, conditions must also give promise of permanence—*there must be no apartment houses, stores nor factories built next door.*

As to the lot itself, they had agreed that a sloping lot would be much more interesting, and that a distant view from the living-room or porch was essential.

The house that Helen planned must have sunshine in every room at some time during the day, and she remained firm for that requirement. [Turn to page 62]



*A Connecticut hillside home*



*A California hillside home*





*A letter from*  
*Miss Adela T. Jones of*  
*Olympia, Washington*

Dear Sirs:

Since I have been using PEBECO Tooth Paste, my teeth have become whiter than when I used other brands. I am so delighted! My teeth were not in such good condition last year. They were taking on a yellow look, which will mar any woman's appearance. The use of PEBECO has enhanced them a hundred per cent. The constant use of PEBECO will make the dingiest looking teeth turn white, and make it possible to converse with friends without offending them.

Truly,

(Signed) ADELA TERRY JONES

*For thirty years PEBECO has gained each year new thousands of users. Constantly the mails bring letters of praise.*



*Thousands are grateful for its salty tang*

# Shining teeth a fresh sweet mouth

**W**HAT a joy it is to know that all day long your mouth is sweet and fresh. Your teeth white and charming.

A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, found that the most common cause of trouble was a slowing up of the mouth fluids which keep the mouth safe from acids.

So he developed the formula of Pebeco with its special salt to keep the fluids healthily active.

At the first touch of Pebeco in the morning, a cool invigorating taste refreshes your mouth. Its salty tang summons the mouth fluids. For hours they bathe the surfaces of the teeth, between the teeth, the whole mouth. The bedtime brushing renews their activity for the night. No wonder your breath stays fresh and sweet, your teeth and gums sound.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



*Free Offer:*

*Send coupon today for generous tube.*

**Keeps  
the mouth  
young..**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. J-29, Bloomfield, N. J.  
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER FEBRUARY, 1928)



*Her window garden is a happy medley, as though all the garden folk had made a mad scramble for a place there.*

## SPRIGS *from* MY GARDEN

*Give Scent and Seeming of Summer  
when the Winter snows lie deep*

BY DOROTHY GILES

ILLUSTRATED BY ELEANOR LEE

**W**HENEVER I consider the engrossing subject of plants to bloom in the Winter window garden, the picture of Mrs. Caleb Jenks' front room in the Town I Know Best of All rises before my mind's eye—a low ceilinged room with two faithful windows looking out on the turn of the lane and the stony ridge opposite over which in Winter the sun comes peering fearfully, and in April, Spring advances trailing violets and fluttering green birch leaves until she tumbles into Mrs. Jenks' garden amid the gay laughter of tulips and daffy-down-dillies.

The coming of the first frost is the signal for Mrs. Jenks' garden to move indoors. The removal is accomplished by simple means. Pots—big, little and medium sized—receive the choicest treasures. Tin cans and one or two wooden boxes hold the stragglers—a Lady Washington geranium, several abutilons in butter tubs, and a lemon verbena tree from which even in the dead of Winter one may pull sprigs of pungent green. Usually, three or four nicotiana, marigolds and crimson spice pinks come along to bloom for a few weeks until the geraniums, which have been cut back, spring into new life.

When one calls on Mrs. Jenks, whether the object of the visit is to solicit for the Red Cross, to beg her recipe for oatmeal cookies, or to consult about a boarding place for the new Seventh Grade teacher, etiquette demands that one ask to see the garden—outdoors in Summer, indoors in Winter. Then follows quite naturally a discussion of the behavior of each and every plant, and usually the visit ends with the visitor exclaiming: "You're so lucky with your house plants. I wish I knew what you do to them."

And Mrs. Jenks' invariable reply, "Why, I don't do anything I guess, except love 'em."

At the risk of being derided by some professional garden writers let me say that this reply of Mrs. Jenks seems to my mind to sum up a whole treatise on gardening indoors and out. "Nothing but love 'em" . . . For what is love but constant tender care; what, but knowing when to withhold one's hand and when to steady or encourage or correct? What but a thought for newspapers on cold nights and an open window on warm noons? What but a happy rejoicing over each new shoot as it appears, and a watchful eye and a nipping forefinger for the slugs and aphids that menace even the most dearly beloved slips and cuttings?

The greatest menace to indoor gardening is our American tendency to overheating. In the effort to combat Winter outside the pane we too often treat our plants to a season of baking heat such as no August can rival. The ideal temperature is 50° to 55° at night, and from 60° to 70° during the day. Too, most of our houses are too dry. In a room heated by steam heat, or hot water or hot air where one expects

plants to prosper, it is advisable to keep a pan of water close to the radiator to moisten the atmosphere. In rooms heated by large stoves or a hot air furnace, unless this is so well tended as to eliminate all possibility of coal gas, few plants will prosper at all. Coal gas, too high temperature and lack of fresh air cause more damage to indoor gardens than slugs or blight. On dull dark days the temperature should be kept low, for all growth stimulated by heat without a corresponding amount of sunlight is weak and spindling.

In living rooms where growing plants are expected to bloom, the windows must be opened a few inches for at least a few minutes every day to renew the oxygen and refresh the foliage that, otherwise, will surely droop and pine. This is necessary even in quite cold weather. Of course draughts should be permitted to blow over tender leaves and buds, and the window opening should be done at noon or early afternoon when the sun tempers the cold. But done it should be.

Next in importance to fresh air is adequate watering. A surface sprinkle a day does not give the plants enough moisture to subsist upon, nor, on the other hand, should the plants be kept standing in water. Two or three times a week, depending on the dryness and sunniness of the room, give your plants a real wetting, which means until water drips from the drainage in the bottom of the pots. Occasionally, stand them in a pan of water, which should be of about the same temperature as the room, never cold, and let them stand there and soak up all they will take. Then wipe off the pots and put them back in place in the window [Turn to page 20]





AILEEN PRINGLE (above)

Immensely proud of this beautiful negligee of real lace (once belonging to the Czarina Alexandra of Russia), which she wears in "Adam and Evil," Aileen Pringle personally supervises its washing—always in Lux.

DON JUAN (right)

Costumes of princely magnificence were used in this Warner Bros. picture, starring John Barrymore. They cost more than \$300,000—and their loveliness was guarded by safe cleansing with Lux.



## IN EVERY GREAT MOTION PICTURE STUDIO

costumes stay New-Looking *twice as long*  
through the use of Lux



BENNETT NATHAN

designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at work in his studio on a new fabric pattern. "A box of Lux seems like a small thing," says Joseph Raff, wardrobe supervisor, "but it stands for dollars upon dollars saved in the Metro-Goldwyn studios. We insist upon Lux and Lux only."

8 out of every 10 families in cities from New York to San Francisco—investigations show—save money with Lux—like the great studios, they find that magical, bland Lux suds double the wear of silks, chiffons, woollens and colored cottons, too.

WITH millions of dollars invested in beautiful clothes for stars and players and "extras"—and yards upon yards of gorgeous materials for hangings and sets—

the movies face a fine fabrics problem every woman meets—but on a gigantic scale!

For these costumes must be kept brilliant and new-looking, in spite of long, hard wear. It often takes months to "shoot" a big picture. Costumes used in January may be needed again in July!

Often, too, there are priceless historic garments—irreplaceable—to be cared for.

When just one mistake might cost so much, motion picture studios dare not guess—they must know the best way to care

for their vast stock of clothes and fine fabrics.

And it has been found that the *one safe way* to cleanse all washable fabrics is with Lux!

Through the use of Lux, the studios say, sheer, filmy materials and the more substantial and brilliant fabrics, too, stay beautifully lustrous and new-looking through repeated cleansings—*more than twice as long as when washed any other way!*

Because Lux has given more than *double wear* to costumes and draperies, the studio heads tell us, it is now saving more than a million dollars a year in wardrobe expenses in the great studios of Hollywood.

As TRAVIS BANTON, costume director for Paramount-Famous-Lasky, puts it:

"We no longer discard costumes which have lost their new look because of hard wear in production. We 'Lux them'—they come out looking as though they had never been washed—wear longer than I ever thought possible."

Now all the great motion picture studios—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Universal, Pathe-DeMille, Fox, First National, United Artists and Warner Bros.—use Lux in cleansing all washable fabrics—the same Lux in the same familiar blue boxes found in homes all over the country!



Lever Bros. Co.,  
Cambridge, Mass.

SO SAFE AND A LITTLE GOES SO FAR, IT'S AN ECONOMY TO USE LUX

# New Hands for the New Year



**Hands** rejuvenated—hands transformed—by that wonder-worker **FROSTILLA**. For here is a lotion truly unique, that—

**Smooths** away the aging wrinkles caused by cutting winter winds and erases the web-like lines of time. Quickly it brings new youth to aging hands and makes the skin-texture as soft and free of lines as a baby's palm. Then too, it—

**Soothes** the hands when chapped, irritated and reddened. It banishes all aging discolorations and lends that patrician whiteness so often known to youth alone. And finally, it—

**Protects** the hands through the year. For every woman's hands are busy

hands today—busy with outdoor sports and indoor duties—busy in all sorts of weather. Within one year, hands live a decade. Night and morning, and after every cleansing, insure hand-beauty with a **FROSTILLA** Massage.

**FROSTILLA** brings to the skin the hale vitality of youth. For chapped skin, rough skin, red skin, wind-burned skin, it yields its cooling, soothing balm.

**FROSTILLA** comes in a beautiful, large bottle—at 50c. Many choose the economical \$1 size for family use. Your favorite store clerk will gladly show you **FROSTILLA**'s new blue-labeled packages. Or order from us by mail.

**THE FROSTILLA CO., ELMIRA, N. Y.**  
Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.  
Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.

## Frostilla for the Winter Months

Softens and cures "starched" or chapped hands . . . heals cracked lips . . . relieves wind sting and frost bites . . . smooths chapped ankles . . . makes dry-harsh skin silken-smooth and ready for powder . . . the tenderskin of little folks welcomes **FROSTILLA**—as do men for after shaving.

### Send for this Unusual Sample!

**Frostilla** offers a delightful sample-size bottle. It is fine for trying and for emergency uses. It fits handily into purses, grips, desk-drawers—and is yours for a dime, along with a 64-page memorandum booklet entitled "Keep Your Dates."



The Frostilla Co., Dept. 525, Elmira, N. Y.

Please send me your handy sample bottle of Frostilla—and the useful Memo Booklet "Keep Your Dates." I enclose 10c. stamps or coin.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

(In Canada: Address 10 McCall Street, Toronto)



## McCALL'S SERVICE BOOKLETS

WILL HELP YOU TO BE  
A HAPPIER HOMEMAKER—  
READ THEM AND SEE!

Don't struggle with your budgeting  
And say forlornly "Not a thing  
Comes out the way it ought to do!"  
You will feel gratified, not blue,  
When you have read this literature  
And won't mind budgeting, we're sure.

**THE FAMILY BUDGET** (ten cents).  
**HOW TO USE YOUR BANK** (two cents).

**SUGGESTED BUDGETS FOR AN AVERAGE HOME** (two cents).

Most babies, as perhaps you know,  
Like everything to be Just So,  
And there are many things that rile  
Them dreadfully. So yours won't smile  
Unless they've proper food and care  
And plenty of the best of air.  
Our baby booklets, as you'll note,  
Include a healthful *table d'hôte*,  
Also much excellent advice  
On keeping babies well and nice.

**THE FRIENDLY BABY** (ten cents).  
Advice to the young mother, including  
Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules.

**THE FRIENDLY MOTHER** (ten cents).  
Advice to the mother-to-be, also designs for a McCall layette.

If you're too fat or much too thin,  
Or if you try in vain to win  
Good health, and can't: Don't be upset  
And wonder why and grieve and fret,  
But read these booklets through and you  
Will know exactly what to do.

**MENUS FOR WINTER AND SUMMER** (two cents).

Incorporating Dr. McCollum's dietary rules.

**MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS** (two cents).

Also by Dr. McCollum.

**INTERNAL BATHING** (two cents).

Dr. McCollum's treatment for intestinal troubles.

**EXERCISES FOR ONE AND ALL** (two cents).

Reducing and developing exercises.

**A HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERYWOMAN** (ten cents).

Do you love houses?—gardens, too?  
And do you often wish that you  
Knew how to have a perfect home—  
A little Dream House of your own?  
If so, you certainly should read  
These booklets. They're just what you need.

**THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE and DECORATING YOUR HOME** (ten cents for each booklet).

**THE MODERN HOME** (ten cents).  
Labor-saving devices.  
**THE SMALL HOUSE** (ten cents).  
Attractive house designs. Plans only \$15.  
**DOWN THE GARDEN PATH** (ten cents). How to garden successfully.

If you would like your friends to say  
"I love your parties, they're so gay  
And so original, my dear!"

Read all the booklets listed here.

**UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING** (ten cents).

**PARTIES ALL THE YEAR** (ten cents).

**FOUR FAIRS THAT MAKE MONEY** (two cents).

**PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE** (two cents).

**ANTIQUES, A PLAY FOR FIVE CHARACTERS** (ten cents).

If you have always longed to make  
Such luscious things, including cake,  
That guests will murmur "Ah!" and "Oh!"  
Read our food booklets (see below).

**WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES** (ten cents). A useful book for every hostess.

**MASTER RECIPES** (ten cents).

**SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY** (ten cents).

**TIME-SAVING COOKERY** (ten cents).

If certain points of etiquette  
Perplex you fearfully and get  
Your family upset as well,  
Read what our booklets say. They tell  
You everything that you should do  
On all occasions—weddings, too.

**A BOOK OF MANNERS** (ten cents).

**THE NEW HOSPITALITY** (ten cents).

Correct table service.

**THE ETIQUETTE OF AFTERNOON TEA** (two cents).

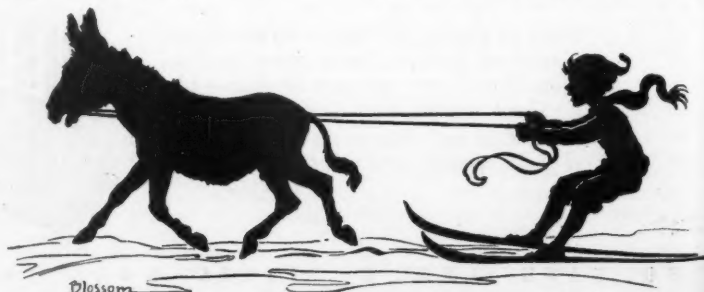
Perhaps you like to read good books  
Occasionally in firelit nooks  
While winter winds wail mournfully  
And you feel cozy as can be.  
And maybe, too, you'd like to know  
Some children's books. If this is so,  
You'll find the lists we're giving here  
Most helpful through the coming year.

**BETTER BOOKS OF TODAY** (two cents).

**YOUR CHILD'S OWN LIBRARY** (two cents).

Deservedly popular children's books.

For all of these McCall booklets write,  
enclosing the necessary amount in stamps,  
to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine,  
236 West 37th Street, New York City.







(Above) A SEA WOLF of many cruises and a delightful story-teller is Captain Ivan Borg, as Miss Lenore Albrect (left) and her companion will assert. Miss Albrect's smile, that Pepsodent keeps gleaming, has drawn the captain's favorite sea yarn.



(Above) SUMMER BREEZES are preferred to winter gales by Misses Zona Widener and Anne Livingstone, now wintering at Biloxi. (Theirs are socially important smiles that only Pepsodent is trusted to keep sparkling.)



(Above) CHARLOTTE LANSING AND ALEXANDER GRAY, prima donna and leading man of the popular operetta, *The Desert Song*, cut encores short and hurry to a party given in their honor. Could one wish for smiles more brilliant than those that Pepsodent affords?

# THOSE SMILES YOU ENVY

Reveal Film-Free Teeth So White and Sparkling

*Now dentists tell you how to brighten smiles and largely ward off tooth and gum disorders*

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

THE way to gain clear teeth and firm gums, says modern dental science, is simple—keep your teeth film free.

Ordinary brushing fails in properly combating film; the stubborn film to which many of the commoner tooth and gum disorders, and most cases of "off-color" teeth are charged.

To accomplish that end, authorities urge the use of Pepsodent. A tooth paste different from all others. A tooth paste compounded in consultation with world's dental authorities as a *Special Film-Removing Agent*.

Run your tongue across your teeth. Note the film—the slippery sort of coating—that you feel. Note how your present method may be failing in its duty.

That film is the great enemy of teeth and gums. It clings to teeth, breeds germs by the millions and invites the acids of decay. It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc.; makes teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film, too, is the forming ground for tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the cause of pyorrhea. You must remove film twice a day, EVERY DAY, dentists say. Pepsodent removes that film. It acts to



(Above) THE WORLD OVER smiles win the hearts of all, and, according to Miss Irma Schubert, in almost every nation smiles are growing brighter, teeth healthier, by use of the American film-removing dentifrice, Pepsodent.

firm the gums. It keeps the mouth clean by multiplying the alkalinity of the saliva. It meets in almost every way the exactments of highest dental requirements in a quality tooth paste.

## FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to  
The Pepsodent Co.,  
Dept. 122, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,  
191 George Street Toronto, 2, Can.  
42 Southwark Bridge Road London, S. E. 1, Eng.  
(Australia) Ltd., 127 Clarence St. Sydney, N. S. W.  
Only one tube to a family 2679

# PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



## Five ways to use ham leftovers

Does your family shy at ham leftovers . . . register protest when you try to conceal them in various dishes?

Their hostility will blossom out into praise if you use Star Ham. For Star Ham has a flavor and tenderness that makes a commonplace dish teem with new goodness. The whole character of the familiar croquette, patty, omelet or hash is changed so that each receives an enthusiastic welcome as it appears on the table.

If you read our book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," you will be amazed at the wonderful opportunities to make Armour's Star the masterpiece of any meal. There is not a meat you could buy that blends so well with other foods . . . that offers so many pleasing contrasts . . . that is as good cold as it is hot . . . that helps you vary your menus.

Send for a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham." Your butcher sells Star Ham—the utmost in savory-sweet meat—young, tender pork cured by a matchless process. Take his advice and buy a whole Star Ham. Armour and Company, Chicago.



# Armour's STAR HAM



Dept. 2-B, Div. Food Economics  
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.  
Please send me Free Recipe Book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## ADVENTURES IN HOME BUILDING

(Continued from page 56)

Frank, like every other man, had some pet ideas about good, natural drainage of the lot, and whether or not the proper water, sewer and gas service lines were laid in the street.

There were shore lots to be had, but these were near summer resorts, and a small tract would not give them the privacy they wanted. They also found plenty of fifty-foot lots which they could afford, but they loved the open places and more elbow room than the fifty feet could give.

Finally, just off the beaten track, they found several lots adjoining a quaint old homestead. The salesman had not shown these because of their uneven slopes and jutting rocks. Helen turned an eloquent face to Frank, who answered with a knowing nod. This lot had character; it was different and unusual, but, as the salesman explained, there was no sewer or water supply in the section. The price, however, was comparatively low, and they might be able to afford a frontage of one hundred and twenty-five feet.

A lot without water, gas or sewer connections at first thought seemed impossible. But others were building there. How did they manage? Electric service was available, and they soon learned, from their prospective neighbors, that an electrically driven pressure pump with a storage tank connected with a well would solve the water problem. There was talk of a city water line being put through, but, as they were near a brook, there was a chance that there were underground currents running along the same strata of ledge rock, and water could be reached easily. Doubtless, gas and sewer connections would be laid at some future time but, for the present, a septic tank would take care of sewage disposal and tank gas could be secured if oil or electric stoves were not satisfactory.

They found out also about how much the well, pump and septic tank should cost, in addition to general construction work. Adding these figures to the cost of the land and allowing something for a margin, they decided that it was safe to go ahead.

Frank and Helen had already spent sev-



eral evenings figuring the cost of a suburban home as compared with their present home in the city. They were paying \$110 per month for their apartment. This, of course, included water and heat, but the final result was nothing in the form of a permanent investment. With this new home there would be a number of fixed monthly charges, hith-

to included in their rent, which had to be considered.

If they paid \$10,000 for the house, \$1,000 for architectural fees, and \$1,000 for the lot and the water supply, the total investment would be \$12,000 and the yearly charges would approximate:

6% interest on \$12,000.....	\$720.00
Taxes (a varying item).....	150.00
Insurance (for 80% of house value).....	14.50
Electric power for water.....	20.00
(If city water were later used, the charge for water would approximate this)	
Heat .....	150.00
Communtation .....	120.00

Total \$1,174.50

Gas and electric light did not have to be considered as they would be metered and paid for in either place.

Frank made no definite allowance for depreciation and repairs—usually figured at about two percent yearly—for he felt that the policy of good construction with good materials would keep such charges at a very low rate. Also they would doubtless be more than counterbalanced by future increases in property value in this suburb.

As a result of his inquiries, he decided to obtain a loan of seventy percent from the local Building and Loan Association. And this was arranged.

He found that for the first year, considering all expenses—interest on the loan, reduction of the principal and everything included—the cost of living in his house would about equal what he would have had to pay in the apartment in the city. But after that expenses would gradually decrease until the loan was paid off.

(Continued in MARCH McCALL'S)

### Charm for a Little House

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

YOU who are fair and proud and tall,  
How can you love a house so small?  
Gray as a poplar leaf in rain  
With low-hung door, and windowpane  
Too small to see the world go by;  
Only a bit of earth and sky,  
Only a bird and a homing bee,  
This little hill, for you and me.

Beloved, fair and tall and proud,  
When summer has fled on an autumn cloud,  
When you are bending low to light  
The hearth fire of a winter's night—  
What is the word that will banish fear  
In this house of love, so small, so dear?  
What will you say to still my dread?  
"Here is no room for sorrow," he said.



G

guring  
urban  
d with  
me in  
were  
month  
tment.  
e, in-  
d heat,  
ult was  
orm of  
invest-  
s new  
uld be  
hith-  
d to be

house,  
\$1,000  
ne total  
nd the

\$720.00  
150.00  
14.50  
20.00  
charge

150.00  
120.00

,174.50

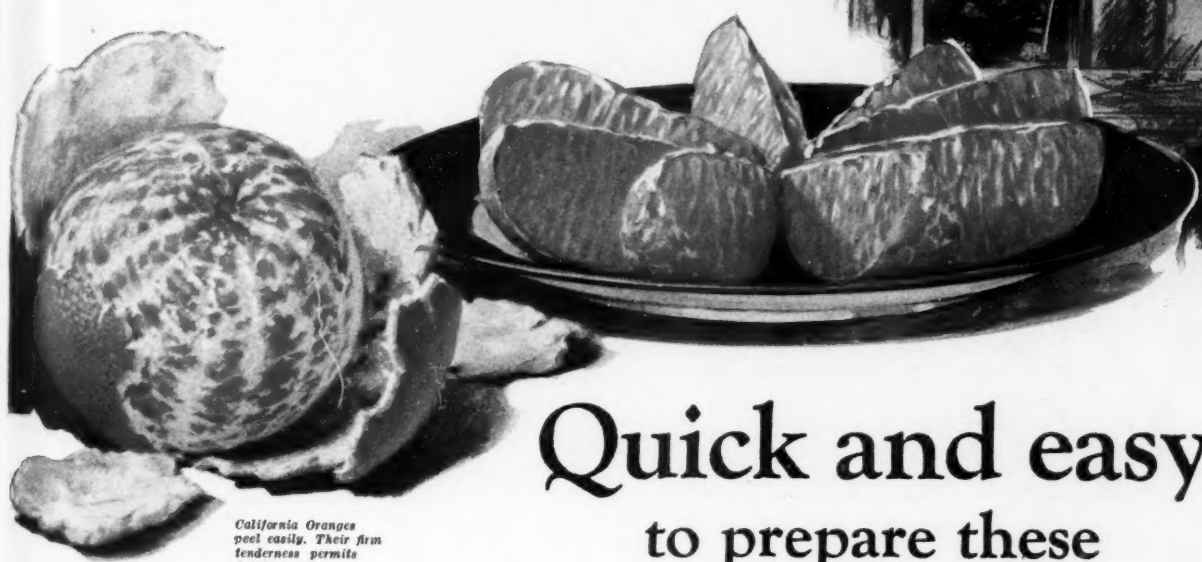
e to be  
ed and

nce for  
figured  
he felt  
n with  
charges  
doubt-  
by fu-  
in this

decided  
t from  
ciation.

r, con-  
ne loan,  
rything  
s house  
d have  
ne city.  
adually  
off.  
L's]

EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER,  
we believe will want to have more oranges available in her home, when she knows that both her doctor and her dentist hold oranges in such high repute. Most normal adults, as well as the majority of normal children, are highly benefited in several important ways by oranges.



California Oranges  
peel easily. Their firm  
tenderness permits  
dainty servings



"I don't know why that fellow doesn't get ahead," said the president. He seems to have a good brain and he works. He just lacks the 'punch,' somehow." The manager replied, "I believe he is suffering from the same condition that took my pep. The doctors call it Acidosis. Oranges and lemons would do him a world of good—as they have for me. I'll tell him to see his doctor tonight."

## Quick and easy to prepare these luscious oranges



California Orange  
juice is richest in  
the important  
soluble solids

HARDLY any time at all required to prepare this luscious, tempting fruit for the table. See how you can slice these oranges thin and even. That's because California oranges are firm, but tender and practically free from seeds. You can eat them daintily in any form due to that tenderness.

Appetites, however fussy or jaded, respond to the glistening juicy slices. Note how readily your fork separates the morsels as you eat them. Or, served in segments, how their inviting appearance sharpens breakfast desires.

California oranges, served in any style your fancy dictates, are always acceptable. Guests remark their delicacy; the family is invariably appreciative. And,

more so than ever today, when so much in favor of oranges is being said and put into print by renowned food authorities.

The importance of eating California oranges is due to their *extra* rich juice and *extra* rich flavor. And the abundance of soluble solids they contain, as well as other body-building, health-making elements.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Oranges and Acidosis

Oranges are one of the main food-factors that doctors are employing now in treating Acidosis.

Acidosis is an almost universal trouble resulting from the use of not enough *alkaline-reaction* vegetables, fruits and milk to balance the necessary but *acid-forming* cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs.

In the control of Acidosis the Medical Profession is

writing  
a new  
health  
story.

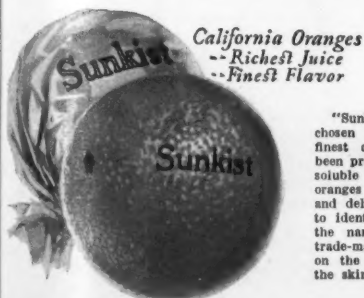
Acidosis, according to the theory, is an underlying cause for many of everyday disorders of children and adults as well as some of the more common ills. The treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

Although known as acid fruits, oranges and lemons have an *alkaline reaction* in the body and thus actually function to correct Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Your doctor is familiar with this truth and will verify it.

Mail the coupon for the free book "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining Acidosis in detail. It also provides a special chapter on safe reducing.



Like juicy, tender cuts of meat



California Oranges  
—Richest Juice  
—Finest Flavor

"Sunkist" Oranges are chosen from California's finest crops. They have been proved richer in the soluble solids that make oranges both healthful and delicious. It is easy to identify them because the name "Sunkist" is trade-marked not only on the wrapper but on the skin as well.

## California Sunkist Oranges

UNIFORMLY GOOD

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE,  
Dept. 662, Box 530, Sta. "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me the following as I have checked below:

☐ FREE—Valuable booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods." Includes explanation of Acidosis and authoritative suggestion for its prevention and correction. Also furnishes normal anti-acidosis and safe reducing diets approved by a famous diet specialist.

☐ Sunkist Reamer for which I enclose 40c (65c if you live in Canada).

(Unless you check the reamer also we will send only the free book. If you want both check both and enclose money order or stamps).

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

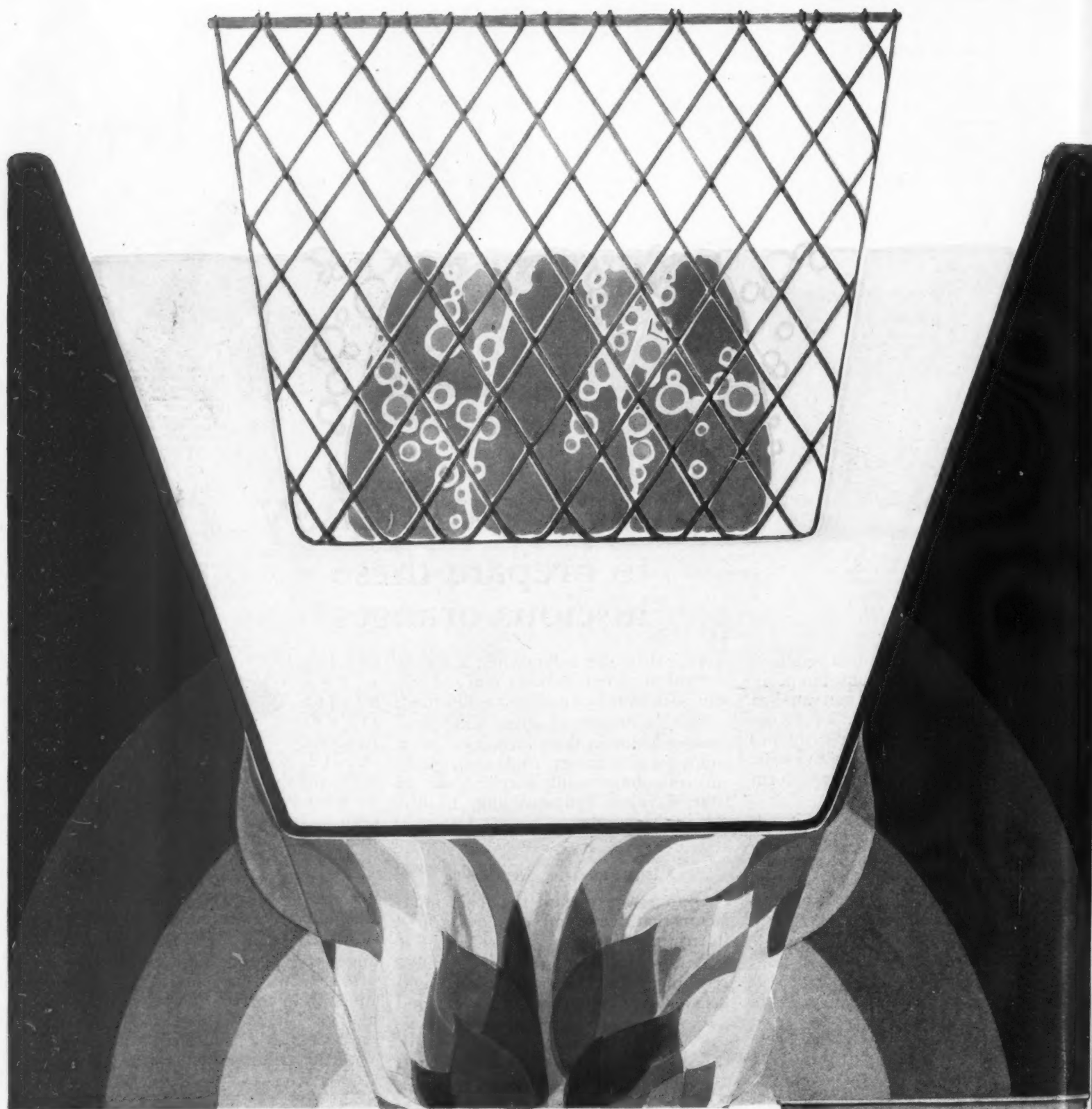
Write in margin if necessary

**Handiest Reamer—40c**  
(55c if you live in Canada). Ask your dealer for the new special Sunkist Orange and Lemon Reamer. If not at your store, send money order or stamps direct to us and we'll send it by parcel post. Made of snow-white glass, looks like china. Extracts more juice easier, holds more (nearly a pint). Has higher cone, sharper ridges—a few twists get all the juice.

© 1928 C.F.G.E.



The handiest, most efficient reamer ever made



# for Better Deep Frying

It's partly because Wesson Oil is really a fine salad oil that women like it for deep frying.

It's pure and wholesome, clear and light in color. And quite as nutritious and good to eat as the food that you fry in it . . . That's important.

Then too, Wesson Oil is so delicate in flavor that it never takes away from the true flavor of the food. And it helps make the things you fry the most delicious food you ever tasted.

Indeed, so delicious that women are deep-frying more and more *kinds* of food.

And the Wesson Oil way is quick and quite economical. You can use the same Wesson Oil over and over again. Just strain it through a cloth to remove crumbs and it will come clear again and light in color, without the slightest odor from even fish or onions . . . and still wholesome.

THE WESSON OIL PEOPLE • 210 BARONNE STREET • NEW ORLEANS

**Wesson  
Oil**

**For Deep Frying**

T  
it is,  
twine  
paper  
Un  
large  
ald-g  
burn'  
bled  
"Ol  
saw  
memb  
waited  
on m  
"I  
"Get  
up—s  
"It'  
Mrs.  
green  
Her h  
Per  
himse  
noons  
his fa  
Mr.  
the fi  
Agency  
drawing  
girls s  
cold c  
the v  
smokin  
But  
out up  
deal ta  
and he  
on dra  
building  
he like  
creame  
men.  
"Som  
altogeth  
dark h  
eyes in  
work  
AT  
M  
had no  
and th  
down to  
out hin  
"Som  
kept y  
down-to  
Milbur  
bad w  
telephon  
could le  
The p  
cold and  
soggy b  
the lett  
wilted, a  
pudding  
golden f  
tion it  
half-past  
But M  
of the t  
She tried  
eyes seen  
blue.  
"If th  
can mak  
pair of n  
so little  
Afterw  
ting roo  
lamp. It  
shabby l  
a new ro  
The o  
base tha  
Gladiato  
on the pi  
"At las  
ator up i  
said, but  
hands qui  
"We'll  
sideboard  
Your fat  
with it."  
Perry g  
"It's a h  
"Not t  
shardly.  
down tow  
we moved  
get rid of  
into the  
on the top  
At half



# THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 16]

it is, though," Perry told her as he cut the twine and began to tear off the heavy paper wrappings.

Under the excelsior in the box was a large brass student lamp and two emerald-green glass shades for it. Mrs. Milburn's face quivered and her hands trembled as she lifted them from the excelsior.

"Oh, Perry, it's that student lamp we saw in Salvage's last Christmas! I remember it—I remember the price!" she wailed. "You shouldn't spend your money on me like this—You need it, yourself."

"I got it cheap," Perry said gruffly. "Get some oil, Emmy, and we'll light it up—see how it looks."

"It's beautiful without being lighted," Mrs. Milburn ran her hands over the green glass shades as she looked up at him. Her blue eyes blessed him.

Perry was twenty-one. He was sending himself through college, working afternoons for the same advertising firm that his father worked for.

Mr. Milburn was a salesman for the firm—the Upstill-Unger Advertising Agency it was called. Perry did "ad art" drawings for them. Pictures of beautiful girls smearing their lovely features with cold cream. Swagger young men wearing the very latest thing in soft collars or smoking the most popular cigarette.

But upstairs in Perry's room that looked out upon the sycamore tree was a brown deal table covered with artists' materials and here he would work for hours at night on drawings of bridges, towering office-buildings, and water-fronts. These things he liked to do—not the beautiful cold-creamed girls or the square-jawed young men.

"Some day I'll cut out the ad-art stuff altogether," he said once to Emmy, his dark head bent over the table, his blue eyes intent upon his work . . .

At eight o'clock Mr. Milburn had not come home and the family sat down to supper without him.

"Something has kept your father down-town," Mrs. Milburn said, "too bad we haven't a telephone, so he could let us know."

The potatoes were cold and heavy and soggy by this time, the lettuce salad had wilted, and the bread-pudding was not the golden fluffy concoction it had been at half-past six.

But Mrs. Milburn bloomed at the head of the table as if she were at a banquet. She tried on the white kid gloves, and her eyes seemed to grow brighter and more blue.

"If there's anything in the world that can make me feel really elegant, it's a pair of new kid gloves," she said. It took so little to please her.

Afterwards they all went into the sitting room to have another look at the lamp. Its mellow glow transformed the shabby little room for them. It was like a new room.

The old pink-shaded lamp, with its base that was a statuette of the *Dying Gladiator* done in German silver, stood on the piano now. Perry picked it up.

"At last we can put the *Dying Gladiator* up in the attic where he belongs," he said, but Mrs. Milburn took it out of his hands quickly.

"We'll put it in the dining room on the sideboard," she said, "I like that lamp—Your father and I started housekeeping with it."

Perry groaned and so did Emmy. "It's a horror, Mother," Emmy objected. "Not to me," Mrs. Milburn answered hardily. "Your father bought it for me down town in the Arcade the week after we moved into this house. No, I'll never get rid of that lamp," and she carried it into the dining room and set it tenderly on the top shelf of the old sideboard.

At half past eight Robb came. He and

Perry were going to see the hockey game at the Elysium rink. He was spick-and-span now in his Oxford gray suit, and his gray necktie spotted with white. Quite the best-looking young man that she had ever set eyes upon, Emmy thought suddenly.

"Robb, I'm sorry I was a beast this afternoon," she said when they were alone for a moment beside the sitting room fire. "I don't know what ailed me." She touched his shoulder lightly.

His hand grasped her hand, held it tight for an instant, then dropped it.

"You!" he said huskily. "There's nobody like you, Emmy, anywhere for me—" Then Perry called to him from the hall, and he went, but Emmy stood there like a statue. . . Grandmother Pentland had been right, then! Robb was in love with her! . . . There was nobody like her anywhere. That was what he thought of her!

By nine o'clock the dishes were all washed up and put away, and Emmy and her mother settled down beside the table in the radiance of the new lamp. The fire crackled in the grate. Upstairs a faucet dripped slowly into the tin bathtub. Peace settled down over the house like a soft blanket.

"I wonder where your father can be," Mrs. Milburn said presently, and something in her tone made Emmy glance apprehensively up from her book.

"Tired, Mother?" she asked softly. "If I'm tired, it's a happy tired," she answered, but there was a strained watchful look in the eyes she kept turning toward the bay-window.

Finally she got up and walked over to the windows, pushing aside the starched white curtains. She let out a soft cry.

"Just look, Emmy! The first snow of the year!" she said. "Come here—doesn't it look like Christmas Eve? All white and—" she broke off suddenly, and consternation swept into her face.

An orange-colored taxi, with red and green lamps, was just pulling into the circle of light thrown on the snow by the street-lamp in front of the house.

Emmy knew who was in that cab. Her father was the only person who ever came home to Flower Street in taxicabs. She had heard him roll up in them many a time before, late at night.

He came straight up the front walk now, tripping on the top porch step. Mrs. Milburn met him at the door.

"Any money in the house, Rosy?" Emmy heard him ask. "I've lost what I had somewhere, and I owe the taxi-man a little something." He sat down heavily upon the hall seat.

"Emmy!" Mrs. Milburn called. "Run upstairs and bring down the bill in my white apron pocket."

Emmy hurried up and came back with Grandmother Pentland's birthday present in her hands.

"Do you suppose the man can change this? It's fifty dollars." Mrs. Milburn looked doubtful.

"If he hasn't any change, he can get some," Emmy's father answered with an easy sweep of his hands. His voice was a little thick.

"Yes, but he might lose it. It's the rent money. Mother gave it to me this afternoon for Uncle Bill."

"What's your mother giving you rent money for?" Mr. Milburn sulkily demanded. "Why should we keep on paying rent, anyway?" he asked belligerently. "We've been paying rent for the last twenty-five years!—We've bought this shack six times over!"

"Hush!" Mrs. Milburn begged him over her shoulder, going out in the night with the money. "The neighbors will hear you."

He came back then, [Turn to page 66]

WALTER BAKER & CO., Inc. • Established 1780

# 97 of each 100!



Throughout the United States, ninety-seven of each one hundred

## COOKING TEACHERS teach with BAKER'S CHOCOLATE!

Teachers of cooking are the guardians of wise eating, sensible shopping, and economical kitchen management. When they use a certain food in teaching, the very use of it is their highest endorsement.

Throughout America, *ninety-seven per cent* of the cooking teachers, home economists, and dietitians, use Baker's Chocolate! There is probably no finer, saner testimonial of its pre-eminent position.

And as for the "home-cooks"—the best and truest measure of what folks like to eat—they use Baker's in the vast majority of cases. Their use is proof conclusive of the Baker flavor.

Send for these Famous Chocolate Recipes

Wouldn't you like to know just how the really great cooking experts for the last century have used Baker's in countless delicious recipes? There's a new collection of them just off the press—and it's free. Send us the coupon below.

# BAKER'S Unsweetened CHOCOLATE

The familiar blue bar with the yellow label, reading "Premium No. 1"—at all grocery stores.



WALTER BAKER & CO., INC. • Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Mass.

Please send me the new 64-page "Famous Recipes."

Name.....

City..... State..... P-M-C, 9-38

# 18 Years LATER

and her teeth in  
marvelous condition



All 18, she  
has used one  
dentifrice..  
a cleansing  
dentifrice..  
and look at  
her **TEETH**  
TODAY!



Today Miss Helen Mack's teeth flash as brightly  
as they ever did

WHEREVER she goes, that smile wins for her. It is so confident . . . so sparkling. No wonder she has a host of friends. No wonder men and women pay her so many attentions. *Nobody* can resist her smile.

And yet . . . what would that smile be like without those flashing, lustrous teeth? They are the very essence of its charm. Cloud them and the fascination of her smile is gone.

Since 1909, Miss Mack has been protecting her teeth with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Today, like so many others who have used that dentifrice steadily, her teeth are in marvelous condition.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from users

who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice you were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

## CLEAN!

Dental authorities say that the only thing a dentifrice can do is CLEAN. Colgate's is scientifically made to clean teeth superlatively well.

*Colgate's*  
Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 210-B,  
595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE

Please send me a sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, the cleansing dentifrice.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd.,  
72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal

## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 65]

into the hall and stood there teetering, his hands thrust into his empty pockets. He started superbly toward the stairs, then swayed for an instant, reaching blindly for something to take hold of.

Mrs. Milburn, coming in from the porch, supported him with her small body and led him slowly across the hall.

"Dizzy, Rosy," he tried to explain, "Dizzy—sick." He had gone quite white.

Emmy caught the expression in her mother's eyes as she turned them upon him. Dismay and sorrow were in them, but love too. Love—that unbeatable thing.

"And it's no wonder you're sick, out on a night like this without any overcoat!" she scolded him with brusque tenderness. "I'm sure it's enough to give you your death—!" They vanished around the turn in the stairs.

Five minutes later she called down to Emmy: "Heat some water right away and bring it up in the jug for your father."

While Emmy stood beside the stove waiting for the water to boil, she was doing some deep thinking.

"We haven't even the money to buy a rubber water-bottle," she reflected. "And yet my father can ride around in taxicabs."

Her eyes went around the kitchen. The oil lamp on the table, the old cracked stove, the rag rugs on the well-scrubbed floor.

"We haven't even the things that Mrs. Brainard has!" she said. "Linoleum and electric irons. And Mother and I have to wear out Marianna's old clothes!—Why is it?"

On top of the newel-post at the foot of the stairs lay the change from Grandmother Pentland's birthday present where Mrs. Milburn had flung it in her haste.

Emmy set the jug down and counted the money. There were just four ten-dollar bills folded together. Ten dollars had gone to pay the taxi-fare!

"Whew!" Emmy closed her hand over the money and went on up to the second floor. Her mother was just coming out of the room at the front of the house, her finger laid upon her lips.

Emmy opened her hand and held the four bills out to her mother. "Here's your change," she said with bitterness. "My father couldn't even bring you a birthday present, but he could let you spend Grandmother's on his taxicab!—Ten dollars! He ought to be ashamed of himself! I heard what Grandmother said about him this afternoon—and don't think that I didn't!"

"Hush!" Mrs. Milburn's face flashed. "Never let me hear you speak of your father in that way again, as long as you live, Emmy! He works all day six days a week, and if he wants to use a taxicab to come home in on a bad night, it's none of your affair I'm sure!"

"It's none of my affair that I have to wear Marianna's old clothes, either, I suppose!" Emmy broke in passionately. "That I have to live in this dirty old coal-pit of a street! That we never go anywhere or have anything like other people!" The rebellion and longing of youth were in her words. Sensitive bewildered youth that wants, above all things, to be "nice people"—to have nothing at all to be ashamed of—to be able to hold up its proud young head with the crowd.

It was a half minute before Mrs. Milburn spoke. "We can't all of us be rich, little Emmy," she said gently. "Somebody's got to be poor in this world just to keep things balanced, I suppose. Just be thankful that you've got your health and strength and a fair share of good looks."

She stopped. A moaning sound was coming from the closed room behind her. "Run downstairs and bring me that bottle of peppermint on the shelf under the clock!" she said hurriedly, "I've never known your father to have the neuralgia any worse than he has it tonight."

"Neuralgia!" Emmy said scornfully. But she said it to herself, going down the stairs. The light from the new lamp streamed

out into the hall. The grate-fire crackled noisily. The hush of the first snowfall wrapped itself around the little house, making it seem very warm and cozy inside.

But for once Emmy did not feel that coziness—did not see the humble shabby beauty all around her. All she saw was the cracks in the wall-paper, the worn spots on the chairs, the smoky chimney of the oil lamp. She leaned her smooth young forehead against the edge of the paper-covered shelf and cried like a child who wakes up from a happy dream to find the room dark and ugly.



ELEVEN months slipped by. It was the Autumn of 1925, and Emmy was eighteen. She was finishing a secretarial course at the Larchmont School of Business downtown, for which Grandmother Pentland had ungraciously

provided the money.

"Don't ask me to say I think it's a good thing, for I don't!" she had snapped, handing over the check to Mrs. Milburn. "I don't approve of handsome young women going to work with a lot of men in offices."

"I can trust my girl no matter where she is," Mrs. Milburn answered placidly.

Grandmother Pentland only sniffed, and there the matter had ended. Emmy was busily learning the shorthand and type-writing that she hoped would eventually pay her way out of Flower Street. It was older and dirtier than ever before, and there seemed to be fewer leaves on the trees this fall. Mrs. Milburn said that the smoke was killing them.

Changes had come to Robb, too. A small prosperity had descended upon him in the form of a salary raise. He had bought himself a cheap second-hand roadster that Dan christened the "struggle-buggy" because of the constant effort it took to keep the thing in running order. But Robb and Emmy enjoyed long, happy, bumpy rides in it these warm Saturday and Sunday afternoons, returning with great bunches of dusty golden-rod and scarlet leaves for the house.

The little house had not changed at all. The magic of home still enchanted it. Its curtains were always snowy, still. The old piano still gave forth its silvery music under Emmy's fingers. The yard was still the "garden," lovely with its velvety dahlias, its asters and marigolds.

Late one Saturday afternoon in October Robb and Emmy were out under the sycamore tree when Marianna Pentland came driving into the yard in her little gray jewel-box on wheels. She had a flat paste-board box in her arms and Emmy knew that she was bringing her some more of her expensive cast-off clothes.

"Hello, Babe!" she called out. She was three years older than Emmy. "I've brought you some pretties. That red crepe with the white ruffles, you know?—And the plaid mohair suit with the cape. I hope they'll fit you." She tossed the box down upon the grass.

Emmy shot a sharp agonized glance at Robb, hoping he would not realize that Marianna was bringing her a gift of charity, but in Robb's face was only good humor and welcome.

Marianna had a sumptuous kind of beauty. She looked the way Grandmother Pentland must have looked at twenty-one. The same brilliant black eyes, white skin and straight mouth. But Marianna was carefully made up, and her mouth was painted a bright sealing wax red. The odor of orchid perfume came from her gauzy black clothes.

Her father and mother had been killed in an automobile accident when Marianna was seven, and since that time she had lived with her grandmother in the gloomy old Pentland mansion that had stood on East Prospect Street for fifty years in majestic dignity.

She had a way with men. Her engagement had been announced three times—to a different man each time, but she was not engaged now. Thus her mood was cynical.

"It's so easy to make [Turn to page 70]

No laundry  
easily as a



*Now Ready!*

# AN IMPROVED KOTEX

Offering Two New Exclusive Features:

- 1 *A new, form-fitting shape . . . you wear it under the most clinging gowns without possibility of detection, without marring smooth, fashionable lines.*
- 2 *It is softer, too—fluffier—eliminating unpleasant chafing and binding.*

WITH the presentation of the new style Kotex, exclusive in design, comes the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

#### *What form-fitting means*

You can wear the new Kotex without self-consciousness no matter how close fitting your gown, how thin and clinging its fabric.

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely, and is worn in the knowledge that closest-fitting gowns will retain their slim, smooth lines.

This brings a composure, a sense of well-being, heretofore impossible.

#### *Softer—fluffier—chafing eliminated*

New, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler *still softer*. Chafing, binding, similar discomforts are eliminated.

Utmost protection is afforded delicate sensitive skin. The importance of such an improvement cannot be exaggerated.

The improved Kotex retains all the advantages of the old Kotex, including the same area of effective absorbent surface you have always known.

#### *Women doctors, nurses, approve*

Women doctors, nurses in hospitals, in welfare departments, in city health departments—have given these improvements their enthusiastic approval. So will you! Your good health, your comfort, are considered—and, for the first time, your appearance.

\* \* \* \*

Utter safety is assured by the remarkable Cellucotton wadding which fills Kotex and which is exclusive to Kotex . . . for it is 5 times more absorbent than cotton. It discards like tissue—you simply follow the directions given in each box; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

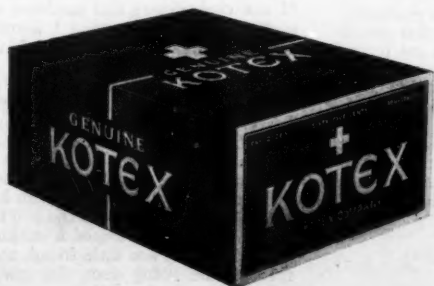
#### *Nothing else is like Kotex*

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . comes in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new improved Kotex. Buy a box today. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



*How gaily social events can now be met . . . No limitations set by physical handicap . . . The lines of any gown, however clinging, will remain smooth, unbroken.*



*No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue*

*"Ask for them by name"*

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

# The RED GINGHAM FAIRY GIVES A TEA PARTY

## Another Barbara-Ann story

By ERICK BERRY AND MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ERICK BERRY



The Fairy watched while Barbara-Ann put the finishing touches to the tea cart.

IT had been a week since Barbara-Ann had seen the Red Gingham Fairy or heard the starched soft rustle of her red gingham wings. Mumsie was quite well again and she herself had taught Barbara-Ann how to make delicious waffles for breakfast from the recipe for muffins which the Red Gingham Fairy had taught her. Then one day Mumsie said . . . Wednesday it was . . . yes, quite surely it was a Wednesday.

"Barbara-Ann, dear, I'm expecting Mrs. Whitticker and Julia and Sophie this afternoon. How would you like to go into the kitchen all alone and get tea for us? You've done so beautifully before. I'm sure you could prepare the tea."

Barbara-Ann was perfectly terrifically thrilled of course. To be trusted to get tea for company! But she was perhaps just a little bit scared too, though she was pretty sure that her friend, the Red Gingham Fairy, would come to her rescue again. So she said she would oh, just love to, Mumsie, and after the guests had come and she had shown Julia and Sophie . . . who was, after all, only five and made Barbara-Ann and her nine and a half feel very grown up . . . her whole doll family and the new puppy named Jinks, then at a nod from Mumsie as they came back into the drawing room, she excused herself.

She pushed open the kitchen door, ve-r-y, ve-r-y slowly, hardly daring to look round the corner of it, lest she be disappointed. It was almost too much to hope for, because it really wasn't anywhere near to a meal time and you couldn't expect a fairy to hang round the house all day.

The kitchen was perfectly still and very empty. Barbara-Ann stood a moment looking all around, the door knob, the top of the ice box, the shelf over the gas stove, but no fairy anywhere. She drew a deep sigh. Oh well, she did know how to make tea at least, and with a somewhat sinking feeling she opened the cupboard door to take out the teapot. There, with a broad grin clear across her good-natured, fat little face, was the Red Gingham Fairy, wings and all.

She chuckled hugely. It was evident that she had meant to surprise Barbara-Ann.

But as the little girl didn't move quite as quickly as the fairy thought she should, she promptly flew down from her high perch, with a whirl of her red gingham wings.

"Come, come, my child!" she cried. "We must get moving. Your guests are waiting!" Now how in the world did the fairy know that there were guests? But then of course fairies know almost everything.

They got out the nicest tea things, the teapot and cozy and the six small bright colored cups and saucers from Czechoslovakia, while the fairy fluttered, like a fat hummingbird, pointing and exclaiming and chattering busily.

"Wheel out the tea cart," she said. "It looks so pretty."

"The nicest thing about a tea  
Is not what people eat or drink,  
But daintiness and courtesy  
The 'How,' not 'What' . . . or so I think.

"Let's set the tea cart first of all.  
That dainty cloth out on the glass.

"There's some take lemon, as you know,  
So cut thin slices (cloves in these  
A welcomed spice can oft bestow),  
And some take cream, both you must please.

"Upon the shelf beneath we'll place  
A tray of cinnamon toast,  
And sandwiches, in any case.  
'Tis pretty, and they'll praise the host.

"Like Cinderella, toast may seem  
A stepchild, if you will, to cake  
But we can use a simple scheme  
A party food, of toast, to make.

"We cut the bread that's one day old  
In slices neither thin nor thick.  
Trim off the crusts, as you are told.  
Neatly, my dear . . . there, that's the trick.

"Now then, the toasting we begin  
But work it quickly. Toast must be  
Crisp on the outside, soft within.  
The kettle's boiling merrily."

Barbara-Ann, quite unable to resist the delicious smelling toast, popped a tiny, left over piece into her mouth—m—m—m! But it was crisp and as good as cake any day!

The fairy smiled, but went on busily with her directions while the toast kept hot in the lighted oven, with the door open.

"What of the sandwiches, I'm sure  
You've lettuce in the ice-box, green  
And crisp. And cream cheese we'll procure  
From that same source. Your hands are clean?"

"Oh! oh! Run wash them, if you please.  
Cook's hands must always spot-  
less be.  
Now we'll begin. Unwrap the cheese.  
(Clean hands move with dexterity).

"Add salt, paprika, just a drop  
Of cream to make it smooth to spread.  
There, that's enough, young lady, stop  
And very thinly slice the bread.

"Instead of butter, mayonnaise  
Spread on the slices, crust removed.  
(If I sound sharp, remember praise  
Comes after, when results are proved).

"On one slice place the lettuce, so,  
The cream cheese spread upon the next.  
Put them together. There we go . . .  
To think that you were once perplexed!"

Barbara-Ann slid a plate heaped with sandwiches onto the lower tray of the tea cart. The fairy continued,

"The tea has steeped. We're almost done.  
It wasn't labor, was it dear?  
Preparing food is lots of fun  
If you can flavor it with cheer.

Then place your cups so  
they won't fall  
And still be easiest to pass.

"A metal jug for water  
hot. Is what you need. The  
sugar bowl . . .  
We'll leave this space for  
our teapot."

"Shan't I put the kettle  
on?" interrupted Barbara-  
Ann, and as the fairy  
nodded, she filled it and  
lighted the gas under it.  
"You've got to think  
of every soul," went on  
the fairy.

"The weather's warm. Now it may be  
Among your guests some one will say  
No thanks, she'd rather not have tea;  
Then cooling drinks must thirst allay."

"I don't think that Sophie and Julia can drink tea," suggested Barbara-Ann, and won the fairy's approval, for it showed that she had learned one lesson well, thoughtfulness of her guests and their difference in tastes.

"Suppose we make some lemonade" said the fairy.  
"Not what the circus cares to sell;  
For that, my dear, I am afraid;  
Has never known a lemon well.

"Squeeze juicy lemons, three will do  
And sugar till the taste is sweet."

The little girl turned from the half-made lemonade to open the top of the ice-box. A great, unbroken lump of smooth, slippery ice stared at her. She gave it a small helpless sort of a peck with the heavy ice pick, but only little shivery splinters of ice chipped from the corner.

The fairy flew to her rescue again.  
"There's one task, though, I'll take from you," she cried.  
"Ice chopping is my proudest feat."

"I haven't my wand with me today, but any precious metal will do" she said, and caught up a silver spoon. Lightly touching the ice with it she uttered a little cry and the ice snapped, crackled and split into diamonds and cubes of just the right size for the lemonade glasses. The child gathered them up, and rinsing them under the cold water at the sink, dropped them into the pitcher with the lemonade.

"Now into the  
pitcher, water  
pour  
Until you think  
the taste is  
right  
And fruit and  
cherries, folks  
adore  
A beverage that's  
gay and bright.

"Dear child, from  
what we've  
done, you see de-  
pends  
For this small func-  
tion known as 'tea'  
The care with which you  
serve your friends.

"With dainty china, spot-  
less cloth,  
The silver sparkling, colors  
gay

Lo, there was the Fairy,  
wings and all.

The simpler all the food brought forth  
The more successful is your day."

"Oh," Barbara-Ann said gratefully to her little friend, "I can cook dinner and luncheon now and make waffles or muffins for breakfast, and I know how to serve tea, so if you come again, all you will have to do will be sit and watch me."

The Red Gingham Fairy smiled and said, "You have been a good pupil and I am sure Mumsie is proud of you. But hurry, my dear, your guests will want some tea."

Barbara-Ann put the tea pot and pitcher of lemonade on the cart and then stood back to admire what she had done and to be sure that she had not forgotten anything. She then held the door open with her foot while she carefully slid the cart through, into the hall towards the drawing-room.

Barbara-Ann murmured a dutifully polite and very happy "thank you" to her little friend, and then as she looked back through the swing door, she saw the Red Gingham Fairy stirring herself a cup of tea.





## Three of the Best Dressed Women of the Stage—the Screen and Society have aided in the selection of the styles in HAMILTON'S FASHION MAGAZINE— ADVANCE SPRING MODES!

Miss Tobin, Miss Ralston and Mrs. Cowles have each selected a group of styles as their particular choice. Each group is beautifully posed and featured, together with portraits of the actresses in their favorite roles!



### Miss VIVIAN TOBIN

Star of "Take My Advice" also "The Nervous Wreck", "Applesauce" "The Grand Duke" and many other well known Broadway successes.

"I am really delighted with the lovely frocks and coats the Hamilton Garment Co. have selected for their Style Magazines for Spring. Their prices are very low indeed! One little dress in particular which they are selling for \$9.95, I am sure I could not purchase elsewhere for less than \$15."

*Vivian Tobin*

## You will surely want to see the beautiful styles these Modish Women have selected—

In addition to the frocks and coats they have chosen, there are more than three hundred other styles attractively posed on living models!

Modish interpretations of the smart Dress, Travel and Sports Coats as low as \$5.95 . . . Silk and Cloth Dresses as low as \$4.98 . . . Twill and Tweed Suits as low as \$9.95 . . . the new Hats . . . Shoes . . . Boys' Clothing . . . Underwear, in fact everything for the whole family!

All delightfully chic . . . decidedly new . . . amazingly low priced!

Miss Ralston says:—"I have selected a coat, a dress and chic double breasted suit which I think are very stylish and becoming. After comparing this merchandise with similar garments in the shops, I feel sure they could not be purchased for from five to ten dollars more."

*Esther Ralston*

You will save at least \$5.00 and perhaps \$10.00 . . . for you are buying direct from the manufacturer at little more than wholesale prices!

You will be sure of the style . . . for Hamiltons, in their store on Fifth Avenue, include among their smart clientele, the most stylishly dressed New York women!

You may be equally sure of the quality . . . for Hamilton's high standard is widely known . . . we never reduce the quality for a low price!

### Mrs. EDWARD S. COWLES

formerly Miss Nona Gibbs McAdoo, daughter of William Gibbs McAdoo, prominent society leader and proprietor of the smart shop "chez Ninon", 500 Madison Ave.,

"I am amazed at the values the Hamilton Garment Co. are offering in their new Spring and Summer Style Book! And such smart styles, too,—not only the dresses and coats but also the millinery, shoes and other dress accessories."

*Nona M. Cowles*

The purpose of this advertisement is to urge you to send for your free copy of the Hamilton Catalogue. Even if you need nothing at present—  
**SEND TO-  
DAY—  
IT'S  
FREE!**



### Hamilton Garment Co.

Dept. B2, 114-116 Fifth Avenue, New York City

GENTLEMEN: Please send me FREE your Catalogue of new Fifth Avenue Styles for Spring.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

## HAMILTON GARMENT CO.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT B2, 114-116 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Ill at ease . . . at her own dinner table*

## Embarrassed by Dishpan Hands

"Dick's 'chief' was pleasant and friendly, but I knew that he had the fastidious standards of a man of culture and wealth. And I was so eager, as Dick's wife, to meet those standards.

"It was a little thing which upset me—just the merest change of expression on his face . . . I was pouring coffee, and for the fraction of a second his glance had rested on my hands.

"I knew my hands looked red and rough from housework and dishes—and knew he had noticed them . . . I became self-conscious, ill at ease. Foolishly, perhaps, I felt the evening was a failure.

"Now I know how needless it was. Since I have been using Lux for dishwashing, for all cleansing my hands have to do—my hands are soft and smooth and white. I'm never em-

barrassed now by 'dishpan' hands."

So many soaps—whether flakes, chips, or cakes—contain harmful alkali which dries up the skin, aging and coarsening it.

There is no injurious alkali in Lux! Made by a remarkable process—Lux actually soothes the skin, leaves it a little whiter and softer than before.\*

Dissolving *instantly*, before you ever put your hands in, a little Lux foams up into a mountain of suds—so rich, so cleansing, the dishes seem almost to wash themselves!

The big package of Lux washes six weeks' dishes! Lovely hands for so small a price!

\*Many beauty parlors use Lux in manicuring the nails, to soften and whiten the fingers.

*Lux keeps lovely the hands that wash dishes*



Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 66]

a mistake about men," she had once confided to Emmy. "Someday I'll meet a man who's real, and I'll marry him so fast it will make his head swim!" She had inherited the what-I-want-I-take trait that had built up the Pentland fortune.

She was looking up into Robb Hollis' eyes now, almost as if she were seeing him for the first time. Then she turned and spoke to Emmy.

"Why not bring this good-looking thing with you when you come to see me, Babe?" she said.

A pang of jealousy that was like bodily pain went through Emmy.

"Oh, I don't have much time to go visiting, myself, these days, Marianna," she said, "I'm pretty busy down town, you know."

Marianna gave her a kiss that smelled of orchid perfume, rice powder and Turkish cigarettes.

"Yes, I suppose that's true," she said. "But don't be busy next Friday afternoon. I'm going to have the old Friday Club at the house to give Cassie Sears a linen-shower—and I wanted you to sing after we finish our bridge game."

Every now and then, throughout the years, Grandmother Pentland had felt that she ought to do something kind for Emmy. And one of the kind things she had done was to enroll her in the Friday Dancing Class at the Colonial Club ten years before. The Friday Dancing Class had become the Friday Club later on, when it had given up toe-dancing and learned to play bridge instead. It met only rarely now, but Emmy was still a member of it.

"I can't come for lunch, Marianna," she said slowly, "or for bridge, either. But if you want me to sing, I think I can get there by half-past four."

Marianna nodded, and her black eyes slewed around to Robb's face. "Isn't that your car standing in front of the house?"

He admitted that it was.

"I'll let you take me for a ride in it, if you'll call me up some rainy afternoon," she said and laughed. "You don't mind, do you, Emmy?"

"I don't mind at all!" Emmy answered as airily as she could, but it hurt her all over to stand there and listen to Marianna make an engagement with him . . . She was very certain that she was not the least bit in love with Robb Hollis. But she liked him tremendously, and he was the only real friend she had outside of her own family.

"I'm not so sure of that, but I'm glad to hear it anyway," and Marianna took a cigarette from a black-enamel case, stood very close to Robb while he held a match to it, and then started across the grass to her car.

"Now, don't forget to come on Friday, Babe!" she called in her soft clear voice as she started her motor. "And, Robb, don't you forget what I said just now!"

She drove away into the deepening twilight, leaving a dead silence behind her under the sycamore tree.

Emmy stooped and picked up the dress box from the grass where she had tossed it. Robb stood, hands in pockets, watching her.

"Well, are you going to take Marianna for a drive?" she asked at last, trying to make her voice sound careless and off-hand.

It was quite dark under the leafy drooping branches of the sycamore tree by this time.

"Would you care if I did take her?" Robb's voice came husky and vibrant from the soft gloom as he came and stood beside Emmy. "Would you care—or wouldn't you?"

She turned, trembling suddenly from head to feet, and tried to think of an answer for him.

But she couldn't. She could hear nothing but the blood humming in her ears,

and she could feel only the pulses hammering in her throat and temples. She swayed toward him ever such a little, knowing for the first time the aching wish of a woman to have a man's arms around her—not just any man's arms—Robb's arms. Her hand touched his in the darkness under the old tree.

Suddenly he threw away his cigarette. His mouth found Emmy's lifted face, and he kissed her. His arms went around her, holding her close to him, pressing her straight slender body against his own clean young straightness. He kissed her again and again, reverently, awkwardly.

"Emmy," he said, his voice hoarse and shaken, "you know I wouldn't do this if I didn't love you. You know I love you, Emmy."

And she nodded, her eyes wide and starry in the darkness.

The little backyard sent up its flowery scents as the dew fell upon it. Never again, so long as she lived, was any place to give Emmy the sense of space and enchantment that the little garden gave to her that moonless night. And not only the garden, but the whole face of the world had changed for her in that moment—Life itself had become magic.

"I love you, too, Robb," she tried to say, her face against his. But she was shy of the word.

"My girl?—All mine."

"All yours." She could say that.

"Always?"

"Always."

Afterward she remembered how she said that—as if it were a vow, a promise not to be broken.

"Emmy! Emmy!" called Mr. Milburn from the back door of the house.

Emmy gave a violent start.

Her arms slipped from Robb's shoulders. She pushed him from her and ran to her father.

"Here I am. What do you want?" she asked him breathlessly.

He handed her a half-dollar.

"I want you to go down to the drug-store and telephone for a taxicab," he said. "Tell them to hurry up—a yellow cab, you know."

Emmy flew back to Robb, still standing under the sycamore.

"Want to walk down to the corner with me?" she said to him in an ordinary voice.

The moment of magic and wild eager happiness was over. The backyard was just the little backyard to Emmy again. Flower Street was just Flower Street, squalid and ugly as ever—and she was walking down it with Robb to call a taxicab for her father, who evidently had Saturday night plans of his own.

ON Friday afternoon Emmy walked up the wide stone steps of the old Pentland house on old East Prospect Street.

Matthew, who had worked for her grandmother for more years than Emmy had been alive, opened the door for her, his teeth shining in welcome.

"I'll go right upstairs, Matthew," Emmy told him, "to Miss Marianna's room."

Grandmother Pentland's house was very old-fashioned, very imposing and very gloomy. Whenever Emmy stepped into it she felt as if she had stepped straight into the pages of *Bleak House* or *Jane Eyre*.

The only cheerful room was Marianna's bedroom—a round tower room on the sunny side of the house. It was all rose-patterned chintz and ivory white furniture. The bed was a small sea of silk cushions. Between the windows was a powder table, loaded with Marianna's perfumes, her lipsticks, her specially-blended face powder, her jars of mascara.

Emmy took off her hat and went downstairs. Eleven girls were sitting around a big round lace-spread table, drinking tea, eating sandwiches and smoking cigarettes.

They all looked up [Turn to page 72]



# DOES YOUR CHILD PRESENT

## 1 of These 3

## Disturbing Tendencies

*That everything you do fails to overcome?*



NERVOUSNESS



NO APPETITE



UNDERWEIGHT

**N**OW it has been discovered that the three most common weaknesses of tens of thousands of children, nervousness, no appetite, undernormal weight, are largely correctable—without the use of drugs or medicine.

Important and far-reaching discoveries have been made in Switzerland—the nation from which the world's probably most important discoveries in child development have emanated—that throw an entirely new light on those situations.

Those discoveries, have now been tested for years throughout England, Europe and America, in hos-

*"It Made My Boy Over"*



*"It was almost impossible to make my boy eat. Then I started to give him Ovaltine, a cup at night and in the afternoon. He loved it at once. He began to eat like a trooper, put on solid flesh, had world's of pep and slept soundly all night. Now he is the huskiest boy in the block and leads in play."*

Mrs. F. J. S.  
(name on request)

*"I was advised to try Ovaltine . . . she loved the drink at once—and the change was almost magical. She gained 4 pounds in 4 weeks, sleeps better and looks and acts like a different child."*

Mrs. R. E. F. (name on request)

### Then Accept 3-Day Test

of this Unique Swiss Food-Drink Discovery of a Prominent Swiss Scientist that Thousands of American Doctors and Scores of Public Schools are Employing—with remarkable results

pitals, homes and schools, with results that in many instances establish entirely new theories on child development; mental and physical.

It has been discovered that the improper digestion of starches from foods eaten by children is responsible, to an amazing extent, for thousands of under-par children's conditions. And a food has been discovered that has the remarkable property of converting starches into weight and energy.

Thousands of American doctors are now employing this method. Scores of public schools have adopted it. Child Welfare Stations throughout the United States are employing it. Now a 3-day test is being offered to parents.

### Not a Medicine—a Food-Drink

Those discoveries are embodied in a Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. A food-drink different in result, composition, and action from all others. A food-drink not to be confused with chocolate or malt preparations, which have been made to look and taste like Ovaltine.

Ovaltine acts first to turn into strength and energy with extreme rapidity. A single cup has twelve times the caloric value of 12 full cups of beef extract. Consider what this means. A child's nourishment must be con-

*"My Little Girl Gained 4 Pounds in 4 Weeks"*



centrated and quickly digested for best results—results, often almost unbelievable, in quick gain of weight, in convalescence, after colds, etc.

### Converts Starches Into Weight and Energy

Over 50% of the average normal diet of a child consists of starches; starches in oatmeal, cereals, bread and vegetables. These starches are often undigested, thus often virtually lost.

Now above all things Ovaltine acts to convert those starches—starches from other foods eaten—quickly into weight and energy.

This marks one of science's most important discoveries. For most children, according to high scientific findings, are in under-par conditions largely because the starchy foods they eat are not being properly digested and assimilated. Ovaltine acts to convert those foods into strength, often with quick and remarkable results.

### A Drink Children Love

Children drink Ovaltine because they like it. It is a superlatively delicious food-drink—not a medicine. It digests when practically no other food will digest.

You serve it, hot or cold as the child prefers, as a drink. Mixed with milk it greatly increases both the food value and digestibility of the milk.

You give it during the day—with meals and between meals. You give it at night, for it promotes restful sleep—the sleep that brings buoyant days tomorrow.

Throughout the civilized world, these facts are being proved in thousands of instances.

### Send the Coupon

Prove those facts to yourself by mailing the coupon for a 3-day test. You will probably note a change in even that short a time.

Your child will pick up weight almost instantly. The appetite will improve. Better color will come to the cheeks. The mind will be more active and alert. Results will be marked and noticeable to you.

### Mail for 3-Day Supply



THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. L-5  
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. Print name and address clearly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(One package to a person)

**OVALTINE**

A TEASPOONFUL OF INSTANT POSTUM IN THE CUP



FILL CUP WITH HOT (NOT BOILED) MILK—STIR, AND SWEETEN TO TASTE



Ready...

a hot, wholesome, nourishing drink  
that sends children skipping off to school  
full of life and spirit

INSTANT POSTUM made with milk contains no trace of the artificial stimulants that make many hot drinks bad for children. It is a drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk. A drink with a delightful flavor that appeals to children—even children who don't like milk alone. And it's made so easily!

Thousands upon thousands of mothers serve this wholesome drink to their children every morning. Schools, too, have taken it up and made it part of the noon-day lunch. Now you try it. Serve it to your children at breakfast tomorrow. And try it yourself at the same time!

Better still, make Postum your meal-time drink for thirty days. Then you can test its value fully. Postum can't interfere with sleep, doesn't excite the nerves or cause indigestion, as caffeine beverages do.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start this 30-day test.



Carrie Blanchard's offer  
"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test."

"For Postum made with milk, you will need Instant Postum, the soluble form made instantly in the cup. For Postum made in the usual way, with water, you can use either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. Just indicate on the coupon which kind of Postum you prefer."

"If you wish to begin the 30-day test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED,  
Battle Creek, Mich.  
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum.  
Please send me, without cost or obligation, one  
week's supply of  
INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which you  
(prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ prefer  
POSTUM CEREAL ☐  
(prepared by boiling)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

## THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 70]

as Emmy, in Marianna's red crepe dress, pushed aside the curtains and came across the room toward them. Marianna flung down her napkin and rushed to her, kissing her warmly.

"Oh, you darling! You did come!" she said, "We were just giving you up. Sit here—" She made a place for her between herself and Lola Sinclair.

Emmy smiled at all the familiar friendly faces under dashing little hats pulled far down over close-shingled heads. She felt very dowdy in the old red crepe and with her long hair braided around her head.

Lola Sinclair, turned a little blond face with innocent blue eyes upon her. "Emmy, is that your brother who works for Upstill and Unger, the advertising firm?"

Emmy nodded.  
"I met him the other day," Lola's little silvery voice ran on. "Upstill and Unger do our advertising, and he was up in our office. I was trying to drag some money out of my dad." She sighed, pushing a cigarette box toward Emmy. "Have a fag?"

"No thanks." Emmy shook her head with firm refusal.  
"Well, your brother is certainly a hot zizzer—I'm just mad about him."

"Yes, Lola, but you're always mad about somebody, so that makes no-never-mind," Marianna told her blighting. "If you really want to see somebody, though, you want to see Emmy's boy friend—"

Emmy pushed back her chair and stood up. "What do you want me to sing—'Twickenham Ferry'?"

"Oh, no, none of those old love-sick wheezes, please!" sang out Cassie Sears. "Give us something with a little pep please!"

"Sing I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight," Lola called, and Emmy sang it. Her lovely voice gave the meaningless words of the silly little song-bit a meaning that never had been written into it. Perhaps it was because she was thinking of Robb as she sang it. . . . She had been thinking of him almost every minute since the Saturday night before, when they had found each other in the darkness under the sycamore tree.

Then she sang the *Indian Love Call* for them, and after that *Johnny McCree*. They clapped their hands politely, but it was perfectly plain to Emmy that they liked the ragtime much better.

She sat down and had more tea, and more anchovy-and-lettuce sandwiches. The girls talked and laughed. Jokes flew back and forth across the table, and names of people and places that Emmy did not know.

"Nonnie hasn't taken a table for the charity bridge. She hates to spend a dollar . . ."

"Cassie, the news is that you and Ted are going to Bermuda on your honeymoon. Is that true?"

"Oh, I don't know. We're going some place where we can get Baccardi cocktails, Ted says. We'd thought of Nassau . . ."

Emmy felt dreadfully out of it all as she listened. These girls who had been her friends during the early years of girlhood were almost strangers to her now. They had their Friday musicales, their finishing-school reunions, their shopping jaunts—all their careless expensive good times. And she had nothing but Flower Street and that cruellest kind of poverty—that of the poor relation of a rich family.

"I want to have a luncheon for you, Cassie," little Lola Sinclair was saying close beside her. "Tell me what free days you have between now and the day you're going to be married. How about next Friday?"

She turned to Emmy and laid her soft boneless little hand with its tobacco-stained fingers, upon hers. "You can come, too, can't you?" she asked. "I want you particularly." It came to Emmy in a rush that she was asking her simply because

she had seen Perry in the offices of the Sinclair Soap Company and had liked his looks.

On the high mantel-piece the ornate Sevres clock struck the chiming note of half-past five.

Half-past five! A mile away the woolen-mill whistle was blowing, and men were hurrying down Flower Street, their lunch boxes under their arms. The ground under the little yellow house was shaking as the flier roared along the tracks on its way to New York.

Suddenly a wall higher than the wall around Troy Town reared itself between her and the girls who lounged there in the big high-ceilinged room with its mid-Victorian comfort. Yet her own mother had known this room from her earliest babyhood, had been brought up here in this enormous old red-brick house, and Rosetta and Matt-hew had waited upon her. . . . It seemed almost unbelievable.

How very much her mother must have loved her father, she thought, to give

up this soft effortless life. To settle down with him among the staring factory windows, the huddled little houses of Flower Street.

"I never could have had the courage to do it," she said to herself.

Then, all at once, it flashed across her brain that that was exactly what she herself would do if she married Robb Hollis!

She jumped up from her chair. "I'm going to run up and say 'Hello' to Grandmother," she said quietly to Marianna.

"I ought to have some kind of a party for Cassie," she told Grandmother Pentland as she sat facing her before the flickering wood-fire in her rich, gloomy sitting room.

Grandmother Pentland gave a sarcastic little laugh. "It's very funny to me—all this party giving for Tom Sears' daughter," she said acidly. "I can well remember the time when he was a dock-walloper right down here on the Cuyahoga River."

She had a stiff face, always, for the newly rich. Her own family was already old in this young America of ours.

"Why, yes, Emmy—I suppose you ought to give Cassie some kind of a party if everybody else is doing it," she went on, "I like you to keep in touch with your own kind of people."

Then she had one of those sudden rare outbursts of generosity of hers. "Would you like to have a lunch-bridge or a tea right here in the house, where Matthew and Rosetta could see to everything?" she asked, and the gray twilights fled instantly from Emmy's eyes. She put her arms around her grandmother's shoulders and pressed her firm cheek against the sawn one.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" she asked happily. "If you only knew how I've been hating the thought of those girls coming to Flower Street again!—May I run down and ask them for the first Saturday in November, then? Saturday's my only day, you know."

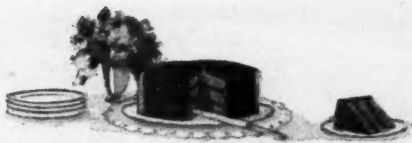
They all said they could come, and Emmy said good-by to them feeling as if she were one of them, after all. Her heartache dropped away from her, and in its place came a hard determination to keep her place among them. As her grandmother had just said, they were her "own kind of people."

ROBB'S car stood in the darkness of Prospect Street looking curiously shabby and out-of-date against the well-kept lawns across the road.

And Robb, himself, was looking his very worst that afternoon. He had come straight from the mill in a hurry, and he was wearing the cap, the blue shirt, the old working suit that Emmy hated to see him in.

"Step on the gas!—Let's get away before anyone sees us!" [Turn to page 75]





# The newest thing in baking!

## "Kitchen-tested" Recipes with "Kitchen-tested" Flour

By BETTY CROCKER  
Renowned Cooking Expert

No matter whether you are an expert cook or a less fortunate one, I believe all women have one thing in common. You have all had some dainty dish turn out badly at a crucial time.

And the chances are nine out of ten that you have never solved the real reason for the mistake.

For it is only recently that chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that flour was 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the same brand of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time!

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-tested" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.



This means one flour for all your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

### Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white

ONE view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is "Kitchen-tested" before it goes to you—and where we create many new and delightful "Kitchen-tested" Recipes which are rapidly becoming recognized standards

flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

### Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

### Special Offer "Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only \$1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer good only if you live in the United States.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send you selected samples—FREE. Check and mail coupon for whichever desired.



Betty Crocker



Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" recipes over your favorite radio station.

**A staunch user!** "I have used Gold Medal 'Kitchen-tested' Flour over a year and always have good luck with all my baking. Have interested a friend in it and she likes it very much."  
MRS. THEBA DAVIS,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

**I must tell you!** "I must not forget to tell you how surprised my friends are to think what delicious cakes can be baked with Gold Medal 'Kitchen-tested' Flour."  
MRS. J. DECKER,  
St. Louis, Mo.

**Buys 50 lb. sacks!** "I like Gold Medal 'Kitchen-tested' Flour. I buy the 50 pound sacks and have good luck with all my baking. I tell my friends what good work it does."  
MRS. M. KRISTOFF,  
Chicago, Ill.

## GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS



## Kitchen-tested

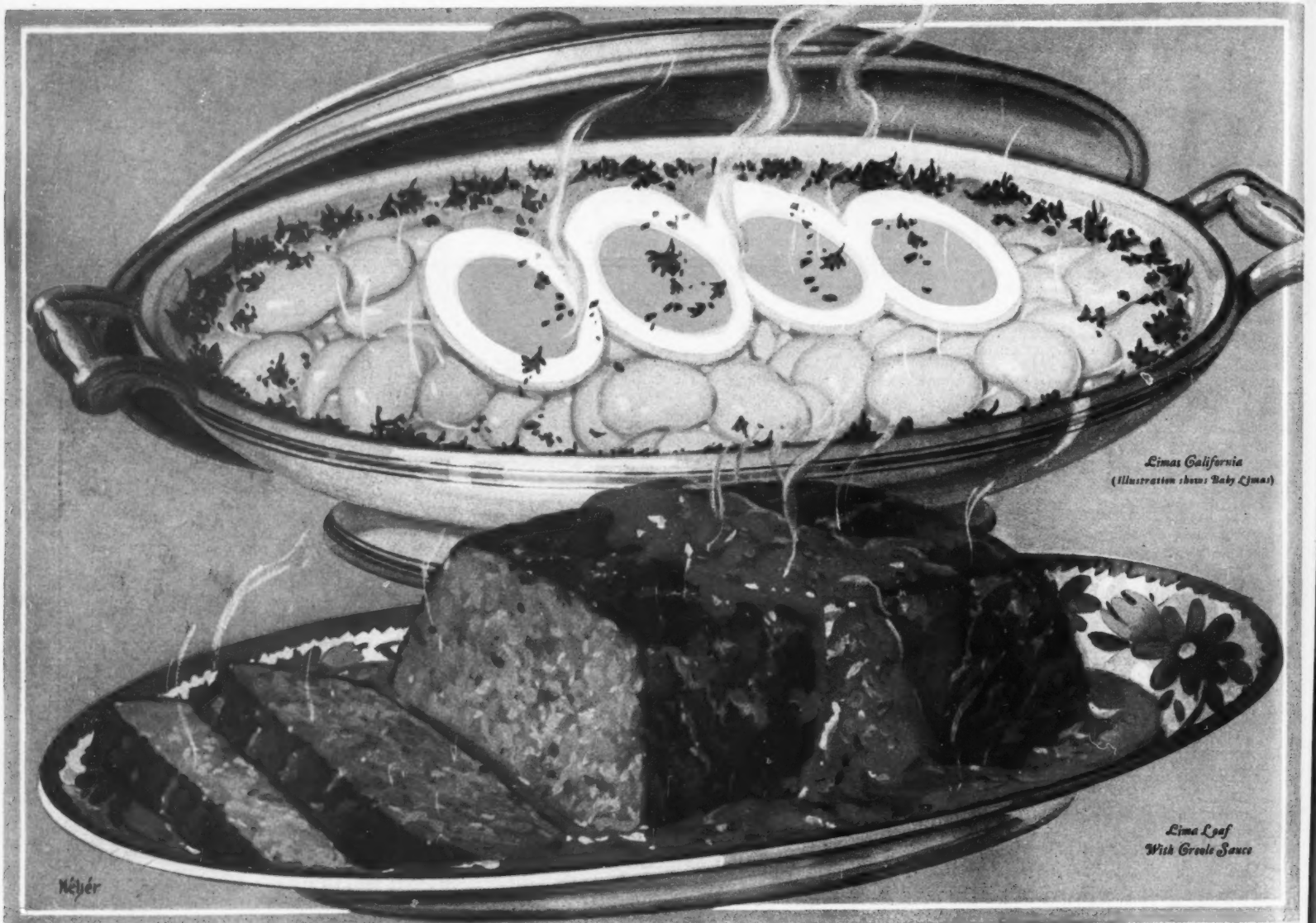
MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS  
CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE  
GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN

Send coupon now  
A new delight awaits you  
MISS BETTY CROCKER  
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.  
Dept. 309, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes free.)  
☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

Copyr. 1927. Washburn Crosby Company



Limas California  
(Illustration shows Baby Limas)

Lima Loaf  
With Creole Sauce

## Variety is the Life of a menu - Flavor is the Spice

And here's a tender delicious vegetable that gives you both  
~ economically

You'll find California Limas "just fit" on so many occasions—for relieving variety, appetizing flavor and satisfying goodness. Illustrated are four of many tempting dishes, easily prepared.

This matchless year-round vegetable is easy to prepare—far easier than most vegetables you use. No peeling, scraping, cutting, nor hulling is required. Simply cover Limas with water at breakfast. When it's time to prepare dinner, they're ready for

any recipe you desire. Cook up an *extra cupful*—to be put away to cool. That saves more time and work. For those extra Limas make tomorrow's luncheon soup or salad!

Every delicious Lima dish is a healthful dish, too. Limas supply proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Besides, Limas are one of the highest alkaline-ash foods. Dietitians recommend them as an excellent help to offset the acid-ash resulting from many staple foods, thus combating those acid conditions of the body—usually known as some form of acidosis. Limas help maintain a balanced, more healthful diet.

Everywhere California Limas are reasonable in cost—either Large or Baby Limas. They *keep*, too, so buy them at quantity prices. And for extra fancy quality ask for SEASIDE California Limas.

### Try These Tempting Lima Dishes

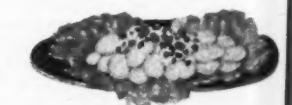
**BASIC RECIPE:** To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried California Limas, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender—about 30 min. Add salt after 20 min. cooking. (This basic recipe applies to either Large or Baby Limas.)

#### BABY LIMAS, CALIFORNIA

Heat 2 cups cooked Baby Limas in double boiler. Cream 2 tbsp. butter, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. pepper, 1 tbsp. lemon juice and 1 beaten egg. Mix well, add hot water; pour over beans. Cook over hot water until creamy. Turn into hot vegetable dish. Slice lengthwise 1 hard cooked egg and arrange over top of beans. Sprinkle chopped parsley border around dish.

#### LIMA LOAF, CREOLE SAUCE

Put 1 cup soaked Limas in saucepan with 4 cups water, 1 small onion sliced,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt, 1 clove,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. thyme and 1 bay leaf. Cook until beans are tender and water almost evaporated. Force beans through food chopper. Add 1 cup stale bread crumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato catsup, 1 pimiento cut in strips; salt and pepper to taste. Shape in bread pan. Turn



out into cake pan, sprinkle with dry bread crumbs. Bake 45 minutes, moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Serve with Creole Sauce. **Creole Sauce:** Melt 1 tbsp. butter, add 1 tbsp. flour. When brown add 1 cup tomatoes, 1 sliced onion. Cook until thick. Strain, reheat with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped green pepper, and salt to taste.

#### LIMA-BEET SALAD

Cool 1 cup cooked California Limas. Mix with 2 tbsp. minced Spanish onions and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced cooked beets. Arrange on lettuce leaves, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

#### Send for This Free Book

For food facts about California Limas, send for free book, "How Ten Food Editors Serve California Limas." Address Department 39, California Lima Bean Growers Ass'n, Oxnard, California



#### CALIFORNIA LIMAS EN CASSEROLE

Take 2 cups cooked California Limas, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pimiento chopped fine and 6 thin slices of bacon, cooked until crisp. Cut cooked bacon into small pieces. Place a layer of Limas in a buttered casserole; sprinkle with salt, flour, bacon and pimiento. Repeat until casserole is filled. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 30 minutes, or until the milk is all absorbed. Serve from the casserole, garnishing top of beans with strips of crisp fried bacon and strips of pimiento.

# California Limas

THE BEANS WITH THE NUT-LIKE FLAVOR



# THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 72]

She blurted out to him before she knew what she was saying. As she spoke the door of the red brick house swung open, and Lola Sinclair came down the walk between the two iron stags on the front lawn.

Robb did "step on it." He laughed good-naturedly as they got away to a racing start. "Afraid your friends will see the old 'struggle buggy' in all its glory?" he asked.

"I don't want them to see you—in those clothes," Emmy told him in a cool flat voice. "Marianna's been raving about you all afternoon, and they'd think she'd lost her mind if they saw you now in that awful shirt and tie!"

She knew she had hurt him. She could see his mouth twist bitterly and his jaw harden.

"I'm sorry, Emmy. I didn't have time to change," he said, "I was afraid I wouldn't be here on time unless I came straight from the mill. You said six sharp."

He turned his head and gave her a quick look. "Emmy, what's the matter with you tonight?"

"Why—nothing."

He swung the little car into old Genessee Street. "Let's go down and look at the lake for a minute."

Down between the groves of white birches and the green slopes of Rockefeller Park and Gordon Park the road wound to the lake.

At the top of the hill the road narrowed and here Robb stopped his car and shut off his motor. Then, without a word, he turned in the seat and took Emmy in his arms. His mouth brushed her cheek as she jerked her head away from him.

"Don't Robb!" She did not want to hurt him. There was nothing in her heart for him but an immense tenderness that was half pity . . . But wasn't this the best way of letting him know all the things she had been figuring out for herself this afternoon?

"What's the matter?" he asked again. "Don't you—Don't you want me to touch you any more, Emmy?"

She shook her head, leaning far back into the corner of the seat. She put up her hands and wrenched his hands away from her.

"No." She let him have it.

He sat that way for a long time, without moving a muscle, while Emmy watched him.

"But what about last Saturday?" he asked at last, as if he had been trying to piece the two nights together—that one and this one. "You told me last Saturday night you were my girl. I thought you meant that you were my girl. I thought you meant that you loved me enough to marry me. You don't, do you?"

She told him with a terrible directness. "I love you, but I don't love you enough, I guess, Robb," she said. "I've been thinking things over, and I've made up my mind that I don't love anybody enough to spend all my life in Flower Street the way my mother has."

He took what she said in silence, his eyes fixed blindly on the lake and the far gray sky again.

"Well, all right! That's all there is to that, then!" was what he said finally. "I think I see what you mean, Emmy . . . You can't stand me because I have grease on my hands and oil on my clothes. You want a white-collar man—and I may be one. But it will take time."

"No—no—I don't want any man!" Emmy did not cry easily, but now, for no reason at all, she burst into tears.

Robb started his struggle-buggy and it sped like a racing-car all the way home.

"Don't be cross with me, Robb!" Emmy said when it came to a stop before the little yellow house. "I'm only eighteen anyway, and I haven't any business thinking about getting married for a long time." She laid her hand on his. It was hard to steel her heart against him.

He turned a face like white flint upon her. "Good-by," he said.

She did not see him again for a long time.

[Continued in MARCH McCALL'S]

## PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 27]

Jeems not only hope, but shock. These savages were from Chenusio, the *hidden town*—a place which even the adventurous Hepsibah Adams had looked upon as in another world. *Hidden Town!* The mysterious Secret Place of the Seneca nation! It was a vast distance away, first beyond the country of the Onedias, then the Onondagas, and then the Cayugas. A land which touched Lake Ontario on one side and Lake Erie on the other, with the Great Falls of which he had heard roaring between the two.

Shindas spoke again. "Tiaoga, my uncle, who is a great captain, is not as bad as he looks. A Mohawk cut him like that in a quarrel when he was a boy. But he will keep his word. He will kill the little fawn who is with you if her limbs fail her."

Jeems looked from his friend to Toinette. She had approached the fierce old warrior and was smiling into his face, her eyes aglow with confidence as she pointed to her ragged shoes. For a moment Tiaoga repulsed her advance with stoical indifference. Then his eyes shifted to her feet. But he revealed no evidence of an intention to better their condition as he turned and gave a command which quickly put a prisoner's throng of buckskin around Jeems neck and relieved him of his bow.

Down into the valley and through the forest the long, grim march began.

Something had been said to Shindas as they gathered for the trail and when the two runners overtook them from Lussan's place and Tiaoga paused with his hand to hear their story, the young Seneca gave to Jeems a pair of moccasins which he had taken from the bundle at his side. Jeems knelt at Toinette's feet with these clumsily large but more dependable traveling gear.

The two braves had returned with the white man's scalp and the broken arrow that had killed him. Tiaoga's rocklike countenance changed slightly and he regarded Jeems' bow with new interest. It

was not an unusual bow and again he expressed his doubt that a white youth could send a shaft through the thickness of a man with it. He strung the weapon and fitted it, then turned to Shindas.

"Let him show us what he can do, Broken-Feather," he said, still taunting his nephew for the disgrace which had befallen his war-tuft. "You, who are so proud of your skill, shoot with him!"

Jeems had risen from his task of binding the oversized moccasins about Toinette's small feet and took the bow which Shindas proffered him. Then he swung his quiver over his shoulder so that other arrows would be ready and looked about him for a mark. He pointed to a fire-blackened stub six feet high not less than a hundred and fifty yards away and fired a shaft which fell twenty paces short. Thus measuring the distance and finding his point of aim, he sent four other arrows, one after another, so swiftly that the first gray streak had scarcely thrown a cloud of black char from the top of the stub before his final shaft had left the bowstring. Two of the arrows struck the stub, a third shattered itself against a rock at its base and the fourth whistled past it waist-high and a foot to the right, in which direction the wind was blowing.

It was Toinette who gave a glad cry as she looked at the unperturbed face of the Seneca chief. When he turned he gazed at her and not at the one who had done the shooting, and found her smiling at him again in such a fearless and amiable way, as if she already counted him her friend, that he turned to Shindas with a leer, which, under other conditions, would have covered nothing short of murder.

"You need not shoot, Broken-Feather," he exclaimed. "You are beaten before you start and I would not see you more deeply disgraced. This youth will make a Seneca who will more than equal you. He shall go with us and in turn for his brotherhood we will take the [Turn to page 76]

# New Molasses Wafers—thin—delectable



Lace Molasses Wafers  
(see recipe below)

Brandy Snaps—dainty, delicious! The recipe is in the free cook book offered below

YOU'LL never have enough of these fragile, lacy little wafers. Brer Rabbit Molasses gives them just the right delicious touch of sweetness—the teasing flavor of the old-time plantation molasses you have always loved.

And you can gaily eat as many as you want—for Brer Rabbit sweets are actually good for you. Brer Rabbit Molasses retains all the iron and lime of the sugar cane—two food elements we all need.

Give the children plenty of molasses foods. For molasses is the wholesome way to satisfy that craving for sweets all normal children have. And they adore its fragrance, its tantalizing sugar cane taste.

The free Brer Rabbit Recipe Book contains many new, quick recipes for delicious desserts, bread, candies and cookies—and the wonderful old Southern dishes, too. Send for your copy today.

### Lace Molasses Wafers

Slowly heat to boiling point 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter. Boil one minute, then remove from fire. Add 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon soda sifted together. Stir well. Set pan in vessel of hot water to keep batter from hardening. On buttered baking sheets or inverted dripping pans drop ¼ teaspoons of batter 3 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven until brown. Cool slightly, then lift off carefully with thin knife.

## Brer Rabbit Molasses

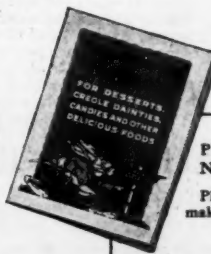
In two grades: Gold Label—highest quality light molasses for the table and fancy cooking. Green Label—darker, with a stronger flavor.

Mail this coupon today

FREE!

NEW RECIPE BOOKLET

Many new recipes—delicious and wholesome—in this latest Brer Rabbit Booklet! Send for your copy.



PENICK & FORD, Dept. M-34  
New Orleans, La.

Please send me the free book of new and easy-to-make recipes for using Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## These two famous products—



## All your skin needs for a scientific facial—

**WOMEN** who have had to spend a great deal of time and money in beauty salons for scientific facial treatments will be grateful for the simple new home beauty treatment that Daggett & Ramsdell have perfected.

It calls for just two products—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Yet this simple cream-and-tonic combination gives you everything that the more elaborate treatments offer. The cold cream, used as a cleansing massage, keeps the contour and texture of the face youthful. Vivatone, the new skin tonic, refines the pores, stimulates tired muscles, helps banish tell-tale lines, and gives the skin a glowing freshness. Used after the daily Perfect Cold Cream massage, it removes any surplus cream left in the pores, and leaves the skin in perfect condition for make-up.



Saturate a pad of absorbent cotton with Vivatone and apply to the face and neck, using a rotary motion. This will remove any excess cold cream and close the pores. Let it dry before applying powder.

As soon as you feel its delightful cool tingle, fatigue seems to vanish from your face, leaving it rested and invigorated. If you need a powder base, follow the facial with an application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It holds the powder evenly and gives that satiny finish! Perfect Vanishing Cream is excellent, too, for the hands. Its daily use will keep them smooth, firm

and beautiful. And don't forget the elbows! When you dress for a sleeveless gown, apply a little Perfect Vanishing Cream and dust with powder. In tubes 10c, 25c; jars 35c, 60c.

This scientific new facial treatment takes only a few minutes a day and is most inexpensive. You can get Perfect Cold Cream anywhere, in tubes and jars, priced from 10c to \$1.50. Vivatone costs 75c for a six ounce bottle.

### Introductory Offer 40c

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 40c, you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with some Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cold cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples) and a special bottle of Vivatone, in a wonderfully neat and practical container to keep in your desk, or carry in your bag. Mail coupon today. We've had so many orders for this Kit that we have enough two cent stamps to last a long time, so please send Air Mail Stamps.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**

Room 10, 214 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 40c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Perfect Clean-up Kit.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 75]

Maiden to fill the place of Silver Heels in my tepee. See that he is given the scalp which is his that he may have a feather in his tuft when we arrive." Then he spoke to Jeems: "You hear! Gather your arrows and keep them for an enemy of the Senecas!" Then to Toinette: "You are Silver Heels. She was my daughter. She is dead."

No flash of emotion, no softening of his features, no sign of friendship crossed the chieftain's countenance. Once more the westward march resumed its way—a single file of soft-footed, noiseless men with a girl midway in their line—a girl who heard behind her the tread of a dog and the steps of the man she loved.

**TOINETTE** was not astonished that her fear was gone or that her anguish because of the loss of her father was relieved. The savages no longer frightened her though at least half of them carried in their belts the little hoops of hickory or alder on which were stretched the still undried trophies of their success on the war-path. She traveled easily in her moccasins. Shindas' eyes gleamed with satisfaction when he measured how lightly Toinette was following those ahead of her. He fell in close to Jeems and the two talked in low tones. A bit at a time Jeems heard strange things from Shindas' lips and was anxious for an opportunity to tell Toinette of the young warrior's confidences.

The Indians had been traveling since dawn and at noon they stopped for their first meal of the day. From his provision-pouch each warrior filled the hollow of one hand with coarsely crushed whole-corn meal mixed with pea-meal and a flavor of dried berry, which he ate slowly until the last crumb was gone.

Toinette kept from Jeems the fact that she was growing tired and that sharp pains had begun to shoot like needles through the overtaxed muscles of her limbs. She ate an apple and half of a turnip and Jeems brought her water in a birchbark cup from the cold stream beside which they had stopped.

After Shindas had gone he told her of the amazing adventure ahead of them. They were going to Chenusio, which Shindas had said was three hundred miles westward as the crow would fly. He concealed his fear for her as he talked. Chenusio, he explained, was the mystery-place of the wilderness, the Hidden Town to which the Senecas had been taking white prisoners for generations. Many white children must have grown up there with the savages, becoming savages themselves. Some day the governors of the Colonies would send an army of soldiers to free them. Jeems then spoke of the fortunate circumstance which had saved them. A white woman had come to Chenusio as a prisoner when Shindas was a boy. She had carried her baby all the way through the forests and it was this baby, now grown into a beautiful maiden, whom Shindas loved. Inspired by this love, Shindas had spoken in their favor outside the rocks and had asked that their lives be spared by his uncle, whose daughter, a girl of Toinette's age, had drowned while swimming in a deep pool only six months before. Tiaoga, whose wife was dead and who had no other children, had worshipped Silver Heels and had spared Toinette's life with the intention of giving her his daughter's place.

Jeems assured her this meant safety for them both. He did not tell her the darker news he had learned—that Tiaoga planned to reach the Seneca stronghold in six days and nights.

Whatever their fate was to be, this day would bring it. Jeems was sure Toinette could not keep up the pace much longer, and he strengthened himself for the moment when the Seneca chief would find himself compelled to give a decision. That Tiaoga had claimed her for his daughter gave him his hope, but if in her frailty Toinette was condemned to die he was determined that she should not die alone.

Shindas, whose place in the line was close behind his uncle, had more than one evidence that Tiaoga was pondering over

the dilemma into which the presence of the girl had placed him. When it was possible to speak to Tiaoga without being overheard, he referred subtly to the prisoner's gentleness and beauty and to her resemblance to Silver Heels and persisted until Tiaoga commanded him to hold his tongue. It was not long afterward that the warriors observed Tiaoga limping slightly. This sign of physical difficulty increased until, furious because of his weakness, he drove his hatchet head-deep into a tree and paused to bind a piece of buckskin tightly about the ankle he had wrenched. Progress was slower after this. It continued to slacken as the afternoon waned until the hand of a spiritual guidance seemed to be working for Toinette. It was useless to attempt a concealment of her condition. Her strength was gone. Her body was racked as if it had been beaten. Another mile and she would have sunk to the



ground, glad to have an end to her torture. But fate, and Tiaoga's hurt, intervened to save her. They came at last to a hardwood plain in which was a pigeon roost. It was this roost, where thousands of birds would come at sunset, that brought the Senecas to another pause.

He spoke to Shindas. "We have been a long time without meat, Broken Feather. In a few hours there will be plenty here. We will feast and then sleep and will not travel again until morning."

Then Shindas knew the truth but his countenance did not change. He soon had a chance to speak to Jeems. "For the first time I have discovered my uncle to be a great liar," he said. "His ankle is as sound as mine. It is for the little fawn he has pretended a hurt and stops here for meat. She is safe. He will not kill her."

When Jeems translated this Toinette bowed her head and cried softly. Tiaoga saw her. No one was conscious of the strain at his heart as he came toward her. He paused before the girl and dropped his beaverskin blanket at her feet. Toinette looked up through tears and smiled again, as a strange softness stole over the savage face. Tiaoga gazed at her steadily, as if he were seeing a spirit, and said:

"Shindas is right. The soul of Soi Yan Makwun has come to abide in you!"

**CHENUSIO**, the Hidden Town of the Senecas, was on the Little Seneca River seventy miles from Lake Ontario, guarded like a precious jewel on all sides, a hidden town literally as well as in name.

When the season was good Chenusio lived in comfort during the long Winter months. The granaries were full, large quantities of dried fruits were in the storehouses, and underground cellars were stocked with apples, pumpkins, potatoes and squashes. When the season was bad Chenusio drew a belt tightly about its stomach for five months of the year. For three of these months it starved.

This was a bad season. Spring frosts had killed the early vegetation and had blackened the buds of apples and plums. The corn was so poor that after roasting-time only enough was left for the next year's planting and beans and potatoes had suffered until there was less than a third of a crop. Most of the nut-trees were barren, the wild-rice had headed poorly, from strawberry time until the ripening of the small purple plums there had been little fruit to gather. Because of these things the people of Chenusio were preparing themselves for the "break-up" as the first chill nights of Autumn came.

The "break-up" was a tragic event in the life of an Indian town. It meant a shortening of rations and then, as in the case of Chenusio, a scattering of three hundred men, women and children over a vast stretch of wilderness in parties seldom larger than a single family, every unit dependent upon itself in its struggle to hold body and soul together until another Spring.

**ON** the fourteenth day Tiaoga sent a messenger ahead. That evening he sat on the ground near Toinette and Jeems translated what he [Turn to page 81]



# "Only a sore throat"

Don't ever underestimate the danger of a sore throat; if neglected, it may develop into something serious—as many know to their sorrow.

The same goes for a cold; pneumonia at this time of the year is your great enemy.

At the first sign of cold or throat irritation, use Listerine full strength as a gargle. Keep it up systematically.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease producing bacteria in mouth and throat, and halts many an ailment before it becomes dangerous.

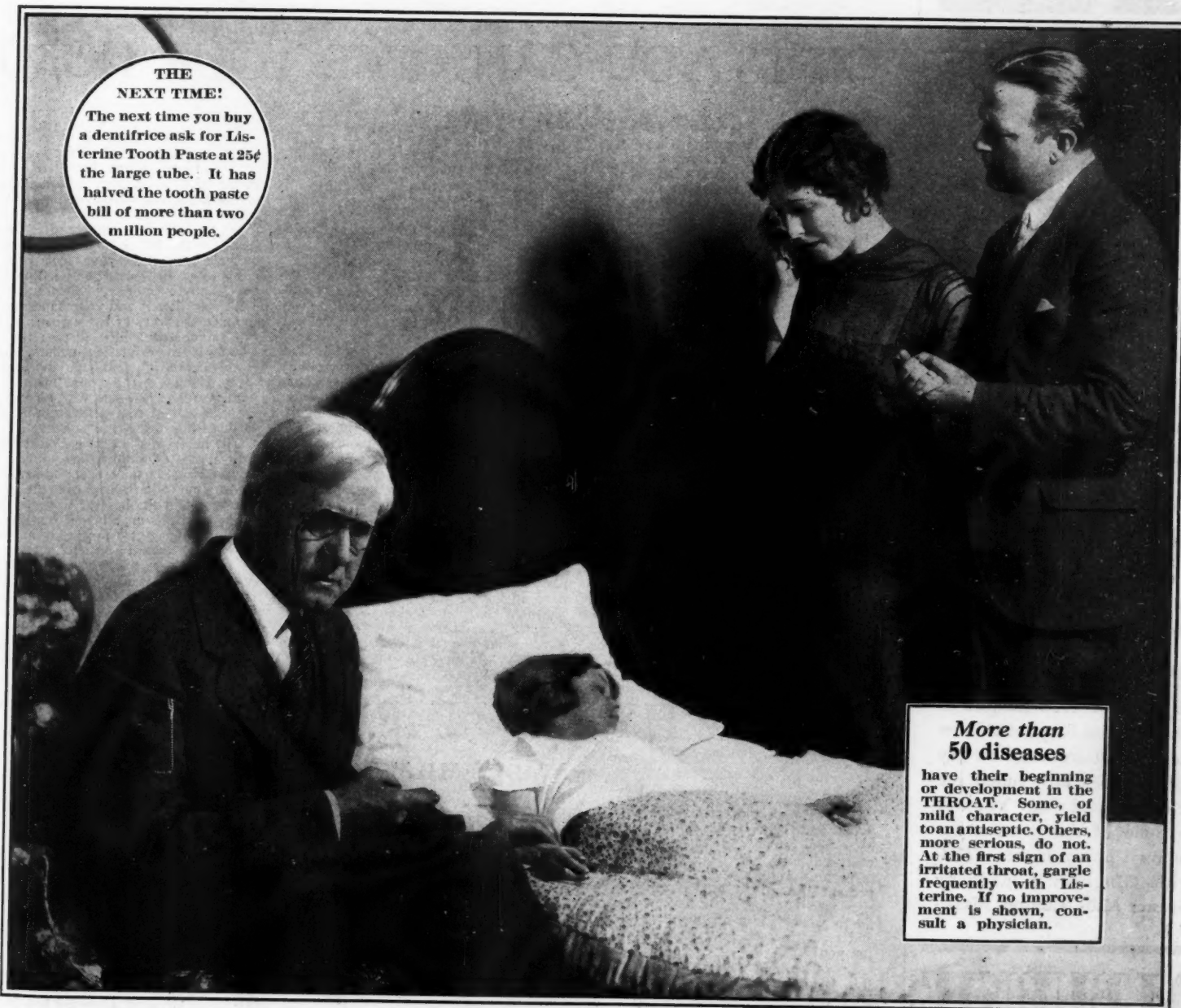
During winter weather, when you are usually subjected to poor air and sharp changes in temperature, it's a good idea to use Listerine every day as a mouth wash and gargle.

This pleasant and easy precaution may spare you a trying and painful siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## Never neglect a sore throat

### THE NEXT TIME:

The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.



### More than 50 diseases

have their beginning or development in the THROAT. Some, of mild character, yield to antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine. If no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

# LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



## For Play Days and School Days

**K**ALBURNIE Gingham is made in a wide range of patterns in the season's smartest colors, in designs especially suitable for children. The weight, weave, fast colors and low price, as well as these designs, make this gingham the choice of mothers who wish to have their growing boys and girls well and comfortably dressed for school and play. Let your children enjoy the pleasure of pretty clothes and the happiness of carefree durability, which are found in Kalburnie.

### Send for Free Samples

Send now for 1928 samples of Kalburnie. See for yourself how varied the patterns are, how gay the fast colors, how suited the fabric is for hard wear. You will like some of the patterns for your own house dresses. (Kalburnie Gingham is made by Lancaster Mills, Clinton, Mass.)

# KALBURNIE

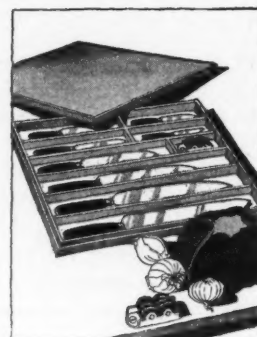
## THE CHILDREN'S GINGHAM

Amory, Browne & Co., Box 1206, Boston, Mass.  
Please send me free samples of Kalburnie, the Children's Gingham.

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name .....



## GIFTS YOU CAN GIVE YOUR HOME

BY ETHEL R. PEYSER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. ROSE

**G**IVING the house a gift is another way of giving comfort, happiness and safety to your house and to the community; for your house is but a tiny gem in the bracelet of the world.

It is quite extraordinary what some very small things will do to expedite work and hasten comfort. For example, a little ice pick whose handle works up and down, thumping the ice in *one* place, instead of chopping the ice "all over the place," with a pick which never goes back into the spot where you have previously struck it. This dear little utensil is not only easy to use, but it saves the wasteful chopping of ice, with the unsteerable older type. So here you have comfort, ease and money saving—for ice costs. A small thing, costing a few cents, but a magic joy.

While on the ice question, we urge you to consider the electric and the gas refrigerators. These can be bought with the co-operation of the family or with the chief of the home's savings. Yet, why shouldn't everyone contribute to a thing that endures and is a joy continuously to all? Yes, the initial expense is more than for the ordinary iced refrigerator, but afterwards you are rewarded, for you can go away and leave either the electric or the gas refrigerator, without having to be back to meet the ice man. As for expense; the running cost of these refrigerators (gas or electric) is about the same. Radio and

these refrigerators are only short of magic. But when you go out to buy them, buy them of concerns that are staying in business and will be on hand for servicing and installation. Investigate before buying and get a nice bundle of guarantees for your purchase. This applies to every mechanical device.

The house must be kept as fair and lovely as a woman should keep herself, and yet the home's cosmetics are often allowed to wear thin, whence decay and old age set in long before they are due. Now, the cosmetics of the house are paints, varnish and their various relatives. Oh, but you feel that painting the exterior of the house is expensive! But isn't this a chance to make up a purse, or take a general contribution.

Is the house longing for gas, where it isn't piped into its district? Well, be kind to it and ponder the tanked gas, which is possible these halcyon days. This is cleverly and simply installed and piped, and you have all the pleasure of gas cookery, and lighting. The cost is about the same as "regular municipal gas" at \$3 per thousand feet and equal to electricity at from 3 to 4 cents a kilowatt.

And there is the pedalled garbage can! No doubt you have always heard of it and never tried it. A very small outlay is invested, but how self-respecting the house feels with it! No flies bothering its atmosphere, no little dogs running after the garbage, for the lid closes automatically the moment you raise your foot from the pedal which has raised the lid. You "need not stoop to conquer," when using this. Your foot does it and your hands are free to guide the ways of the garbage into the can, rather than spill it all over the floor. The outlay here is a few dollars, but the cleanly, healthful, shipshape appearance it gives kitchen, pantry, or porch is beyond words! The house with an enameled garbage pail of this description is like a book with a lovely title page.

The home with a garbage incinerator is a royal palace indeed. When you can burn your garbage in the cellar, you need make no trips out to the back yard in the frosts of Winter, or in the heat of Summer. There is no garbage anywhere to attract the death-dealing fly, no fire producing waste, you are independent of the uncertain visits of the garbage man, there are no odors. You can well realize what a gift this is. Some burn various fuels, but many excellent ones are *self-fueling* and need no fuel except the waste material itself. They are very ostriches for "eating up" most anything you give [Turn to page 80]

## BUT WHY WAIT FOR BREAKFAST?

BY EMILY POST

**A**RE you one of those who wake in the early DAWN and then—try to make believe you are asleep while you wait, and wait, and WAIT, for it to be breakfast time? Or are you perhaps the other sort of early riser who has to take a train or go to work before anyone is up and ready to cook your breakfast for you?

If you are either of these, then this is written by me for you. BUT if you are the other kind of person entirely—the kind who can sleep through breakfast time and only look forward to Sunday because you can break to atoms the six-day-get-up-early-habit, what I am going to say is of no interest or concern to you. None whatever. And you are not expected to read a word further. Because I am merely going to describe the way we unfortunate dawn-wakers can achieve perfect emancipation from the late habits of others, by making our own breakfast.

No, I don't mean get up and go to the kitchen. I mean make it without leaving the warm comfort of bed—without so much as lifting your head from your



Mrs. Post has breakfast in bed

pillow.

I make my own breakfast every morning of my life. I simply adore making my own breakfast because it banishes all consciousness of time. I sleep as long as I happen to, and seven minutes after I open my eyes, breakfast is ready.

To be sure I have a "continental" breakfast of hot buttered toast and coffee with cream. Nothing else. The way I make it is this:

At night when my bed is turned down, a large tray (silver in town but a painted tin one in the country) is put on a table at the side of my bed. It is set with the usual implements; plate, cup and saucer, butter-plate, sugar-bowl, butter knife, teaspoon and napkin. Besides these, there is an electric coffee percolator (with ground coffee in the top compartment and water in the lower one), an electric toaster (with nothing in it) and a thermos (not a bottle) with ice in the bottom of it in which is set a pitcher of cream, and on top of the cream a very small glass dish (an ash receiver it was meant for) with [Turn to page 80]





# There's Style and Value in Everything You Buy from Ward's

Style is demanded today by the women of America. Not alone must dress be smart, but you want *everything* you use to be modern and correct.

In the pages of Ward's catalogue are listed thousands of articles selected to meet this demand for style—for quality—for newest up-to-the-minute merchandise.

Yet you pay no more for this authoritative style. Instead you pay much less than the usual retail prices.

In everything that goes to make the home more attractive Ward's offers you genuine style. Living and dining room or other furniture as well as rugs, reflect the newest styles of the season. Scores of articles, such as kitchen cabinets, washing machines and radio sets, made to meet the modern demand for attractive house furnishing designs, are shown in Ward's catalogue.

Our policy is to give value both in the quality itself, and in appearance.

No other store can offer you so wide a range from which to choose at such low prices. Yet absolutely everything we sell is unqualifiedly guaranteed to satisfy you—and this guarantee has stood for 56 years.

Our money-saving prices are made possible by our vast purchases for cash. You can easily save \$50 or more on the average Springtime purchases for your family.

*You Too ~ ~ ~ ~ ~*  
Will Find In This Great  
Catalogue Values That  
Will Save You  
Many Dollars



To MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., Dept. 54H  
Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore  
Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth  
(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's  
complete Spring and Summer Catalogue.

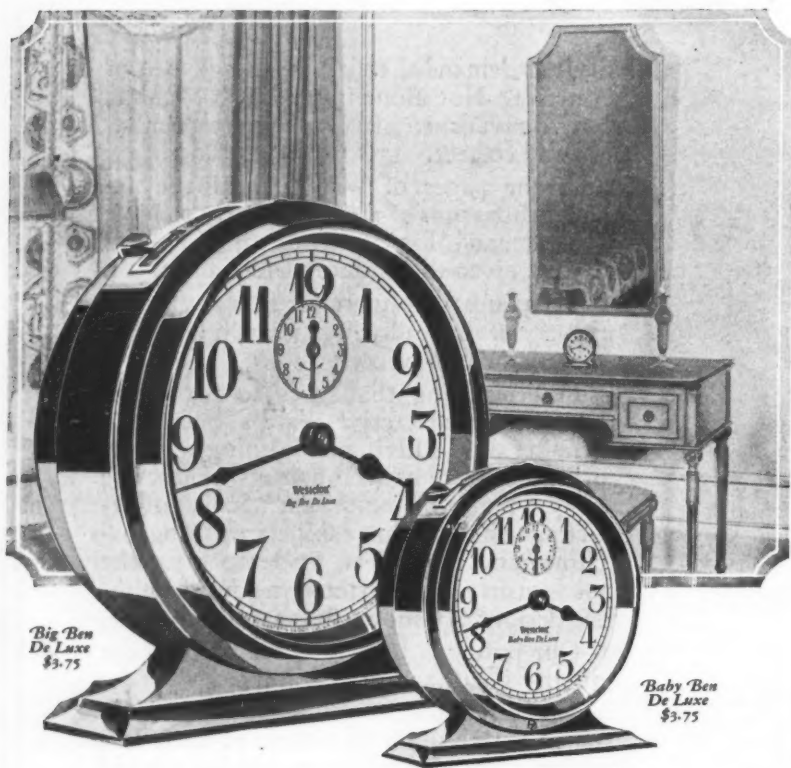
Name.....  
Street & No. ....  
Rural Route No.....Box No.....  
Post Office.....State.....

**Montgomery Ward & Co.**

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

# Westclox

## new de luxe models



Big Ben  
De Luxe  
\$3.75

Baby Ben  
De Luxe  
\$3.75

### Friends of the household



Avoid needless  
hurrying. Start  
on time. Rely on  
your Westclox.

**W**OMEN instantly recognize the sparkle of individuality in these new alarm clocks. Their beauty adds an attractive note to any bedroom.

Like all Westclox, Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe are truly dependable. They are hard to tip over, which adds to their long life. Felt cushioning underneath and sturdy, easy-to-wind keys are special features women like. And you'll find the dials unusually easy to read, too.

These new models and a variety of other Westclox are sold everywhere. Some have plain dials, others night-and-day dials. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

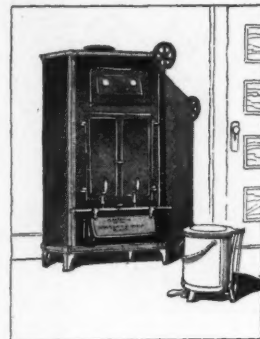
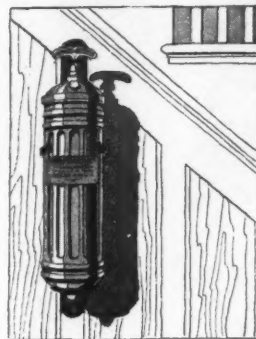
Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

## GIFTS YOU CAN GIVE YOUR HOME

(Continued from page 78)



them! Nothing is left but a dry ash (if they are good and worthy incinerators), which you can use on your garden plots. Remember, too, that good incinerators do not cause combustion odors to disgust you or the community, and buy a good one.

One of the latest things, still considered more or less unnecessary, is the laundry dryer, which returns to the investor a high spiritual interest, as well as a monetary one. The initial outlay is from \$150 up. Labor and fuel costs depend, of course, on your vicinity. The savings depend on the cost of the dryer, the cost of fuel and the length of time the dryer is used. And you will save trips to the yard, cold and sore throats. Quick, airy wholesome drying on wet days or dry, no changing the Wednesday (or any day) picnic because you could not launder on Tuesday and it must needs be done on Wednesday! There really are only a few real good drying days in the year at that! But every day is drying day when your house achieves a dryer!

We are not going to talk of the dish washer and the washing machine, home-made electricity plants, the electric range, kitchen cabinets or the gas range. They have been praised often before and the house is pretty well tired of hearing their praises sung. Yet they are, of course, magnificent gifts. But is your house laboring under cracked and hard-to-clean utensils? Is your house ashamed to have some one come into the kitchen while you are cooking? Why not consider better agate, or glass, or aluminum, or at least replenish what you have? This is enough to say here, for the house with bad cooking utensils is as little self-respecting as the dentist with poor instruments.

One of the nicest gifts, to expedite work

and hasten the householder to play, is a set of knives which cut, and which cut the certain things for which they are meant. Sets of six or seven can be had for around five or six dollars, and no nicer gift to the house can be considered. And that brings us to the knife sharpeners from 25c up. Why not give the home a knife sharpener?

Why not give your neighbors some of these things, mentioned above? We have done it to the delight and surprise of the dear old house which never thought any one outside its environs (and few inside), ever thought of it.

It is funny that we give presents for bedrooms, for people's parlors and libraries, and forget the kitchen, pantry, bathroom, cellar and laundry! Fancy how happy the house would be with an electric fan for drying everything in the Winter and for cooling in the Summer; an extra electric light and connections for socket and convenience outlet; an immersion heater; a thermos bottle and countless other things such as waffle irons!

But—has your home anything to protect its precious self, and the folk which it harbors, from fire? We venture to say that it has not. Fancy that! You love your house and your house stands everything, from the stamping of your foot to the buffetings of the weather, and yet you have nothing particular to save it from the hazardous perils of fire! There are little portable metal cylinders, little glass receptacles filled with safe fire fighting material on the market, which are admirable and there are some which are execrable. Look at them, and you will see that the cost of six to a dozen of them will repay in life-saving and house-saving and of things you can never replace.

### BUT WHY WAIT FOR BREAKFAST?

(Continued from page 78)

butter in it. Two slices of bread on a covered plate completes the equipment, because I take only hot buttered toast and coffee with cream for breakfast. (In the picture the butter is on a plate and the cover is off the bread plate so that they can be seen.)

In the morning when I wake, I merely turn a key. (The plug is in the percolator with the current turned off.) In seven minutes in Summer, or ten in Winter, my coffee is ready: I then sit up, switch the plug from the percolator to the toaster, and put a slice of bread in each side. Then I lift the butter and the cream pitcher out of the ice jar and—eat my breakfast. Sometimes I eat it at five o'clock, most often at six, but very rarely at an hour when it would be reasonable to ask my household to prepare it for me.

Of course YOUR tray would have to be set according to what YOU eat. A cooked cereal isn't very practical, but if you like one of the dry ones, a saucer of it and a spoon is all you need add to the tray as set for me. If you are used to fruit, such as cut up orange or grapefruit, there are large ice jars that will hold fruit, as well as butter, cream and milk. The prepared fruit can be put on the tray of course.

A friend of mine who has copied my method prefers a special make of coffee-pot that heats over an alcohol flame, but she uses electricity to heat milk and boil

two eggs. A plunger for both. It first boils water in a china bowl and cooks two eggs, after which it is "plunged" hot into a tall narrow pitcher of milk which heats sufficiently in two minutes while she eats the eggs.

A man I know who has to take an unreasonably early train has lately come to having a breakfast very much like mine set on a table in his dressing-room (since which his wife is able to keep her cook).

Sportsmen, who get up at three or thereabouts, often have coffee made and kept in a thermos pitcher—in fact they have it mixed with cream when made, and keep it like that. This to my taste is nauseating even to think of, as to me it tastes exactly the way bilge water smells! But a thermos that is kept for clear coffee or tea, or even hot milk alone, does very well. But personally, I must say I like my coffee freshly made and boiling hot. And I like my cream direct from the ice.

It is so obvious as to seem unnecessary to suggest, but it only occurred to my own unthinking mind two years ago that I need not wait for breakfast. So perhaps you, too, are unthinking, and may be glad for the suggestion that each person in this day of easy heating, or keeping hot or cold, can all too easily have supper or breakfast at any hour of the night or dawn with no more effort than the lighting of a match, the lifting of a cover, or the turning of a key.





*Doctors say:*

# “Take no chances with inferior toilet tissues!”

**P**OOGER grades of toilet paper aggravate and may cause serious trouble,” says a famous specialist.

And 580 physicians, recently questioned, agreed: “Inferior toilet papers are injurious”. . . “Improper kinds can irritate, mechanically and chemically,” they warned.

“For the bathroom just ‘any’ paper will not do,” the doctors said. “A specially made tissue is important.” And they listed the three qualities this paper should have: *Absorbency—Special Softness—and Chemical Purity.*

Yet it is a fact that most so-called toilet papers today are not special toilet tissue at all, but only ordinary tissue paper in rolls. They may be hard finished, non absorb-

ent, actually harsh to sensitive skin. And some of them are so unfit as to be definitely alkaline or acid.

## *Two tissues specially made for their purpose*

ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous special tissues, for bathroom use. These two papers are made definitely to meet the physician’s strictest requirements.

They are more absorbent. As you will quickly see if you drop a ball of this paper into water.

It sinks almost immediately. Ordinary tissue, hard surfaced, will float for minutes.

Scot tissues are softer, more bland—actually cloth-like. Crumple a sheet: feel the fine texture, the absence of harsh fibres. Even your hand can often detect the sharp edges of ordinary glazed tissue.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are always chemically safe, neither alkaline nor acid. In every respect they meet the high standards doctors say housewives should exact. They tear evenly and readily.

There is no need today to take chances with the paper you buy for bathroom use. Ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.

**WALDORF**—Soft and absorbent, yet inexpensive. This is a fine toilet tissue which any family can afford.

**2 for 15¢**

**SCOTTISSUE**—Pure white, delightfully fine and soft; these rolls of 1000 sheets are preferred by many fastidious housewives.

**2 for 25¢**

## FREE BOOKLET

The Scott Paper Co.,  
Dept. E-2, Chester, Pa.

Send me without cost your booklet,  
“What Doctors say about Bathroom  
Paper.”

Name \_\_\_\_\_

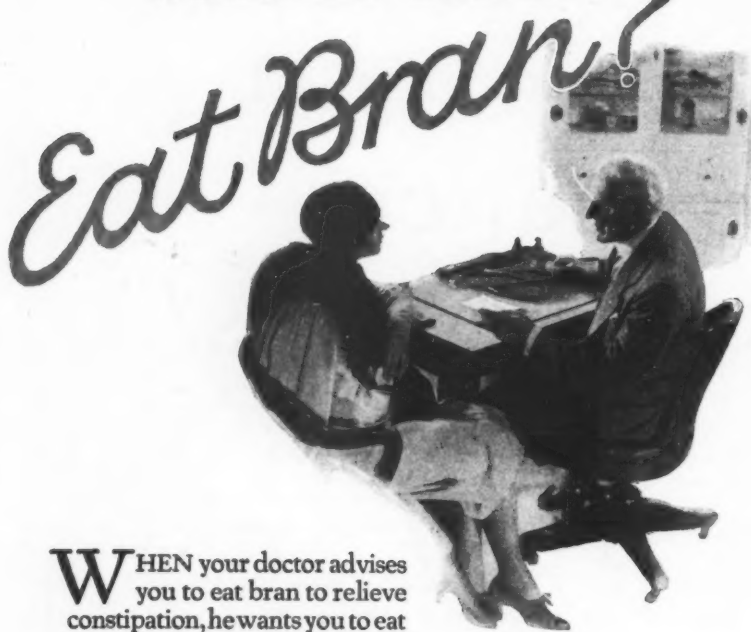
Street \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_



In his very interesting recent book, “TROUBLES WE DON’T TALK ABOUT,” the famous New York specialist, Dr. J. F. Montague, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, speaks authoritatively on the importance of proper cleansing tissues: “By the use of too coarse a tissue much harm may be done. We can adopt for such use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin.”

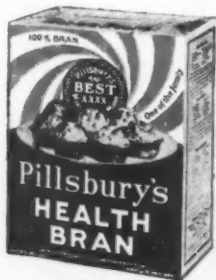
Did you understand exactly  
what your doctor meant  
when he said:—?



**W**HEN your doctor advises you to eat bran to relieve constipation, he wants you to eat 100% bran, in order to add enough bulk and roughage to your diet to produce proper elimination. He knows you need a pure, natural bran, unsweetened, unadulterated, not pre-cooked to the crumbling point. You need Pillsbury's Health Bran—100% bran in the original flake, just as it comes from the mill. It is the most delightful of all to eat, for it can be made into any number of delicious foods—the recipes are on the package. And it really does the work, because it is true bran, and remains true bran, no matter how you prepare it—for your own home baking does not crumble it or destroy its laxative value.

On the Pillsbury package you will find thirteen delicious ways to serve this natural 100% bran. They make foods which have become favorites in thousands of homes, not only because of their health value, but because they are so particularly good to eat. Bran upside-down apple cake, bran brownies, bran doughnuts, filled bran tea cakes—every one is delightful. And every one brings you 100% bran—a dependable and pleasant source of that bulk and roughage which is so necessary to proper elimination.

For other delicious suggestions, we will gladly send you, free, our booklet, "50 Prize Winning Recipes for Pillsbury's Health Bran." Write Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



The kind of bran  
you really need

is this true  
100% bran

# Pillsbury's Health Bran

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 76]

said. Tomorrow they would reach Hidden Town and his people would be expecting them. There would be great rejoicing because they had taken many scalps and had not lost a man. They would honor her—and Jeems—accepting them as flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. Toinette would live as his daughter. Silver Heel's heart would beat in her breast. She would be of the forests—forever. Her children and her children's children would be of the forests. That was the word he had sent ahead to Chenusio. *Tiaoga was coming with his daughter.*

He stalked into darkness and for a time Jeems and Toinette were afraid to speak the thought which was choking at their hearts.

The last day was long for Toinette. It had begun at dawn and though Tiaoga halted his men at intervals to let her rest it had not ended with dusk. Darkness came before they reached a plain on the far side of which was a hill. Beyond this hill was Chenusio. They could see the glow of a great fire lighting the sky.

Suddenly the silence was broken. A tall figure had mounted a rock from which he sent forth a cry which began almost in a murmur but which increased in volume until it filled the valley. Toinette tried to make out the identity of the figure in the darkness. Then she drew her breath sharply. The man on the rock was Tiaoga.

When the cry ended a bedlam of sound burst from Chenusio. Men hallooed and yelled, children screamed, women cried out in their joy. Pitchwood torches were lighted and as the population streamed out into the night in a wave of fire the beating of tom-toms and skin-drums and wooden gongs mingled with human voice and the barking of dogs. At the beginning of Tiaoga's cry men bearing a scalp-laden pole had gone ahead and now Tiaoga followed with his men in single file. Toinette and Jeems were midway in the line. Wide slave-collars of buckskin had been placed about their necks and Jeems was stripped of his weapons.

Toinette felt stealing over her a strange faintness of body and limb. Stories which she had forgotten, stories she had heard of the Indians from childhood, stories that had sent shivers through the hearts of a thousand homes along the frontiers all crowded upon her at once. She looked at Jeems in the first out-reaching glow of the torches. It was for him she was afraid.

Tiaoga and his warriors moved slowly. They were like bronze men without flesh or emotions. Their heads were high, their bodies straight, their jaws set hard as they stalked at a death-march pace between the columns of their people. Jeems fell into this rhythmic movement as the mouth of the torch-monster began to swallow them. Silence had fallen again on the people of Chenusio, a silence broken only by the tread of feet, the sputter and crackle of burning pitchwood, the breathing of a multitude. Not a word or a cry, no sudden reaching out of a mother's arms, no flutter of a sweetheart's hand, no name trembling on a wife's lips broke the tenseness of Tiaoga's triumph. The whole was a living picture which burned itself in Toinette's brain detail by detail. There were other pale-faced people in both lines and one of them, who was a young girl like herself, greeted her with gladness, then flushed a deeper color as Shindas passed. Shindas allowed his eyes to steal for a single instant to hers.

"Opitchi!" cried Toinette softly, and the girl seemed about to fly to her side. "Opitchi—The Thrush!"—and Toinette spoke the full name of Shinda's white-skinned sweetheart.

The torches coughed and flared but not a spark touched their skins in passing. No eyes gleamed hatred at them. No fingers clenched, no hand was raised.

They crossed a field of darkness toward the fires and when they came among them Tiaoga was marching in Jeems' place and Jeems had disappeared. She had not sensed his going or Tiaoga's presence and before she knew that Jeems was no longer among the warriors she found herself standing alone with the Seneca chief, the people gathering in a circle around them. It was like the setting of a stage with flame on all sides of it and for the first time she realized that something was about to hap-

pen in which she was more important than the scalps which had preceded Tiaoga. In a moment Tiaoga began to speak. His voice renewed her confidence as she searched for Jeems. Tiaoga was describing the pool where Soi Yan Makwun had died, the wickedness of the evil spirits there and the success of their gods in restoring Silver Heels to her people. Toinette waited, trembling, and at last Tiaoga was finished and stood for a moment with upraised hand amid a great hush—then spoke a single name, *Opitchi*. The Thrush sprang forward and as she came Tiaoga took the slave-collar from Toinette's throat and crushed it into the earth with his moccasined foot. A murmur ran through the circle. Tiaoga stood with his arms folded across his breast—and Toinette felt the hands of The Thrush drawing her away.

They paused at the edge of the circle and for a little while no one moved or spoke. Then there was a break in the ring behind the Seneca chief and through it came Jeems escorted between Shindas and another warrior. Toinette gasped and almost cried out. There was an amazing change in Jeems. He was stripped to the waist and painted in stripes of red and yellow and black. His face appeared to be cut in crimson gashes. His thick blonde hair was tied in a warlock from which streamed a feather showing he had killed a man. At Tiaoga's command there advanced from the circle an old man with a weazened face and white hair and a younger man whose form was bent almost double because of a deformity. Behind these two came a little girl. The old man was Wuskoo, The Cloud. The younger was his son, Tokana, or Gray Fox, a name of which he had been proud in the days before a tree fell on his tepee and crooked his back. Tiaoga spoke again. He explained that the gods had sent another son to Wuskoo, a son with a white skin and a strong body who would care for him and who would be a brother to Gray Fox. With his thin and quivering hands Wuskoo took the slave-collar from Jeems' neck and stamped it joyously into the ground while the broken Gray Fox raised a hand in brotherhood and friendship. There was something so wistfully sweet in the big dark eyes of the little Indian maiden that Jeems drew her to him and put an arm protectively about her. It was then Toinette left The Thrush and ran to him so that all saw her held in his painted arms, with Wanonats, the Wood Pigeon, a happy partner in the moment when Toinette proudly and a bit defiantly told Chenusio and through it the whole Seneca nation that this was the man to whom she belonged.

Like a flood burst loose from a dam the night of feasting and rejoicing began. It was preceded by a combat among the dogs in which Odd established his right to a place among the four-footed citizens of Chenusio. After a time he found a scent on the beaten ground that led him to the tepee which had been prepared for Toinette. It was a small tepee near Tiaoga's, furnished with freshly gathered cedar and garlands of bittersweet and with the soft skins and pretty raiment which had belonged to Silver Heels. Here he found Toinette, clad as an Indian princess, and The Thrush, whose name—a long time ago—had been Mary Daghlen.\*

**T**HIS was the beginning of the strange life of Jeems and Toinette in Chenusio which Colonel Boquet, afterward Major General and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's forces in the Southern Department of America, described as "an episode of fact which is difficult of belief and astounding in the new viewpoint which it and others of a similar kind give us of savage life."

To Jeems and Toinette there was nothing spectacular in their first day or in the many that followed. [Turn to page 85]

\*Mary Daghlen's people moved westward from the valley of the Juniata in 1738. A year later William Daghlen was slain by the Senecas and his wife and infant daughter were taken prisoners. The mother died in Chenusio when Mary was ten years old. When the Seneca villages were made to surrender their white prisoners Mary Daghlen refused to give up the life of her Indian husband and his people.



M

nt than  
oga. In  
k. His  
as she  
scribing  
d died,  
ere and  
y Silver  
waited,  
inished  
praised  
poke a  
sprang  
ook the  
at and  
mocca-  
gh the  
folded  
elt the  
away.  
e circle  
ved or  
he ring  
ough it  
las and  
and al-  
mazing  
to the  
ed and  
d to be  
blonde  
which  
l killed  
ere ad-  
with a  
and a  
almost  
Behind  
ld man  
younger  
a name  
ne days  
crooked  
He ex-  
her son  
kin and  
him and  
x. With  
oo took  
ck and  
d while  
and in  
re was  
the big  
en that  
an arm  
n Toin-  
him so  
d arms,  
happy  
oinette  
enufsio  
nation  
she be-  
lam the  
gan. It  
ng the  
right to  
zens of  
a scent  
to the  
r Toin-  
iaoga's,  
lar and  
he soft  
ad be-  
found  
ss, and  
me ago

strange  
enufsio  
Major  
of His  
Depart-  
episode  
ef and  
which  
e us of  
s north-  
in the  
age 85]

west-  
ata in  
a was  
and  
The  
y was  
lages  
pris-  
ve up  
d his

# "THIS IS WHY"

SAID THE MAITRE D'HOTEL

"You ask me why we always serve Heinz Tomato Ketchup," said the Maitre d'Hotel. "Well, I'll tell you, sir. The fact is that a bottle of Heinz Ketchup on our table is one of the best advertisements we have for the high standard of our restaurant. It's the best Ketchup, you know—always the same. It is the flavor that counts, that's why."

\* \* \*

But what our good friend perhaps didn't know, was the real "why" of that flavor—an intriguing compliment to your appetite. It doesn't just "happen"—be sure of that.

With Heinz Ketchup it begins with the pedigreed seed

we plant ourselves in our own greenhouses. And with the care with which the plants are grown right up to the exact day of harvest when the vine-ripened tomatoes go straight into our gleaming Kitchens set beside the gardens themselves, so that freshness is a part of flavor.

Add choicest spices brought from distant spice countries by our own buyers—and exacting care at every step—and there you are—true Heinz flavor in every bottle. Little

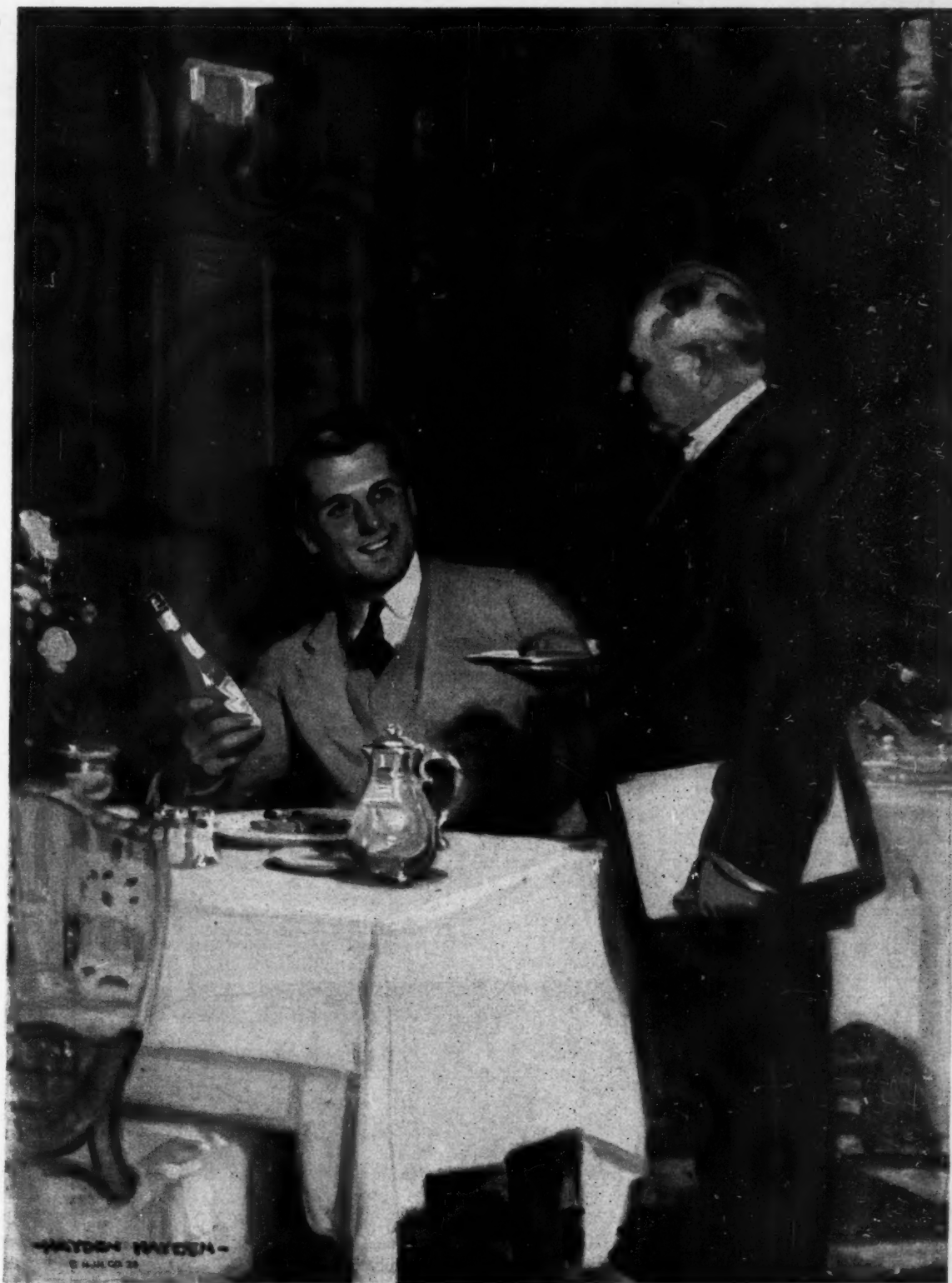
wonder the Maitre d'Hotel says it is flavor that counts—and that the flavor of this Ketchup is always the same, a flavor which has long made it the best selling Ketchup all over the world • H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

# HEINZ

57

AND REMEMBER—

ALL HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE



# For Dinner Tonight

*What appetizer? What entree? What salad? What dessert?*

## JELL-O Fruit Cocktail

1 package Lemon Jell-O  
1 cup boiling water  
1 cup orange juice  
2 tablespoons sugar  
½ cup canned pineapple, cubed  
½ cup white grapes, halved, seeded, or  
½ cup apple, cut fine  
½ cup maraschino cherries

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add orange juice and sugar. Chill. When slightly thickened, add pineapple, grapes or apple, and cherries. Chill until firm. Serve in orange cups or in glasses. Serves 8.

## JELL-O Chicken Mousse

½ package Lemon Jell-O  
1 cup boiling chicken broth, free from fat  
1 cup chicken, cut medium coarse  
1 cup celery, cut fine  
1 pimiento, cut fine  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
½ teaspoon salt  
Shake of cayenne pepper  
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling broth. Chill. When cold and slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg-beater until consistency of whipped cream. Mix chicken, celery, pimiento, vinegar, salt, and cayenne pepper. Add to Jell-O. Fold in whipped cream. Turn in mold. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce and garnish with stuffed olives. Serves 6.

## JELL-O Salad Supreme

1 package Lemon Jell-O  
1 pint boiling water (less 2 tablespoons)  
2 tablespoons vinegar  
½ teaspoon salt  
Shake of cayenne pepper  
2 cups cabbage, cut fine  
1 cup tart apple, cut fine  
8 stuffed olives, cut fine

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar, salt, and cayenne pepper. Chill. When slightly thickened, stir in cabbage, apples, and olives. Put into individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

## JELL-O Cherry Sponge

1 package Cherry Jell-O  
1 pint boiling water  
12 marshmallows, cut very fine  
Few grains of salt  
6 drops almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add marshmallows and stir until dissolved. Add salt and flavoring. When cold and slightly thickened, whip with rotary egg-beater until consistency of whipped cream. Pour into individual or large molds. Chill until firm. Serve with or without plain cream. Serves 6.



# JELL-O

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## brings dozens of answers!



*"Through the Menu with Jell-O"*  
... a new booklet

**F**RESH inspiration for the woman who has to plan three meals a day!

Jell-O desserts, yes—recipes which will bring new laurels to "America's most famous dessert." And in addition, recipes that will show how Jell-O's beauty and delicate, fruity taste enhance the attractiveness of salads.

Recipes for entrees—"left-overs" and other ordinary, every-day foods that are given new flavor and charm when combined with Jell-O!

Recipes for appetizers—colorful, piquant introductions to distinguished dinners.

They are all in the new booklet. It's free. Use the coupon on this page to send for it.

Jell-O is certainly a versatile food. Crystal-clear gelatin enlivened by the pure flavor of fresh fruits! So easy to digest that it is in a class by itself! Nourishing. Economical. Quickly prepared—with never a chance of failure! Read the interesting recipes on this page—serve Jell-O for dinner tonight!

Your grocer has it, in five pure fruit flavors. Be sure to get genuine Jell-O. The cleverly sealed package protects flavor and purity.



FIVE PURE FRUIT FLAVORS

10c a package

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.,  
LE ROY, NEW YORK.

Please send me free, the new recipe booklet—"Through the Menu with Jell-O."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address The Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



# THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 82]

Men hunted, women worked, children played. Warriors met in solemn councils and smoked incessantly as they discussed the affairs of their commonwealth and planned for the future. The "Dark Year" was upon them. Winter threatened. But there were other matters to be settled. The French had been destroyed on Lake George. Sir William Johnson, the White Father of the Six Nations, was victorious, and the Mohawks were profiting greatly. This brought sombre looks into the faces of the Senecas. They faced war—and famine. If their fighting men went into the east who would keep the people from starvation? It was decided that Tiaoga should take the warpath again with thirty men chosen by lot while thirty of his braves should remain to fight hunger and death during the Winter months. The drawing came but Jeems was not included. Shindas was doomed to leave his sweetheart again.

These were days when misgivings assailed Jeems and Toinette in spite of their hopes and plans, yet no cloud more than temporarily darkened their visions. In the heart of each was the prayer that a wandering priest might come their way so that the ceremony could be performed which would make them husband and wife. In the town were a number of white women who had accepted Indian husbands in the Indian way but against this practice Toinette revolted with all the strength of her soul. She prayed and Mary Daghen prayed with her, for through the years since her mother had died The Thrush had kept her faith unbroken. The Seneca, worshipping her, honored it.

Jeems was sure Tiaoga would permit Toinette to go with him when the break-up came. As the day for the town's dissolution grew near, he approached Tiaoga on the subject of making Toinette a fifth member of Wuskoo's family. Neither had anticipated an objection and his unrelenting disapproval filled them with despair. Shindas was not surprised and it was he who explained Tiaoga's attitude. It was inconceivable in the moral and social ethics of the Senecas that a maiden, and particularly a chieftain's daughter, should abide with the family of the man to whom she was betrothed.

Early in November groups began to leave, each with the small amount of food which remained as its share. Mary was to accompany two families of eight people under the protection of Thunder Shield, a valiant warrior and a splendid hunter. Toinette was given to Ah De Bah, The Tall Man, a relative of Tiaoga's. He was a thin and sinister-eyed man but an unexcelled hunter, the best in Chenusio, and for this reason Tiaoga entrusted to him the one he treasured most. Ah De Bah's family was a large one. In it were eleven including his old father and mother and two boys who were large enough to be of assistance.

Hiding their disappointment Jeems and Toinette encouraged themselves with visions of a future which they tried to paint in bright colors. The months would pass quickly. With the earliest days of Spring they would return to Chenusio. Every hour they would live in each other's thoughts and at night their prayers would cross in the wilderness.

In this way they parted. He went north and west with Wuskoo toward the Tyanagarunte River which emptied into Lake Ontario. Odd struggled between his devotion for Jeems and for Toinette. He followed his master a distance, then hesitated and turned back. A lump rose in Jeems' throat and he could not see clearly as his comrade sat in the trail and watched until he disappeared.

This was on the fifth of November. By the twentieth they had reached the headwaters of the little Selus eighty miles from Chenusio. Jeems now realized the seriousness of the task which had been imposed upon him by Tiaoga. Wuskoo, infirm as he was, could travel farther and faster than his broken son. Five or six miles a day was all that Tokana could stand and in this distance he was sometimes put to great extremity.

The old man's faith and the younger man's spirit were an inspiration to Jeems but it was Wood Pigeon who became his real strength. The child worshipped him and her presence eased the burden of his separation from Toinette. He began to teach her French and they exchanged confidences which were all their own. He explained to her that Toinette belonged to him and tried to make her understand why she was not with them. Next year she would be. One day Wood Pigeon asked if she might go with him and Toinette—wherever they went. After this the bond between them seemed to hold her closer than ever to Jeems.

Wuskoo had led the way to a hardwood country in which he was sure there would be hunting that would last through the Winter. There were plenty of raccoons and the merganzers, or fish-ducks, would come to the swift-running headwaters to feed as soon as ice closed the lakes and the mouths of the streams. Here they made their lodge of saplings. It was a new kind of home for

Wood Pigeon. Jeems built it with a cooking-hearth and a chimney and a tiny room set apart for Wood Pigeon herself. The child's eyes glowed with delight at this possession.

Heavy snow and extreme cold came early in the season. By the middle of December Jeems was compelled to hunt on snowshoes and so bitter were the nights that the first of January found even the headwaters freezing out

the merganzers.

This was the memorable Winter of 1755 and 1756, the story of which the Senecas handed down from father to son for many generations—a Winter in which all game seemed to have gone from the face of the earth and when hardship and starvation killed a tenth of the three westernmost of the Six Great Nations, the Senecas, the Cayugas and the Onondagas.

At first Jeems was partly prepared because he had killed a buck and with Wuskoo's shrewd assistance had marked a number of trees in which raccoons were sure to hibernate. But late in January famine drew closer about the cabin on the Little Selus and Jeems traveled farther in his hunts until he was gone two days at a time. In February he made four of these hunts and found no game. The cold was terrific. Trees cracked like rifles in the woods. Bitter winds continued night and day. Wood Pigeon's eyes grew larger and her body more fragile as the weeks passed. Each time Jeems came in from his hunts she blazed up like a fire in her happiness but he could mark the steady fading of her strength. He hunted with almost insane energy. Everything was for her when famine clutched at them hardest—a pair of snowbirds which he shot with arrows, a red squirrel's flesh, acorns which he found in a stub, the fleshy root of a pond lily secured by hacking through two feet of ice. Then—a hollow tree—a raccoon asleep—and for a few hours food enough for all. Thus one week dragged at the heels of another with death held off by the length of an arm.

Torturing fears assailed Jeems. Toinette was never out of his mind, for even in his sleep he dreamed of her. She, too, was a part of this fight to hold life together. And Ah De Bah had eleven mouths to feed instead of four.

At night when the wind howled and trees wailed in their distress he sweated in fear and more than once the thought came to him to abandon his family and go in search of Toinette. His visions of the fate which might be overtaking her became almost unbearable. Wuskoo added to this burden, for the old man's courage broke under continued starvation and his dismal forebodings drove Jeems nearly mad. Gray Fox kept his cheer, though he became so emaciated that his cheekbones were ready to break through the skin. Wood Pigeon's eyes stabbed Jeems deepest. They grew so big and dark in her little thin face and were filled with such hungry depths that he expected the gentle spirit to leave her body at any time.

His hunts were not long now and seldom took him more than [Turn to page 86]

## Don't believe a word



he tells you!



NATURALLY, any man with the three-minutes-for-breakfast habit will try to defend himself! He'll assure you, as he leaps from the table, morning after morning, that he doesn't need much breakfast anyway. And he'll deny, when he comes home at night "all in", that the day's flying start has had anything to do with its unhappy ending.

Don't believe a word he tells you! Instead, pay heed to what diet experts and physical instructors say — that much of the business man's daily efficiency depends upon his eating a really nourishing breakfast.

That's why Grape-Nuts has been given a place upon millions of breakfast tables. A single serving of these delicious golden kernels, eaten with milk or cream, abounds in balanced nourishment. Phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

Remember too, that the enticing crispness of Grape-Nuts gives teeth and gums the exercise that helps to keep them healthy. Dental authorities, you know, advise us to eat, every day, some food that must be thoroughly chewed.

Put Grape-Nuts on your breakfast table — tomorrow morning. You can get it from your grocer, of course . . . And wouldn't you like to accept the following offer?

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—free!

Mail the coupon below. We will send you, free, two individual packages of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.



© 1928, P. Co. Inc.

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

G.—Mc.C.—2-28

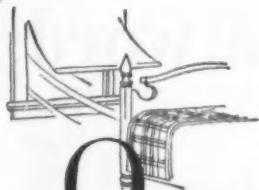
Please send me free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



Open more Windows  
Put on more NASHUAS

**O**PEN an extra window tonight and let health blow in. But, put on an extra Nashua too, and let the warmth of its deep, fleecy nap insure sleeping comfort the whole night through. Exceptional values in Nashua Part Wool Blankets—as low as \$4.50 per pair. Insist upon seeing the Nashua ticket on the blanket you buy.

Amory, Browne & Co.  
Dept. 605, Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

# Nashua Blankets

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

PART WOOL "Quality Blankets at Attractive Prices"

Comfortable AA, size 66" x 90".  
Made in Alice Blue, Golden Brown, Old Rose and Lavender.



for WARMTH  
for BEAUTY  
for VALUE  
and for SLEEP

## Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence; and in other complaints attended with sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.



"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 85]

three or four miles from the cabin, for his own strength was ebbing. His only hope was to kill an occasional bird and it was in the darkest hour that an answer came to his prayers. In a blizzard against which he was working his way in half-blindness he stumbled upon a doe as weak as himself and killed her. Without this stroke of fortune Wood Pigeon and Wuskoo must have died.

When the thaws came they were alive. Early in April they arrived at Chenusio. The people there had lived frugally on their supplies and from the first running of the maple sap had been making sugar. Only four families had preceded Jeems to the village and of their number, which was twenty-eight, five had died. No word had been received from Tiaoga.

Scarcely a family returned which did not bring grief with it. And Ah De Bah, the mightiest hunter of them all, did not come. No one had heard of him. No one knew where he was. Fifty—seventy—a hundred—then a hundred and fifty of those who had gone in the break-up were accounted for by the end of April. Among them was Mary Daghlen. Of their number thirty had died. Still Ah De Bah, The Tall Man, did not come.

Then he appeared one day. He was a grotesque rack of fleshless bones whom Tiaoga would not have recognized. Behind him trailed his people. Jeems counted them before he could tell one from another. Eleven! He ran toward them and Toinette swayed from the line at the head of which The Tall Man marched. He might not have known her at first if she had not met him in this way, for those who were behind Ah De Bah walked with bowed heads and dragging steps like death-figures in a weird parade. Toinette's eyes stared at him from a face so strange and thin that it choked his joy. Her body was not heavier than a child's when he clasped her to him. They did not try to speak for a little while. Then she began to cry softly with her face against his breast.

He carried her to the tepee. He placed her on the soft skins there; then he was conscious of Wood Pigeon near him and in a moment Mary Daghlen came in. Jeems made way for them. He went outside and in his path was a creature who leapt weakly against him. It was Odd, a skeleton with red and watery eyes and jaws falling apart. Jeems waited until The Thrush came out and told him she was going for warm water and food and that Wood Pigeon was undressing Toinette. Then he sought the others. All but Ah De Bah had disappeared and were being cared for. The Tall Man could scarcely stand as he told his story. He had brought his eleven people back alive—the dog and he. Without the dog he would have failed in his struggle to feed eleven mouths—and Jeems knew why Odd had not been eaten.

**W**HAT was in Toinette's heart these days and at times in her eyes grew also in Mary Daghlen's. The young girl who had known no other life than that of her adopted people since babyhood, but whose mother had kept God and religion alive in her soul, watched with increasing anxiety for the return of Shindas. One day she told Toinette that at last she was prepared to yield to her environment and if no priest came that Spring or Summer she would marry Shindas in the Indian way.

But he came. He was a gaunt, death-faced man who said he was on his way to take the place of a brother who had died among the Indians of the Ohio. His name was Father Pierre Roubaud. He remained in Chenusio two days. On the second of these days he married Jeems and Toinette.

In their happiness Jeems and Toinette did not at first feel the undercurrent of change about them. But Jeems soon marked its rising symptoms. He was no longer greeted with friendliness. Men were sullen and aloof and women toiled without their usual chatter.

Then came the lightning flash.

\*Daniel James Bulain and Antoinette Tonteur were married by Father Pierre Roubaud on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1756, as recorded later by Father Roubaud.

It was an afternoon late in May when Shindas appeared in Chenusio, and with a white woman's abandon Mary Daghlen ran into his arms. Shindas held her for a moment before warrior ethics made him thrust her away. He was alone. His arms and shoulders were hacked and cut and some of the wounds were scarcely healed. A scar lay across his cheeks. His moccasins were in tatters, his eyes held the ferocious light of a wolf that had been hunted. He made no effort to soften the news of which he was the bearer. He had come from the border of the Cayuga country as a messenger from Tiaoga and was many hours ahead of his comrades. Tiaoga was returning with nine of his thirty warriors. The others were dead.

A white man had killed three of the twenty warriors. He was a prisoner now—with Tiaoga. They had put out his eyes so that he could not see. They had built a fire around him in which it had been their intention to see him die. But in the last moment Tiaoga had pulled the blazing fuel away with his own hands in order that the people of Chenusio could witness his writhings at the fire-stake.

After this one might have thought that mad men and women and not a grief-stricken people filled Chenusio. For hours the lament of the women did not die out. Still Toinette saw no tears. Her horror increased as she observed the preparations for vengeance; the digging of a hole and the setting in it of a tall stake, all by women's hands; the gathering of pitchy fuel by little children and their mothers; the transformation of friends she had known into fiends whose eyes filled with hatred when they looked at her.

Shindas came to them. He had a command from Tiaoga for Jeems. It was that Jeems should go to the village of Kanestio seventy miles distant and learn news of a war-party from that town. Shindas gave him this message and saw that he departed with it. He was no longer brother. He disclosed no sign of pleasure when he learned that Toinette was Jeems' wife.

Toinette remained alone. No one came to see her except Wood Pigeon and the afternoon following the day of Shindas' arrival the child ran in with wide eyes to tell her that Tiaoga was approaching. Toinette knew she must see this white man and be one of the first to greet Tiaoga. She bound the red fillet of cloth around her forehead and fastened the long yellow feather in it. She wore the most treasured of the things which had belonged to Silver Heels. The populace had gathered in the edge of the plain and when she joined it a murmur of disapproval swept about her. Wherever she moved people drew back as if her touch held the blight of plague. Wood Pigeon innocently whispered words which brought the truth to her. Chenusio no longer believed in her. She was not the spirit of Silver Heels. Bad fortune instead of good had come with her—famine, death, defeat. Wood Pigeon heard a woman hiss between thin lips that the interloper who had taken Silver Heels' place should die at the stake with the white man. The child did not repeat this. Her hand trembled in Toinette's.

They were standing at the head of the waiting lines when Tiaoga and the remnant of his band came over the hill and across the fields. Tiaoga's face was like a mask of rock as he passed so near that Toinette might have touched him. The prisoner followed. His clothes were torn from the upper part of his body. He was a powerfully built man with great hands and wide shoulders. On each side of him walked a warrior, for he was blind and needed guidance. His empty eye-sockets, hidden by drooping lids, gave to his round red face the appearance of one walking in a ghastly sleep. Yet he was not overcome by the enormity of the catastrophe which had befallen him, nor did he betray fear of what lay ahead. He sensed the presence of the people and held his head high as if trying to see them. It was a bald head.

Toinette swayed backward and struggled in a moment of darkness to keep herself from falling.

The prisoner was Hepsibah Adams.

[Concluded in MARCH McCALL'S]

T





# Why fear colds, grip or influenza

when Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets are handy

IT is easy to get rid of a cold if you don't neglect it. People who know the beneficial effects of Laxative Bromo Quinine keep well during the winter months by taking these tablets when they feel a cold coming on. The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets



fortifies the system against colds, grip, influenza and other serious ills which often begin with a slight cold. Since 1889 the signature of E. W. Grove on every box of Laxative Bromo Quinine has identified it as the first and original cold and grip tablet. Price 30c.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

## LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

TABLETS

*E. W. Grove*



*The beneficial effect of  
Laxative Bromo Quinine is  
very different from others*

*For your protection  
remember the box*

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COLD AND GRIP TABLET



Chapped  
skin  
is so easy to heal  
Mother always depends  
on Mentholatum for  
the family chapping  
You just feel it heal!



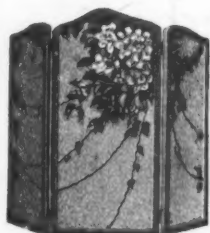
#### TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 4 cents for mailing costs to  
Dept. M-4-Y, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y. You  
will get a trial tube of Mentholatum. *Feel it heal!*

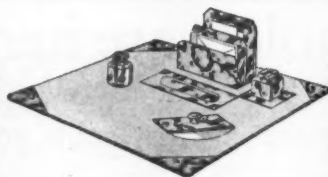
Name.....

Address.....

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐



LePage's Craft  
Telephone  
Screen



LePage's Craft Desk Set



LePage's  
Craft  
Handkerchief  
Sachet



LePage's Cra't  
Waste Basket

## Fascinating Things to Make at Home

LePage's Craft Book Will Show You How

"I HAVE always known that LePage's is a wonderful mender, but I had no idea, until I got your book, how many lovely things I could make with it," is what thousands have said of this fascinating book.

LePage's Craft Book contains simple, easy-to-follow directions for making over 50 different articles for gifts, home decoration, bridge prizes, to sell at church fairs, etc.—articles that are attractive, useful, practical and inexpensive.

LePage's Craft is a surprise and delight to all who try it. No expensive set is necessary. No special training required. Anyone can follow the directions and make fascinating gift shop things right at home, for a fraction of the cost. This

easy way of making things will show you how to be a more skilful craftsman than you ever dreamed.

Send 10 cents (coin or stamps)  
for LePage's Craft Book

SEND for this wonderful book. Try this fascinating way of making things yourself. Mail the coupon below with 10 cents (coin or stamps) and we will at once send you a copy of LePage's Craft Book, postage paid.

Address LePage's Craft  
League, 533 Essex  
Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

MAIL THIS COUPON

LEPAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE,  
533 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Craft Book. Please send copy of this book to:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

**LE PAGE'S  
GLUE**  
In Bottles and Tubes

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 19]

nests in the barn.

Just at the time when her intensive training in household duties was about to begin, her mother's health broke and the little girl was left to amuse herself. This was not difficult, for she loved the outdoors. She ran wild all day, and no questions were asked so long as she appeared on time for meals. She followed the older boys at their ploughing, and often fell asleep curled up in the fence corners of the fields where they worked. The first money she ever earned came from the sale of Indian arrow points which she found while roaming over freshly ploughed fields, and from the sale of goose quills which she picked up in the barnyard. She made dolls out of ears of corn and used catalpa leaves for blankets. One corner of the garden was her special property, and there she stuck onion sets and planted seeds when the boys made garden. Later she planted wild flowers, beginning with violets and Spring beauties, and so following down the seasons. She kept butterflies on the screen in the cellar window, carrying them saucers of sweetened water and nectar-laden flowers each morning.

I have heard her tell many times how she spent the entire Spring of one year locating sixty-four bird nests. These she visited each day and by the time the young were hatched the old birds were so accustomed to her that they allowed her to feed the little ones. Her favorite playmate was Bobby, a bantam rooster. She taught Bobby how to crow when he was told, so that when she held church services out in the orchard under the apple tree, Bobby always crowed when it was time for some pious sister to say "Amen!" Another pet was a fine, fat bluejay named Hezekiah. She made a coat, pants and sunbonnet for him and taught him to roll cherries across the floor before he dared to eat them. Thus, when she started out to play, Hezekiah sat on one shoulder and Bobby trailed along behind.

It was ever her custom to deal gently and lovingly with wild things, either animals or flowers; doctoring sick or wounded birds or animals, making pets of baby squirrels and rabbits and gathering only a few wild flowers at a time, mostly carrying them to her invalid mother who enjoyed their freshness and delicate fragrance.

Through all her days on the farm only two of her brothers were at home, Lemon and Leander. Lemon was next older than she, the tease of the family, and some of his pranks nearly ended disastrously. Once he bent over a limber sapling, showed her how he could swing on it, and told her to try it. But she was lighter weight, and she flew completely over the top of it and across the fence into the pig pen. If it had not happened that she landed in a particularly soft, muddy "wallow," she would have been seriously hurt.

The older brother, Leander, lovingly called "Laddie" by his Little Sister, was different—he was older; he had decided to stay on the farm, live on land and make his life on the soil. He was the idol of his baby sister's heart, the hero of her dreams and the gallant knight of all her imagined stories. "Laddie" was always kind; he was always thoughtful; he was never too occupied to notice her, to answer her questions; never too busy to pick a splinter from her feet or hands; never too tired to carry her on his shoulder and tell her a story.

One Saturday afternoon he was drowned in the Wabash River while swimming with several friends. This was a crowning grief and heartbreak to the whole family. "Laddie's" death broke his mother's health and left an ache forever in the heart of his Little Sister.

ABOUT the books which she had as a child, Mother writes: "I had very few books, only two or three of my own. But books are now so numerous, so cheap, so bewildering in color and make-up, that I sometimes think children lose their perspective and love none of them as I loved my few plain little ones, filled with short stories and poems, with almost no illus-

tration. I had a storehouse in the school books of my older brothers and sisters, especially in the series of McGuffey readers from One to Six. For pictures I was driven to the Bible, dictionary, magazines about sheep and cattle, and the historical works read by my father.

"As I grew older there were magazines and more books. The one volume in which my heart was enraptured was a collection of masterpieces of fiction belonging to an older sister. It contained *Paul and Virginia*, *Undine*, *Piccola*, *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. These I spelled out painstakingly, a word at a time, until I almost knew them by heart from reading and rereading. They were exquisitely expressed and conceived stories, and they may have done much in forming high conceptions in my childish mind of what really constituted literature and of furthering the lofty ideals instilled by my parents.

"I had been drilled at home and I could understand any ordinary printed matter and spell quite well before I ever started to school. My first literary effort was printed in wobbly letters in the back of an old grammar. It was entitled *Ode to the Moon*, not that I had any idea what an 'ode' was other than that I had heard it discussed in the family, together with epic and sonnet, as forms of poetic expression.

"Oh, Moon, thou art glorious,  
Over the darkness of night  
Thy beams shine victorious.  
Thou lightest the weary traveler's way,  
Guiding his feet till break of day."

All week the little girl ran wild so that Sunday was rather a trial. Saturday evening the heavy brown hair that hung in long braids almost to her knees had to be washed and wrapped on tins that poked her head, so that she would have curls for Sunday. The feet that had been bare all week and that were sore from scratches of berry vines and stone bruises, had to be put into long stockings and heavy shoes. More underclothing was required than during the week, and a dress with a collar and long, tight sleeves. It is not much to be wondered at that the little wild thing sat in the country church in her uncomfortable clothing through the preaching and Sunday School, watching the sky, the clouds, listening to the birds and bees, catching the delightful odor of clover fields and new mown hay as it drifted through the open windows, and wondering in her own mind if God was not outside rather than inside.

For the same reasons school was absolute torture. Geneva used to slip off by herself at recess, take off her shoes and stockings, and rub her swollen, aching feet until the bell rang and she was forced to put them on again. One day her teacher, whom she thoroughly disliked, put a sentence on the blackboard for her to read, after explaining to the class that the sentence contained a valuable lesson and that little children would do well to follow it. The sentence read: "Little birds in their nests agree." The little girl read the sentence and, out of her wide experience with birds, and in her great excitement, she almost shouted: "Oh, but they don't agree! They fight like everything! They pull feathers and peck at each other's eyes until they are all bloody!"—and she was punished for contradicting the teacher and being disrespectful, although what she said was perfectly true.

But when she found that school was inevitable, and that she must make good grades or be the laughing stock of the older children, Geneva became a very good pupil. Later her teacher was her older sister, Florence, and Florence tells even now with much pride how happy she used to be to call on Geneva to recite, for she always knew her lesson and could be depended upon to give her answers correctly and to show the other children just how a proper recitation should be given.

At this time there was no one to look after the children but the father and Lemon, who was then only a boy. The mother's health failed more noticeably, and she was only able [Turn to page 90]



# The new National Bellas Hess Style Book for Spring & Summer is ready



**The WORLD'S LARGEST Fashion House SELLING Everything to Wear DIRECT BY MAIL**

**The HUGE MERGER of NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO. and BELLAS HESS & CO. is a**

## Sensational Success!

**WE** take this opportunity to express our thanks to the millions of old customers and new friends who have made NATIONAL BELLAS HESS such a sensational success.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS is the world's largest fashion house selling everything to wear direct by mail. It specializes only in New York's very latest styles at America's lowest prices (we have a unique lowest price guarantee that insures your buying for less at NATIONAL BELLAS HESS than at any other store in the country).

**THE** new NATIONAL BELLAS HESS Style Book for Spring and Summer is now ready. It is a huge book, the same size as your favorite fashion magazine—Pictorial Review, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's Magazine and others of this type. It has three hundred pages packed full of the most desirable, up-to-the-minute New York wearing apparel for women, men and children, including dresses, coats, millinery, shoes, hosiery, underwear, men's clothes, boys' clothes, girls' clothes and infants' wear. Also allied lines such as toilet goods, jewelry, yard goods, etc.

Simply mail the coupon below and we will send you this beautifully printed Style Book, lavishly illustrated in rich colors, rotogravure and black and white half-tones. It brings one of America's greatest department stores right into your own home and enables you to wear the very latest style New York clothes at a big saving on everything you buy.

**NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO. INC.**  
New York and Kansas City



**THE** two coats and sport outfit pictured here are typical of the smartness and style you will find in NATIONAL BELLAS HESS Spring and Summer Style Book. You will be amazed when you see how low this latest New York style wearing apparel is priced and we guarantee that the quality in every case is excellent.

**MAIL THIS COUPON for your HUGE MERGER STYLE BOOK of New York's latest Fashions FOR SPRING & SUMMER 1928**

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO. Inc.  
272 West 24th Street New York City 643 Hardesty Avenue Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York headquarters—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City Store.) Kindly send me my free copy of your Huge Merger Style Book of New York's Latest Fashions for Spring and Summer, 1928.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Beware the Coated Tongue

EVERY physician since the days of Hippocrates has regularly examined the tongue of his patients.

For a white, furry tongue is the first and unfailing index of disturbed bodily processes. It is a sure warning of intestinal stoppage, the underlying cause of many, many ills of life.

To correct the condition of stoppage signalled by a coated tongue, take Sal Hepatica—the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica sweeps away accumulated food wastes promptly—usually within a half hour.

When you take Sal Hepatica you have taken the simple, basic step to avoid the headaches, and all the other enervating physical troubles due to stoppage. Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage, relieves acidity and gently flushes away the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as are found in the natural spring waters of the noted European spas. Like these health waters, Sal Hepatica is efficacious in the treatment of indigestion, disorders of the liver and kidneys, hyperacidity, rheumatism and many other ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, sparkling drink, refreshing to the taste, invigorating in its effect. The best time to take it is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert with this bracing saline. Look at your tongue every morning. If it is coated—if you awake tired and depressed—make yourself internally clean by taking Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve the headaches and other ills traceable to self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. F-28, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

# Sal Hepatica



## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 88]

to sit in her chair and direct the three little girls while they did the work, which was done in some way before and after school. The children took their lunches and the father and mother had to manage the noon meal alone. Thus began the talk of moving to Wabash, a town some ten miles distant, where an older sister lived with her two children. The mother needed to be in daily contact with her doctor. The father was nearing the breaking point of his splendid physical development and health because of bearing so many burdens and responsibilities, and the children needed better school privileges than the country schools afforded. So it was that the family left the farm in October, 1874, when Geneva was eleven years old.

THE move to Wabash meant selling the personal property, most of the stock, and renting the farm. This was like the end of the world to Father and Mother Stratton, the collapse of all their hopes and ambitions. But they saw it was the wisest way, and they made this new sacrifice with the same Christian fortitude and cheerful resignation that characterized their lives together.

The family first lived with an older daughter, Anastasia Taylor, so that the household consisted of eleven members: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their two children, a brother, Irvin, who was a law student and Superintendent of Public Schools, Father and Mother Stratton, Florence, who was now back from music school, Ada, Lemon and Geneva.

There was no such thing as a trained nurse, and no such thing as a hospital, and despite their devoted and tender care, and the best medical attention obtainable, the precious little mother slipped away from them in February, 1875, after seven years of invalidism, and four months after leaving the farm. They took her back to Hope-well Cemetery and buried her in the family lot beside the children who had preceded her in death, whom she had so bravely borne, devotedly loved and never ceased to mourn.

It was during her early school days in Wabash that Geneva's name was changed. Then, even as now, names had to be shortened, abbreviated, or made over in some way; so Geneva became Geneve, with the accent on the last syllable, which left the name with the same number of letters, but made it sound shorter.

At the end of the first school year, Father Stratton, Lemon and the three girls moved into another house near the Taylor family. Florence had arranged the purchase of a new piano and was busily engaged in giving music lessons. Irvin joined his brother, Jerome, in his law practice in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Lemon went to Wabash College. This arrangement left the father with the three motherless daughters, Florence, Ada and Geneve, the two latter going to school, doing the housework, and caring for the family as best they could.

A few years later Father Stratton, who was discontented in a rented house, bought a lot and built a home for them so that they were much happier. Geneve entered High School and was doing well in everything with the exception of Mathematics. She had an amusing experience in her third year High School of which she writes:

"Friday afternoon was always taken up with an exercise called 'Rhetoricals.' Each Friday afternoon the pupils furnished entertainment for the assembled school faculty. This particular day on which I was to have a paper, the subject assigned me was 'Mathematical Law.' I knew that mathematical laws were worked out with a precision that was something wonderful. (I had heard of Kepler.) But I also knew that I never had passed any examination in Mathematics by more than the 'skin of my teeth,' and that the subject had been given me purposely, and as punishment, by a professor who understood me so little that she never took into consideration that such a course on her part could only result in making me dislike it more. 'I went home in hot anger. Why in all this beautiful world wouldn't they help

me to do the thing I could do, and let any one of four members of the class who revelled in Mathematics do that subject? At study hour in the evening I was distracted, and there came a culmination.

"I can't do a paper on Mathematics, and I won't!" I said stoutly. 'But I will do such a paper on a subject I can write about that will open their foolish eyes as to how wrong they are!'

"I picked up a pencil and began seeking some clue that would lead to a subject. My eyes fell on my loved book on the table before me, the most wonderful story of which was *Picciola* by Saintine. Instantly I began to write. Breathlessly I wrote for hours. I wrote pages on pages. The poor Italian Count, the victim of political offences, shut by Napoleon from the wonderful grounds, mansion and life that were his, restricted to bare prison walls at Lenistrella, deprived of books, pens and paper, his one interest in life a little sprout of green, sprung no doubt from a seed dropped by a passing bird between the stone flagging of the prison yard before his window, had always deeply stirred my imagination.

"Next morning I dared my crowd to see how long they could remain on the grounds and yet reach the room before the last toll of the bell. The scheme worked. Coming in so late, we frustrated the principal, and she began the opening exercises without remembering my paper. At noon I carried it home and read it again instead of eating my dinner, and each time I loved it better and saw new beauty in it. Again I was as late as I possibly dared be. The principal did not remember my paper until she came to my name and subject on her programme near the close of the exercises. If things went too far in school, worse happened at home, as we children well understood. When she remembered my name, she looked at me meaningfully, announced my inspiring mathematical subject, and called my name. I arose, walked to the front and made my best bow to the principal, to the faculty and to my schoolmates. Then I turned to her and said: 'I waited until the last minute because I knew absolutely nothing about my subject' (the audience laughed and she was forced to smile, so I continued with growing hope), 'and I could find nothing either in the library here or at home, so last night I reviewed Saintine's masterpiece, *Picciola*.'

"Then instantly I began to read. I was almost paralyzed at my audacity and with each word I expected to hear a terse little interruption: 'You may report at the office!' Imagine my amazement when what I did hear at the turning of the first page was: 'Stop a minute!' Of course I stopped, and Miss Bird left the room. A minute later she appeared with the Superintendent of the City Schools.

"Begin again!" she said. 'Take your time.'

"I was too amazed to speak. Then thought came in a rush. My paper was good. It was as good as I had believed it. It was better than I had known. It was so good that an unprecedented thing had happened: the Superintendent of the schools had been called from his office to hear it read. I glanced at him in consternation. Professor Thomas was a kindly man and he smiled and nodded.

"Go on!" he said.

"And maybe I didn't 'go on!' I lifted my proud head, opened the gates and took that assembly room and the corps of teachers into our confidence, and the Count and I told them all that was in our hearts about a little flower that sprang between the paving stones of a prison yard. The Count and I were free spirits. From the book I had learned that. He got into political trouble through it, and I had got into mathematical trouble; and we told our troubles. One instant the room was in laughter; the next the boys turned their heads, and the girls who had forgotten their handkerchiefs cried into their aprons, and were unashamed. At the turning of a sheet I stole a glance at the 'Supe,' as we called him. As the oil ran down Jacob's beard even into his lap, so the tears were running [Turn to page 91]

## Maysville Guild Rugs

HAND WOVEN

Beautiful designs woven with Maysville Guaranteed 4-Ply Warp, world's standard for strength and durability. Adopted by U. S. Veterans Bureau. See your local Maysville Guild Weaver for prettiest, newest patterns, woven from your rugs or from Maysville Rug Filler. Look for Maysville Guild on Weaver's sign and on rug labels.

Valuable Book "Hand Loomed Rugs in Home Decoration", 10c

WEAVERS and ambitious men and women who would like to become weavers:

Accept our help in building a bigger, better business! Join Maysville Guild Free. 8,000 members. We send you New, Free Rug Patterns and Business Methods. We give you right to use Maysville Guild Rug Labels, sent free with Maysville Warp & Filler orders. Send for free samples and information now, also Free Weavers' Manual. State kind of loom.

January & Wood Co., Inc.  
Dept. 12 Maysville, Ky.



## Maysville Guild Rugs

HAND-LOOMED WITH Maysville Warp

© 1925, January & Wood Co., Inc.

Identify Maysville Guild Rugs by This Label

## Kitchen Bouquet for Soups

Nothing like it -- to give body and appetizing flavor to thin soups

Famous for 50 years

## We Pay Freight



\$796 Buy Direct Save \$200 to \$1500

Beautiful 6-room home with porch

Mrs. Coombs saved \$1000. B. A. Anderson saved \$500. F. E. Dole saved between \$1000 and \$1500 by building the Liberty Way. He can do as well. No waste. No worry. 50 per cent labor. Substantial, permanent homes. Write today for full information.

FREE Beautiful Book of Liberty Homes

Pictures wonderful homes from \$379 to \$1000. Plans include all lumber cut-to-fit, millwork, painting, bath, hardware, paint, nails. Materials fully guaranteed. Plans FREE. Freight paid on all orders. Write today for full information. Also Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Costa Rica. Write today for full information. LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. 42-B, Say City, Mo.

GRAY HAIR NO DYE! New, radically different. For men and women. Applied to scalp and hair. Quickly restores original color. No greasy residue. No itching. No staining. No hair loss. No hair growth. Not affected by washing or drying. Instantly restores hair to its original color. No greasy residue. No itching. No staining. No hair loss. No hair growth. Not affected by washing or drying. FREE TRIAL! Don't confuse Tintex with Gray. Get the real Tintex. Write today for Free booklet and FREE TRIAL OFFER. Ray Laboratories, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 112, Chicago



Guar-  
ard for  
y U. S.  
ayaville  
est pat-  
or from  
Mays-  
and on

Loomed  
on", 10c

ambien  
who  
become

ilding a  
el Join  
e. 8,000  
u New,  
ne and  
We give  
ayaville  
ent free  
& Filler  
samples  
w, also  
annual.

, Inc.  
e, Ky.

ugs by

et

ty  
Boey

ars

ght

rect  
1500

F. E. Day  
y way, Ten  
bor, Subur-  
ne.

979 to 2400  
illwork, not  
Materials del-  
y, paid and  
on-Dixon  
Catie Nelson  
ore.

City, Mich

new work  
Orl-  
YOUR MAIL

12, Chicago



Nature gave baby a breast—

Hygeia does likewise;  
hence, weaning is easy

No funnel, no brush re-  
quired. Look for one ring on  
the breast; and two rings on  
the food-cell. Avoid misfits.



Hygeia

THE SAFE NURSING BOTTLE

Sale Representatives, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.,  
Belmont Bldg., Madison Ave. & 34th St., N. Y.

We will send you baby booklet or food-cell  
cover. Mark the one you want and mail to us.  
☐ Booklet ☐ Cover. Hygeia Nursing Bottle  
Co., 1201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Winter Rash Quickly Healed

For quick relief from winter rash, chafed skin,  
eczema, pimples, blotches and other skin troubles,  
apply pure, cooling liquid D.D.D. Clear, stain-  
less, and dries up almost instantly. Soothes and  
heals the tissues, penetrates the skin and stops  
itching the moment it touches the skin. A 35c trial  
bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic  
—or your money back. At all drug stores.

**D.D.D. The Healing  
Skin Lotion**

## Tea Room Managers Wanted

HUNDREDS of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch  
rooms, motor inns, now opening are calling for  
trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive  
daily calls for managers, assistant managers, host-  
esses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and  
women. EARN \$2,500 to \$5,000 THIS YEAR. You can  
qualify in a few weeks with the Lewis Simplified  
Study Plan—and we put you in touch with big oppor-  
tunities. Send for FREE BOOK "Pouring Tea For  
Profit." Write Today.

**Lewis Tea-Room Institute**  
Dept. AR 5051 Washington, D. C.

## Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and  
enjoy them always.

**Engel**

5 Styles **Art Corners** 3 Colors  
are on sale at Photo Supply and  
Album counters everywhere. They  
are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic,  
No Paste, No Fold way to mount  
slides, prints. A dime brings 100  
and samples to try. Write  
**ENGEL MFG. CO.**  
Dept. 188, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

## Big Profits in Home Cooking!

Alice Bradley, famous expert,  
shows just how to make home cook-  
ing give big profits. How to cater, run  
profitable **TEA ROOMS**, Motor Inns,  
Cafeterias, etc.—over 50 ways to make money.  
Produce, processed! Write today for FREE  
trial lesson & "Cooking for Profit." It's FREE.  
School of Home Economics, 676 E. 96th St., Chicago

# LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 90]

down the professor's beard even into his  
lap! For almost sixteen big foolscap pages  
I held them, and I was eager to go on  
and tell them more about it when I  
reached the last line."

After such encouragement her ever-  
present desire to write mounted to fever  
heat. She neglected everything else and  
wrote. She hid in her room at home, and  
she hid behind her books in school. She  
wrote a volume of verse fashioned after  
Meredith's *Lucille*, two novels, and a  
romantic book in rhyme all during the  
time she should have been studying. When  
her grades fell threateningly low, she was  
forced to study, as her father would never  
have forgiven her the disgrace of a fail-  
ure in school—her father who had taught  
her that whatever she started she must  
finish.

IN 1880 Mrs. Taylor, with whom they  
had lived, was taken very ill. Geneve  
missed the last three months of school that  
year because of having to nurse her sick  
sister, who died in the spring. Of this she  
wrote:

"Like Thoreau, I never worried over  
diplomas, and unlike most school chil-  
dren, I studied harder after leaving school  
than ever before, and in a manner that  
did me real good. I never went to school  
again, and the best that can be said of  
what education I have is that it was  
strictly private. It was the very best kind  
in the world for me; the only possible  
kind that would not have ruined a per-  
son of my inclinations. I studied the  
things in which I was most interested, and  
whenever I had the opportunity, having  
at my command my brother's library and  
the libraries of the school and town. I  
have always been too thankful for words  
that circumstances saved my brain from  
being run through a groove in company  
with dozens of others of widely differing  
tastes and mentality."

Early in December, 1883, while walk-  
ing down town on an icy pavement,  
Geneve caught her foot in the hinge of a  
grating. She was unconscious when she was  
picked up, and was found to have cracked  
her skull. For weeks her family despaired  
of saving her, but her wonderful constitu-  
tion came to her rescue, and after three  
months she was able to walk about with  
the use of a cane.

Geneve had no beaux worthy of men-  
tion. There was much fun and frolic  
among the young people, but society in  
those days was very different from that  
of today. There was neither card playing  
nor dancing in the homes. They were just  
a jolly bunch of girls and boys together,  
and a party at one home meant that the  
whole bunch of young people would ap-  
point a certain home for a meeting place  
and then all go in a crowd to the party.  
In homes where there were pianos the  
young folks sang. When the party was  
over, they all left at the same time, romp-  
ing and chasing each other around, until  
every one had dropped out at their own  
homes.

Geneve never manifested any particu-  
lar interest in boys. She laughed and  
joked with all of them, but had no fa-  
vorites.

Geneve was an exceedingly attractive  
and beautiful young woman. She had very  
keen, penetrating gray eyes with brown  
spots in them—"cat eyes," as she used to  
call them. She had unusually heavy black  
eyebrows, a physical trait of the Stratton  
family, which came together across her  
nose, and two heavy braids of brown hair  
which hung like ropes to her knees. Often  
her abundant hair was braided in many  
small braids which made waves when al-  
lowed to hang loose, floating about her and  
enveloping her like a mermaid. She was  
not allowed the use of cosmetics of any  
kind, but she had abundant coloring and a  
natural bloom of youth and health which  
made her a vivid and striking picture.

Geneve confided to her father her ambi-  
tions to write, and if she timidly showed  
him a composition of a faulty poem, he  
always saw some good in it and  
made helpful suggestions for its improve-  
ment. She loved brilliant color and once  
decided that she wanted to paint. So

Father Stratton went to an artist who  
designed an easel for him, and he per-  
sonally superintended the building of it,  
and then provided the necessary funds for  
lessons in painting. Many years later, on  
that same easel, she painted the water  
colors for the illustration in *Moths of  
the Limberlost*, and one of the most  
poignant regrets of her life was that her  
father could not know the eventual use  
of the easel that he had builded out of  
his faith in her.

When she wanted to try music as a  
method of self-expression, her father at  
once detected hidden ability that should  
be developed, and immediately started her  
taking lessons. Through all the days of  
struggle and unrest, he remained firm in  
his belief that she was going to do some-  
thing good for the world and that he  
would be very remiss in his duty to her  
if he did not help. It was he who de-  
manded a physical standard that devel-  
oped the strength to endure the rigors  
of scientific field work; it was he who  
demanded of her from birth the "finish-  
ing" of any task she attempted; it was  
he who taught her to cultivate patience,  
to watch and wait; and it was he who,  
in his home and in his church, taught her  
courage, honesty, honor and "all things  
whatsoever"; it was he who daily lived  
before her the life of such a man as she  
portrayed in *The Harvester*, and who  
constantly used every atom of his brain  
and body power to help and encourage  
all men to do the same.

In July, 1884, Reverend Wilkinson and  
his family, who were close friends of the  
Strattons, visited in Wabash. Their daugh-  
ter, Cora Wilkinson, was just Geneve's  
age, and they were very congenial. The  
Wilkinsons were on their way to Sylvan  
Lake at Rome City, Indiana, where they  
had a cottage, and they invited Geneve to  
go with them for a vacation.

It was during this Summer that Charles  
Dorwin Porter, then a flourishing young  
druggist of Geneva, Indiana, who was on  
a vacation at the lake with a party of his  
cousins, first saw Geneve. He was deeply  
attracted by the girl's vivid young beauty,  
and her marked personality which singled  
her out from the crowd. He noticed  
Geneve among the crowds and kept tell-  
ing the others in his party what a good  
looking girl she was and how he would  
love to meet her.

But it so happened that when they all  
left the lake the next day, Mr. Porter and  
his party were on the same coach on the  
same train with Geneve and the Com-  
ptons. The Comptons travelled with her as  
far as Fort Wayne where Geneve got off  
the train, going to spend a few days with  
her brother, Irvin, and his family. Mr.  
Porter also left the train at Fort Wayne,  
and it so happened that the next morning,  
as Geneve was standing at the gate to her  
brother's front yard, Mr. Porter chanced  
to ride by on horseback. Their eyes met  
and they recognized each other; but  
neither had enough courage to speak.

After a short visit with her brother,  
Geneve went on north to visit the Wil-  
kinsons, who had just returned home.  
While there she received her first letter  
from Mr. Porter which was forwarded to  
her from Wabash. Remembering the for-  
malities and rigid conventions of those  
days, as one reads this first letter it is  
easy to guess in what trepidation and  
with what fearful misgivings it was writ-  
ten.

"Geneva, Indiana.  
Sept. 18, 1884.

"Miss Genevieve Stratton:

"There are certain instances occur dur-  
ing our lives that prompt us to do some  
very foolish things. 'Human creatures are  
prone to err' and the writer is no excep-  
tion."

"Having been rather favorably im-  
pressed with your appearance, I venture the  
forwardness to address you. Barring the  
rules of etiquette and asking your pardon,  
I would respectfully solicit a correspond-  
ence from you. You may ask my object.  
'Echo answers.' We will trust to fate for  
the outcome. You will [Turn to page 92]



"I heard  
my child  
scream!"

"Helen and her little brother were  
playing at housekeeping in the  
kitchen. Helen tried to pick up the  
boiling tea kettle . . . The whole  
kettleful of scalding water poured  
over him—right on his cheek  
and chest! His screams were  
terrible . . . I remembered Unguentine—spread it on thickly. The  
first touch of Unguentine made the  
child comfortable . . . The scalds  
were healed in a very short time.  
And, I am happy to say, not a sign  
of a scar is left."

RELY on Unguentine. Just as  
physicians and hospitals do  
the country over.

Apply this famous dressing lib-  
erally. Immediately the pain is  
soothed. You are guarded against  
terrible infection. Soon the wound  
is completely healed, almost invari-  
ably without even a scar!

For cuts, scratches and bruises,  
too. Bandage lightly when neces-  
sary. At your druggist's—50c. The  
Norwich Pharmacal Company,  
Norwich, N. Y.

UNGUENTINE  
The famous surgical dressing

FREE!



The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. M-38  
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and  
booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Strofer, M. D.

Name . . . . .  
Street . . . . .  
City and State . . . . .



Open more Windows  
Put on more NASHUAS

**O**PEN an extra window tonight and let health blow in. But, put on an extra Nashua too, and let the warmth of its deep, fleecy nap insure sleeping comfort the whole night through. Exceptional values in Nashua Part Wool Blankets—as low as \$4.50 per pair. Insist upon seeing the Nashua ticket on the blanket you buy.

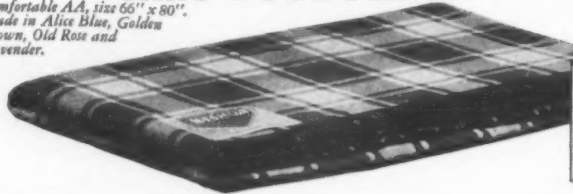
Amory, Browne & Co.  
Dept. 605, Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

# Nashua Blankets

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PART WOOL "Quality Blankets at Attractive Prices"

Comfortable AA, size 66" x 80".  
Made in Alice Blue, Golden Brown, Old Rose and Lavender.



for WARMTH  
for BEAUTY  
for VALUE  
and for SLEEP

## Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

FOR over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence; and in other complaints attended with sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.



"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 85]

three or four miles from the cabin, for his own strength was ebbing. His only hope was to kill an occasional bird and it was in the darkest hour that an answer came to his prayers. In a blizzard against which he was working his way in half-blindness he stumbled upon a doe as weak as himself and killed her. Without this stroke of fortune Wood Pigeon and Wuskoo must have died.

When the thaws came they were alive. Early in April they arrived at Chenusio. The people there had lived frugally on their supplies and from the first running of the maple sap had been making sugar. Only four families had preceded Jeems to the village and of their number, which was twenty-eight, five had died. No word had been received from Tiaoga.

Scarcely a family returned which did not bring grief with it. And Ah De Bah, the mightiest hunter of them all, come. No one had heard of him since he knew where he was. Fifty—seventy—hundred—then a hundred and those who had gone in the break—accounted for by the end of April. They were Mary Daghlen. Of their thirty had died. Still Ah De Bah, the Tall Man, did not come.

Then he appeared one day. He grotesque rack of fleshless bones Tiaoga would not have recognized him. He trailed his people. Jeems and them before he could tell one from another. Eleven! He ran toward them and Toinette swayed from the line at the head of which The Tall Man marched. He might not have known her at first if he had not met him in this way, for the who were behind Ah De Bah walked with bowed heads and dragging steps like death-figures in a weird parade. Toinette's eyes stared at him from a face so strange and thin that it choked his joy. Her body was not heavier than a child's when he clasped her to him. They did not try to speak for a little while. Then she began to cry softly with her face against his breast.

He carried her to the tepee. He placed her on the soft skins there; then he was conscious of Wood Pigeon near him and in a moment Mary Daghlen came in. Jeems made way for them. He went outside and in his path was a creature who leapt weakly against him. It was Odd, a skeleton with red and watery eyes and jaws falling apart. Jeems waited until The Thrush came out and told him she was going for warm water and food and that Wood Pigeon was undressing Toinette. Then he sought the others. All but Ah De Bah had disappeared and were being cared for. The Tall Man could scarcely stand as he told his story. He had brought his eleven people back alive—the dog and he. Without the dog he would have failed in his struggle to feed eleven mouths—and Jeems knew why Odd had not been eaten.

WHAT was in Toinette's heart these days and at times in her eyes grew also in Mary Daghlen's. The young girl who had known no other life than that of her adopted people since babyhood, but whose mother had kept God and religion alive in her soul, watched with increasing anxiety for the return of Shindas. One day she told Toinette that at last she was prepared to yield to her environment and if no priest came that Spring or Summer she would marry Shindas in the Indian way.

But he came. He was a gaunt, death-faced man who said he was on his way to take the place of a brother who had died among the Indians of the Ohio. His name was Father Pierre Roubaud. He remained in Chenusio two days. On the second of these days he married Jeems and Toinette.

In their happiness Jeems and Toinette did not at first feel the undercurrent of change about them. But Jeems soon marked its rising symptoms. He was no longer greeted with friendliness. Men were sullen and aloof and women toiled without their usual chatter.

Then came the lightning flash.

\*Daniel James Bulain and Antoinette Tonteur were married by Father Pierre Roubaud on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1756, as recorded later by Father Roubaud.

It was an afternoon late in May when Shindas appeared in Chenusio, and with a white woman's abandon Mary Daghlen ran into his arms. Shindas held her for a moment before warrior ethics made him thrust her away. He was alone. His arms and shoulders were hacked and cut and some of the wounds were scarcely healed. A scar lay across his cheeks. His moccasins were in tatters, his eyes held the ferocious light of a wolf that had been hunted. He made no effort to soften the news of which he was the bearer. He had come from the border of the Cayuga country as a messenger from Tiaoga and was many hours ahead of his comrades. Tiaoga was returning with nine of his thirty warriors. The others were dead.

A white man had killed three of the twenty warriors. He was a prisoner now—with Tiaoga. They had put out his eyes so that he could not see. They had built a fire around him in which it had been their intention to see him die. But in the last moment Tiaoga had pulled the blazing fuel away with his own hands in order that the people of Chenusio could witness his writhings at the fire-stake.

After this one might have thought that mad men and women and not a grief-stricken people filled Chenusio. For hours the lament of the women did not die out. Still Toinette saw no tears. Her horror increased as she observed the preparations for vengeance; the digging of a hole and the setting in it of a tall stake, all by women's hands; the gathering of pitchy fuel by little children and their mothers; the transformation of friends she had known into fiends whose eyes filled with hatred when they looked at her.

Shindas came to them. He had a command from Tiaoga for Jeems. It was that Jeems should go to the village of Kanestio seventy miles distant and learn news of a war-party from that town. Shindas gave him this message and saw that he departed with it. He was no longer brother. He disclosed no sign of pleasure when he learned that Toinette was Jeems' wife.

Toinette remained alone. No one came to see her except Wood Pigeon and the afternoon following the day of Shindas' arrival the child ran in with wide eyes to tell her that Tiaoga was approaching. Toinette knew she must see this white man and be one of the first to greet Tiaoga. She bound the red fillet of cloth around her forehead and fastened the long yellow feather in it. She wore the most treasured of the things which had belonged to Silver Heels. The populace had gathered in the edge of the plain and when she joined it a murmur of disapproval swept about her. Wherever she moved people drew back as if her touch held the blight of plague. Wood Pigeon innocently whispered words which brought the truth to her. Chenusio no longer believed in her. She was not the spirit of Silver Heels. Bad fortune instead of good had come with her—famine, death, defeat. Wood Pigeon heard a woman hiss between thin lips that the interloper who had taken Silver Heels' place should die at the stake with the white man. The child did not repeat this. Her hand trembled in Toinette's.

They were standing at the head of the waiting lines when Tiaoga and the remnant of his band came over the hill and across the fields. Tiaoga's face was like a mask of rock as he passed so near that Toinette might have touched him. The prisoner followed. His clothes were torn from the upper part of his body. He was a powerfully built man with great hands and wide shoulders. On each side of him walked a warrior, for he was blind and needed guidance. His empty eye-sockets, hidden by drooping lids, gave to his round red face the appearance of one walking in a ghastly sleep. Yet he was not overcome by the enormity of the catastrophe which had befallen him, nor did he betray fear of what lay ahead. He sensed the presence of the people and held his head high as if trying to see them. It was a bald head.

Toinette swayed backward and struggled in a moment of darkness to keep herself from falling.

The prisoner was Hepsibah Adams.

[Concluded in MARCH McCALL'S]





# Why fear colds, grip or influenza

when Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets are handy

IT is easy to get rid of a cold if you don't neglect it. People who know the beneficial effects of Laxative Bromo Quinine keep well during the winter months by taking these tablets when they feel a cold coming on. The tonic and laxative effect of Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets

fortifies the system against colds, grip, influenza and other serious ills which often begin with a slight cold.

Since 1889 the signature of E. W. Grove on every box of Laxative Bromo Quinine has identified it as the first and original cold and grip tablet. Price 30c.

PARIS MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.



## LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

TABLETS

*E. W. Grove*



The beneficial effect of Laxative Bromo Quinine is very different from others

For your protection remember the box

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COLD AND GRIP TABLET



Chapped  
skin  
is so easy to heal

Mother always depends  
on Mentholatum for  
the family chapping  
You just feel it heal!



#### TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 4 cents for mailing costs to  
Dept. M4-Y, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. You  
will get a trial tube of Mentholatum. *Feel it heal!*

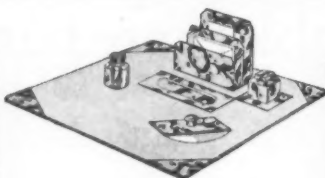
Name.....

Address.....

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐



LePage's Craft  
Telephone  
Screen



LePage's Craft Desk Set



LePage's  
Craft  
Handkerchief  
Sachet



LePage's Craft  
Waste Basket

## Fascinating Things to Make at Home

LePage's Craft Book Will Show You How

"I HAVE always known that LePage's is a wonderful mender, but I had no idea, until I got your book, how many lovely things I could make with it," is what thousands have said of this fascinating book.

LePage's Craft Book contains simple, easy-to-follow directions for making over 50 different articles for gifts, home decoration, bridge prizes, to sell at church fairs, etc.—articles that are attractive, useful, practical and inexpensive.

LePage's Craft is a surprise and delight to all who try it. No expensive set is necessary. No special training required. Anyone can follow the directions and make fascinating gift shop things right at home, for a fraction of the cost. This

easy way of making things will show you how to be a more skilful craftsman than you ever dreamed.

Send 10 cents (coin or stamps)  
for LePage's Craft Book

SEND for this wonderful book. Try this fascinating way of making things yourself. Mail the coupon below with 10 cents (coin or stamps) and we will at once send you a copy of LePage's Craft Book, postage paid.

Address LePage's Craft League, 533 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.  
Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Craft Book. Please send copy of this book to:

MAIL THIS COUPON

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



**LE PAGE'S**  
**GLUE**  
In Bottles and Tubes

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 19]

nests in the barn.

Just at the time when her intensive training in household duties was about to begin, her mother's health broke and the little girl was left to amuse herself. This was not difficult, for she loved the outdoors. She ran wild all day, and no questions were asked so long as she appeared on time for meals. She followed the older boys at their ploughing, and often fell asleep curled up in the fence corners of the fields where they worked. The first money she ever earned came from the sale of Indian arrow points which she found while roaming over freshly ploughed fields, and from the sale of goose quills which she picked up in the barnyard. She made dolls out of ears of corn and used catalpa leaves for blankets. One corner of the garden was her special property, and there she stuck onion sets and planted seeds when the boys made garden. Later she planted wild flowers, beginning with violets and Spring beauties, and so following down the seasons. She kept butterflies on the screen in the cellar window, carrying them saucers of sweetened water and nectar-laden flowers each morning.

I have heard her tell many times how she spent the entire Spring of one year locating sixty-four bird nests. These she visited each day and by the time the young were hatched the old birds were so accustomed to her that they allowed her to feed the little ones. Her favorite playmate was Bobby, a bantam rooster. She taught Bobby how to crow when he was told, so that when she held church services out in the orchard under the apple tree, Bobby always crowed when it was time for some pious sister to say "Amen!" Another pet was a fine, fat bluejay named Hezekiah. She made a coat, pants and sunbonnet for him and taught him to roll cherries across the floor before he dared to eat them. Thus, when she started out to play, Hezekiah sat on one shoulder and Bobby trailed along behind.

It was ever her custom to deal gently and lovingly with wild things, either animals or flowers; doctoring sick or wounded birds or animals, making pets of baby squirrels and rabbits and gathering only a few wild flowers at a time, mostly carrying them to her invalid mother who enjoyed their freshness and delicate fragrance.

Through all her days on the farm only two of her brothers were at home, Lemon and Leander. Lemon was next older than she, the tease of the family, and some of his pranks nearly ended disastrously. Once he bent over a limber sapling, showed her how he could swing on it, and told her to try it. But she was lighter weight, and she flew completely over the top of it and across the fence into the pig pen. If it had not happened that she landed in a particularly soft, muddy "wallow," she would have been seriously hurt.

The older brother, Leander, lovingly called "Laddie" by his Little Sister, was different—he was older; he had decided to stay on the farm, live on land and make his life on the soil. He was the idol of his baby sister's heart, the hero of her dreams and the gallant knight of all her imagined stories. "Laddie" was always kind; he was always thoughtful; he was never too occupied to notice her, to answer her questions; never too busy to pick a splinter from her feet or hands; never too tired to carry her on his shoulder and tell her a story.

One Saturday afternoon he was drowned in the Wabash River while swimming with several friends. This was a crowning grief and heartbreak to the whole family. "Laddie's" death broke his mother's health and left an ache forever in the heart of his Little Sister.

ABOUT the books which she had as a child, Mother writes: "I had very few books, only two or three of my own. But books are now so numerous, so cheap, so bewildering in color and make-up, that I sometimes think children lose their perspective and love none of them as I loved my few plain little ones, filled with short stories and poems, with almost no illus-

tration. I had a storehouse in the school books of my older brothers and sisters, especially in the series of McGuffey readers from One to Six. For pictures I was driven to the Bible, dictionary, magazines about sheep and cattle, and the historical works read by my father.

"As I grew older there were magazines and more books. The one volume in which my heart was enwrapped was a collection of masterpieces of fiction belonging to an older sister. It contained *Paul and Virginia*, *Undine*, *Picciola*, *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. These I spelled out painstakingly, a word at a time, until I almost knew them by heart from reading and rereading. They were exquisitely expressed and conceived stories, and they may have done much in forming high conceptions in my childish mind of what really constituted literature and of furthering the lofty ideals instilled by my parents.

"I had been drilled at home and I could understand any ordinary printed matter and spell quite well before I ever started to school. My first literary effort was printed in wobbly letters in the back of an old grammar. It was entitled *Ode to the Moon*, not that I had any idea what an 'ode' was other than that I had heard it discussed in the family, together with epic and sonnet, as forms of poetic expression.

"Oh, Moon, thou art glorious,  
Over the darkness of night  
Thy beams shine victorious.  
Thou lightest the weary traveler's way,  
Guiding his feet till break of day."

All week the little girl ran wild so that Sunday was rather a trial. Saturday evening the heavy brown hair that hung in long braids almost to her knees had to be washed and wrapped on tins that poked her head, so that she would have curls for Sunday. The feet that had been bare all week and that were sore from scratches of berry vines and stone bruises, had to be put into long stockings and heavy shoes. More underclothing was required than during the week, and a dress with a collar and long, tight sleeves. It is not much to be wondered at that the little wild thing sat in the country church in her uncomfortable clothing through the preaching and Sunday School, watching the sky, the clouds, listening to the birds and bees, catching the delightful odor of clover fields and new mown hay as it drifted through the open windows, and wondering in her own mind if God was not outside rather than inside.

For the same reasons school was absolute torture. Geneva used to slip off by herself at recess, take off her shoes and stockings, and rub her swollen, aching feet until the bell rang and she was forced to put them on again. One day her teacher, whom she thoroughly disliked, put a sentence on the blackboard for her to read, after explaining to the class that the sentence contained a valuable lesson and that little children would do well to follow it. The sentence read: "Little birds in their nests agree." The little girl read the sentence and, out of her wide experience with birds, and in her great excitement, she almost shouted: "Oh, but they don't agree! They fight like everything! They pull feathers and peck at each other's eyes until they are all bloody!"—and she was punished for contradicting the teacher and being disrespectful, although what she said was perfectly true.

But when she found that school was inevitable, and that she must make good grades or be the laughing stock of the older children, Geneva became a very good pupil. Later her teacher was her older sister, Florence, and Florence tells even now with much pride how happy she used to be to call on Geneva to recite, for she always knew her lesson and could be depended upon to give her answers correctly and to show the other children just how a proper recitation should be given.

At this time there was no one to look after the children but the father and Lemon, who was then only a boy. The mother's health failed more noticeably, and she was only able [Turn to page 90]



# The new National Bellas Hess Style Book for Spring & Summer is ready



The  
WORLD'S  
LARGEST  
Fashion House  
SELLING  
Everything  
to Wear  
DIRECT BY MAIL

## The HUGE MERGER of NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO. and BELLAS HESS & CO. is a Sensational Success!

WE take this opportunity to express our thanks to the millions of old customers and new friends who have made NATIONAL BELLAS HESS such a sensational success.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS is the world's largest fashion house selling everything to wear direct by mail. It specializes only in New York's very latest styles at America's lowest prices (we have a unique lowest price guarantee that insures your buying for less at NATIONAL BELLAS HESS than at any other store in the country).

THE new NATIONAL BELLAS HESS Style Book for Spring and Summer is now ready. It is a huge book, the same size as your favorite fashion magazine—Pictorial Review, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's Magazine and others of this type. It has three hundred pages packed full of the most desirable, up-to-the-minute New York wearing apparel for women, men and children, including dresses, coats, millinery, shoes, hosiery, underwear, men's clothes, boys' clothes, girls' clothes and infants' wear. Also allied lines such as toilet goods, jewelry, yard goods, etc.

Simply mail the coupon below and we will send you this beautifully printed Style Book, lavishly illustrated in rich colors, rotogravure and black and white half-tones. It brings one of America's greatest department stores right into your own home and enables you to wear the very latest style New York clothes at a big saving on everything you buy.

# NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO. INC.

## New York and Kansas City



THE two coats and sport outfit pictured here are typical of the smartness and style you will find in NATIONAL BELLAS HESS Spring and Summer Style Book. You will be amazed when you see how low this latest New York style wearing apparel is priced and we guarantee that the quality in every case is excellent.

**MAIL THIS COUPON**  
for your  
**HUGE MERGER**  
**STYLE BOOK**  
of  
**New York's Latest Fashions**  
FOR SPRING & SUMMER 1928

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO. Inc.

272 West 24th Street  
New York City

643 Hardesty Avenue  
Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York headquarters—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City Store.) Kindly send me my free copy of your Huge Merger Style Book of New York's Latest Fashions for Spring and Summer, 1928.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. ....

State .....



## Beware the Coated Tongue

EVERY physician since the days of Hippocrates has regularly examined the tongue of his patients.

For a white, furry tongue is the first and unfailing index of disturbed bodily processes. It is a sure warning of intestinal stoppage, the underlying cause of many, many ills of life.

To correct the condition of stoppage signalled by a coated tongue, take Sal Hepatica—the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica sweeps away accumulated food wastes promptly—usually within a half hour.

When you take Sal Hepatica you have taken the simple, basic step to avoid the headaches, and all the other enervating physical troubles due to stoppage. Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage, relieves acidity and gently flushes away the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as are found in the natural spring waters of the noted European spas. Like these health waters, Sal Hepatica is efficacious in the treatment of indigestion, disorders of the liver and kidneys, hyperacidity, rheumatism and many other ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, sparkling drink, refreshing to the taste, invigorating in its effect. The best time to take it is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert with this bracing saline. Look at your tongue every morning. If it is coated—if you awake tired and depressed—make yourself internally clean by taking Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve the headaches and other ills traceable to self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. F-28, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

# Sal Hepatica



## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 88]

to sit in her chair and direct the three little girls while they did the work, which was done in some way before and after school. The children took their lunches and the father and mother had to manage the noon meal alone. Thus began the talk of moving to Wabash, a town some ten miles distant, where an older sister lived with her two children. The mother needed to be in daily contact with her doctor. The father was nearing the breaking point of his splendid physical development and health because of bearing so many burdens and responsibilities, and the children needed better school privileges than the country schools afforded. So it was that the family left the farm in October, 1874, when Geneva was eleven years old.

THE move to Wabash meant selling the personal property, most of the stock, and renting the farm. This was like the end of the world to Father and Mother Stratton, the collapse of all their hopes and ambitions. But they saw it was the wisest way, and they made this new sacrifice with the same Christian fortitude and cheerful resignation that characterized their lives together.

The family first lived with an older daughter, Anastasia Taylor, so that the household consisted of eleven members: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their two children, a brother, Irvin, who was a law student and Superintendent of Public Schools, Father and Mother Stratton, Florence, who was now back from music school, Ada, Lemon and Geneva.

There was no such thing as a trained nurse, and no such thing as a hospital, and despite their devoted and tender care, and the best medical attention obtainable, the precious little mother slipped away from them in February, 1875, after seven years of invalidism, and four months after leaving the farm. They took her back to Hope-well Cemetery and buried her in the family lot beside the children who had preceded her in death, whom she had so bravely borne, devotedly loved and never ceased to mourn.

It was during her early school days in Wabash that Geneva's name was changed. Then, even as now, names had to be shortened, abbreviated, or made over in some way; so Geneva became Geneve, with the accent on the last syllable, which left the name with the same number of letters, but made it sound shorter.

At the end of the first school year, Father Stratton, Lemon and the three girls moved into another house near the Taylor family. Florence had arranged the purchase of a new piano and was busily engaged in giving music lessons. Irvin joined his brother, Jerome, in his law practice in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Lemon went to Wabash College. This arrangement left the father with the three motherless daughters, Florence, Ada and Geneve, the two latter going to school, doing the housework, and caring for the family as best they could.

A few years later Father Stratton, who was discontented in a rented house, bought a lot and built a home for them so that they were much happier. Geneve entered High School and was doing well in everything with the exception of Mathematics. She had an amusing experience in her third year High School of which she writes:

"Friday afternoon was always taken up with an exercise called 'Rhetoricals.' Each Friday afternoon the pupils furnished entertainment for the assembled school faculty. This particular day on which I was to have a paper, the subject assigned me was 'Mathematical Law.' I knew that mathematical laws were worked out with a precision that was something wonderful. (I had heard of Kepler.) But I also knew that I never had passed any examination in Mathematics by more than the 'skin of my teeth,' and that the subject had been given me purposely, and as punishment, by a professor who understood me so little that she never took into consideration that such a course on her part could only result in making me dislike it more.

"I went home in hot anger. Why in all this beautiful world wouldn't they help

me to do the thing I could do, and let any one of four members of the class who revelled in Mathematics do that subject? At study hour in the evening I was distracted, and there came a culmination.

"I can't do a paper on Mathematics, and I won't!" I said stoutly. "But I will do such a paper on a subject I can write about that will open their foolish eyes as to how wrong they are!"

"I picked up a pencil and began seeking some clue that would lead to a subject. My eyes fell on my loved book on the table before me, the most wonderful story of which was *Picciola* by Saintine. Instantly I began to write. Breathlessly I wrote for hours. I wrote pages on pages. The poor Italian Count, the victim of political offences, shut by Napoleon from the wonderful grounds, mansion and life that were his, restricted to bare prison walls at Lenistrella, deprived of books, pens and paper, his one interest in life a little sprout of green, sprung no doubt from a seed dropped by a passing bird between the stone flagging of the prison yard before his window, had always deeply stirred my imagination.

"Next morning I dared my crowd to see how long they could remain on the grounds and yet reach the room before the last toll of the bell. The scheme worked. Coming in so late, we frustrated the principal, and she began the opening exercises without remembering my paper. At noon I carried it home and read it again instead of eating my dinner, and each time I loved it better and saw new beauty in it. Again I was as late as I possibly dared be. The principal did not remember my paper until she came to my name and subject on her programme near the close of the exercises. If things went too far in school, worse happened at home, as we children well understood. When she remembered my name, she looked at me meaningfully, announced my inspiring mathematical subject, and called my name. I arose, walked to the front and made my best bow to the principal, to the faculty and to my schoolmates. Then I turned to her and said: 'I waited until the last minute because I knew absolutely nothing about my subject' (the audience laughed and she was forced to smile, so I continued with growing hope), 'and I could find nothing either in the library here or at home, so last night I reviewed Saintine's masterpiece, *Picciola*.'

"Then instantly I began to read. I was almost paralyzed at my audacity and with each word I expected to hear a terse little interruption: 'You may report at the office!' Imagine my amazement when what I did hear at the turning of the first page was: 'Stop a minute!' Of course I stopped, and Miss Bird left the room. A minute later she appeared with the Superintendent of the City Schools.

"Begin again!" she said. "Take your time."

"I was too amazed to speak. Then thought came in a rush. My paper was good. It was as good as I had believed it. It was better than I had known. It was so good that an unprecedented thing had happened: the Superintendent of the schools had been called from his office to hear it read. I glanced at him in consternation. Professor Thomas was a kindly man and he smiled and nodded.

"Go on!" he said.

"And maybe I didn't 'go on!' I lifted my proud head, opened the gates and took that assembly room and the corps of teachers into our confidence, and the Count and I told them all that was in our hearts about a little flower that sprang between the paving stones of a prison yard. The Count and I were free spirits. From the book I had learned that. He got into political trouble through it, and I had got into mathematical trouble; and we told our troubles. One instant the room was in laughter; the next the boys turned their heads, and the girls who had forgotten their handkerchiefs cried into their aprons, and were unashamed. At the turning of a sheet I stole a glance at the 'Supe,' as we called him. As the oil ran down Jacob's beard even into his lap, so the tears were running [Turn to page 91]

## Maysville Guild Rugs

HAND WOVEN

Beautiful designs woven with Maysville Guaranteed 4-Ply Warp, world's standard for strength and durability. Adopted by U. S. Veterans Bureau. See your local Maysville Guild Weaver for prettiest, newest patterns, woven from your rugs or from Maysville Rug Filler. Look for Maysville Guild on Weaver's sign and on rug labels.

Valuable Book "Hand Loomed Rugs in Home Decoration", 10c

WEAVERS and ambitious men and women who would like to become weavers:

Accept our help in building a bigger, better business! Join Maysville Guild Free, 8,000 members. We send you New, Free Rug Patterns and Business Methods. We give you right to use Maysville Guild Rug Labels, sent free with Maysville Warp & Filler orders. Send for free samples and information now, also Free Weavers' Manual. State kind of loom.

January & Wood Co., Inc.  
Dept. 12 Maysville, Ky.

## Maysville Guild Rugs

HAND-LOOMED WITH

Maysville Warp

Identify Maysville Guild Rugs by This Label

## Kitchen Bouquet

for Soups

Nothing like it  
to give body  
and appetizing  
flavor to thin  
soups

Famous for 50 years

We Pay Freight



\$796 Buy Direct  
Save \$200 to \$1500

Beautiful 6-room home with porch

Mrs. Coombs saved \$1000. E. A. Anderson saved \$500. F. E. Davis saved between \$1000 and \$1500 by building the Liberty way. You can do as well. No waste. No worry. 40 per cent less labor. Substantial, permanent homes. Write today for full information.

FREE Beautiful Book of Liberty Homes

Picture wonderful homes from \$379 to \$1498. Price includes all lumber cut-to-fit, millwork, roofing, plumbing, hardware, paint, nails. Materials fully guaranteed. Plans FREE. Freight paid east of Mississippi River and north of Mason-Dixon line. Also Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Costa Rica. To Find Out—Write For Catalog Now.

LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. 42-B, Bay City, Mich.

GRAY HAIR

NO DYE! New, radically different. For Men and Women. Applied to scalp—hair. Quickly restores original color by regenerating color-gland in hair root. Results GUARANTEED. No after-graying at hair roots. No hair grows. Not affected by washing or waving. Daintily scented. Beneficial to scalp. Kills dandruff. Not greasy or sticky. Won't stain scalp. No one will know you use it.

FREE TRIAL! Don't confuse Yourself with dyes. Get the facts. Then test YOUR hair with OUR Risk. Write today for Free booklet and FREE TRIAL OFFER. Ray Laboratories, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 112, Chicago

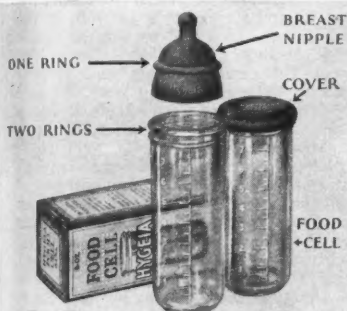




Nature gave baby a breast—

Hygeia does likewise;  
hence, weaning is easy

No funnel, no brush required. Look for one ring on the breast; and two rings on the food-cell. Avoid misfits.



# Hygeia

THE SAFE NURSING BOTTLE

Sales Representatives, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Bldg., Madison Ave. & 34th St., N. Y.

We will send you baby booklet or food-cell cover. Mark the one you want and mail to us.

☐ Booklet ☐ Cover. Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., 1201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Winter Rash Quickly Healed

For quick relief from winter rash, chafed skin, eczema, pimples, blotches and other skin troubles, apply pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Clear, stainless, and dries up almost instantly. Soothes and heals the tissues, penetrates the skin and stops itching the moment it touches the skin. A 50¢ trial bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. At all drug stores.

**D.D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion**

## Tea Room Managers Wanted

HUNDREDS of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor luns, now opening are calling for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and women. EARN \$2,500 to \$5,000 THIS YEAR. You can qualify in a few weeks with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan—and we put you in touch with big opportunities. Send for FREE BOOK "Pouring Tea For Profit." Write Today.

**Lewis Tea-Room Institute**  
Dept. AR 5051 Washington, D. C.

## Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

**Engel**  
5 Styles [Art Corners] 3 Colors  
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

**ENGEL MFG. CO.**  
Dept. 128, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

## Big Profits in Home Cooking!

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make home cooking give big profits. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Luns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 51 ways to Make Money. Profits guaranteed! Write today for illustrated booklet, "Cooking for Profit." It's FREE.

American School of Home Economics, 676 E. 58th St., Chicago

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER

[Continued from page 90]

down the professor's beard even into his lap! For almost sixteen big foolscap pages I held them, and I was eager to go on and tell them more about it when I reached the last line."

After such encouragement her ever-present desire to write mounted to fever heat. She neglected everything else and wrote. She hid in her room at home, and she hid behind her books in school. She wrote a volume of verse fashioned after Meredith's *Lucille*, two novels, and a romantic book in rhyme all during the time she should have been studying. When her grades fell threateningly low, she was forced to study, as her father would never have forgiven her the disgrace of a failure in school—her father who had taught her that whatever she started she must finish.

IN 1880 Mrs. Taylor, with whom they had lived, was taken very ill. Geneve missed the last three months of school that year because of having to nurse her sick sister, who died in the spring. Of this she wrote:

"Like Thoreau, I never worried over diplomas, and unlike most school children, I studied harder after leaving school than ever before, and in a manner that did me real good. I never went to school again, and the best that can be said of what education I have is that it was strictly private. It was the very best kind in the world for me; the only possible kind that would not have ruined a person of my inclinations. I studied the things in which I was most interested, and whenever I had the opportunity, having at my command my brother's library and the libraries of the school and town. I have always been too thankful for words that circumstances saved my brain from being run through a groove in company with dozens of others of widely differing tastes and mentality."

Early in December, 1883, while walking down town on an icy pavement, Geneve caught her foot in the hinge of a grating. She was unconscious when she was picked up, and was found to have cracked her skull. For weeks her family despaired of saving her, but her wonderful constitution came to her rescue, and after three months she was able to walk about with the use of a cane.

Geneve had no beaux worthy of mention. There was much fun and frolic among the young people, but society in those days was very different from that of today. There was neither card playing nor dancing in the homes. They were just a jolly bunch of girls and boys together, and a party at one home meant that the whole bunch of young people would appoint a certain home for a meeting place and then all go in a crowd to the party. In homes where there were pianos the young folks sang. When the party was over, they all left at the same time, romping and chasing each other around, until every one had dropped out at their own homes.

Geneve never manifested any particular interest in boys. She laughed and joked with all of them, but had no favorites.

Geneve was an exceedingly attractive and beautiful young woman. She had very keen, penetrating gray eyes with brown spots in them—"cat eyes," as she used to call them. She had unusually heavy black eyebrows, a physical trait of the Stratton family, which came together across her nose, and two heavy braids of brown hair which hung like ropes to her knees. Often her abundant hair was braided in many small braids which made waves when allowed to hang loose, floating about her and enveloping her like a mermaid. She was not allowed the use of cosmetics of any kind, but she had abundant coloring and a natural bloom of youth and health which made her a vivid and striking picture.

Geneve confided to her father her ambitions to write, and if she timidly showed him a composition of a faulty poem, he always saw some good in it and made helpful suggestions for its improvement. She loved brilliant color and once decided that she wanted to paint. So

Father Stratton went to an artist who designed an easel for him, and he personally superintended the building of it, and then provided the necessary funds for lessons in painting. Many years later, on that same easel, she painted the water colors for the illustration in *Moths of the Limberlost*, and one of the most poignant regrets of her life was that her father could not know the eventual use of the easel that he had builded out of his faith in her.

When she wanted to try music as a method of self-expression, her father at once detected hidden ability that should be developed, and immediately started her taking lessons. Through all the days of struggle and unrest, he remained firm in his belief that she was going to do something good for the world and that he would be very remiss in his duty to her if he did not help. It was he who demanded a physical standard that developed the strength to endure the rigors of scientific field work; it was he who demanded of her from birth the "finishing" of any task she attempted; it was he who taught her to cultivate patience, to watch and wait; and it was he who, in his home and in his church, taught her courage, honesty, honor and "all things whatsoever"; it was he who daily lived before her the life of such a man as she portrayed in *The Harvester*, and who constantly used every atom of his brain and body power to help and encourage all men to do the same.

In July, 1884, Reverend Wilkinson and his family, who were close friends of the Strattons, visited in Wabash. Their daughter, Cora Wilkinson, was just Geneve's age, and they were very congenial. The Wilkinsons were on their way to Sylvan Lake at Rome City, Indiana, where they had a cottage, and they invited Geneve to go with them for a vacation.

It was during this Summer that Charles Dorwin Porter, then a flourishing young druggist of Geneva, Indiana, who was on a vacation at the lake with a party of his cousins, first saw Geneve. He was deeply attracted by the girl's vivid young beauty, and her marked personality which singled her out from the crowd. He noticed Geneve among the crowds and kept telling the others in his party what a good looking girl she was and how he would love to meet her.

But it so happened that when they all left the lake the next day, Mr. Porter and his party were on the same coach on the same train with Geneve and the Comptons. The Comptons travelled with her as far as Fort Wayne where Geneve got off the train, going to spend a few days with her brother, Irvin, and his family. Mr. Porter also left the train at Fort Wayne, and it so happened that the next morning, as Geneve was standing at the gate to her brother's front yard, Mr. Porter chanced to ride by on horseback. Their eyes met and they recognized each other; but neither had enough courage to speak.

After a short visit with her brother, Geneve went on north to visit the Wilkinsons, who had just returned home. While there she received her first letter from Mr. Porter which was forwarded to her from Wabash. Remembering the formalities and rigid conventions of those days, as one reads this first letter it is easy to guess in what trepidation and with what fearful misgivings it was written.

"Geneva, Indiana.  
Sept. 18, 1884.

"Miss Genevieve Stratton:

"There are certain instances occur during our lives that prompt us to do some very foolish things. 'Human creatures are prone to err' and the writer is no exception.

"Having been rather favorably impressed with your appearance, I venture the forwardness to address you. Barring the rules of etiquette and asking your pardon, I would respectfully solicit a correspondence from you. You may ask my object. 'Echo answers.' We will trust to fate for the outcome. You will [Turn to page 92]



"I heard  
my child  
scream!"

"Helen and her little brother were playing at housekeeping in the kitchen. Helen tried to pick up the boiling tea kettle . . . The whole kettleful of scalding water poured over him—right on his cheek and chest! His screams were terrible . . . I remembered Unguentine—spread it on thickly. The first touch of Unguentine made the child comfortable . . . The scalds were healed in a very short time. And, I am happy to say, not a sign of a scar is left."

RELY on Unguentine. Just as physicians and hospitals do the country over.

Apply this famous dressing liberally. Immediately the pain is soothed. You are guarded against terrible infection. Soon the wound is completely healed, almost invariably without even a scar!

For cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

## UNGUENTINE

The famous surgical dressing

FREE!



The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. M-38  
Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofor, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

# **LUDEN'S** **MENTHOL** *action*

quickly  
 relieves  
 those  
 coughs  
 that -  
 keep -  
 children

AND as soon  
 as a Luden's starts to melt  
 in the mouth, *Luden's*  
*Menthol Action* spreads its  
 gentle, soothing film  
 through nose and throat  
 —clears the head and  
 quickly checks the cough.

Five cents everywhere in the  
 triple-sealed yellow package.

WM. H. LUDEN, Inc., Reading, Pa.



Send 25c for de luxe golden  
 metal carrier for dress occasions.  
 Refill from regular package.

## **LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER**

[Continued from page 91]

perhaps, wonder as to where I have seen you. Allow me to explain as follows: I saw you during the assembly at Rome City 26th to 29th of July last, and was aboard the same train on which you took your departure southward.

"I am engaged in the drug trade, my headquarters being here; however, I have a branch store at 106 Fairfield Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I spend a few days occasionally. I have a brother, Dr. M. F. Porter, who is located and connected with the Medical College at that city. Am known but little outside of business circles. Am well known at Decatur, Indiana, my old home. An old friend of our family and one who has known me from infancy, one Joseph Crabbs, now resides at Wabash, Indiana.

"May I hope to have a line from you? or do you think I have overreached all bounds of propriety as a great many young (and old ones as well) Americans have done before me? A letter will reach me here or at 106 Fairfield Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

"Very respectfully,

"Chas. D. Porter."

Geneve's first letter, which follows, is imbued with a sweet seriousness and an ingenuous frankness, and reflects the wholesome sanity which always characterized its writer.

"Wabash, Indiana.

"September 28, 1884.

"Mr. Porter:

"Your letter was forwarded to me in the North, where I was spending the last days of my Summer vacation, almost a week ago. As I was coming home so soon, I preferred to bring it here, and in the quiet rest of home, think a while before I wrote. And I feel now what I have so often and so keenly felt before: if I only had a mother to go to for advice! How I envy other girls!

"If you noted me sufficiently to remember me this long, then I am sure that you saw also that I behaved in a quiet and ladylike manner. But can I keep it if I correspond with an entire stranger?

"I cannot exactly see any harm, but won't you please not ask me to write again unless you are certain you can respect me as much as if you had formed my acquaintance in the authorized way? The family I was visiting when your letter came once lived in Decatur and knew your mother and you, as a younger man. My father is intimately acquainted with Mr. Crabbs, but if you meant me to inquire of you from him, I'd rather not. If I contemplated such a possibility as ever being friends with you to such an extent as that your life past or present affects me, then I only know of one person who could really be a competent informer—yourself. I prefer information from headquarters.

"There is nothing to tell, but I feel like telling you at once all I know about myself. I am my father's youngest and only unmarried child. My father and I, with my next older sister Ada, and her husband, Frank, form our household. I have three sisters and a brother who is all that's good and one who is all that's bad. My father is an Englishman and he is just the best, truest, dearest old Christian gentleman I ever knew. Our home here, and me, is all my father has left of a beautiful home and a large family. My father adored my mother. She is without eulogy; there is none to write it. As he speaks of her, her life was sublime. She was his love, his comfort, his joy, in life's bright hours; his stay, his support, in dark ones. So essential to his life, so dear to his heart, for eleven years he has walked—not alone, but in her presence, in her life, in the sunshine of her way. I am his all and, in that he sometimes calls me 'Mary,' you can read the secret of his dear love for his baby.

"I have nothing to relate. He has had me well educated in the necessary and artificial things of life. I do not suppose I am very good, but I am sure that my life is an open page. I have yet to perform an act that I blush to tell to my father; so I am sure your trust in me will not be broken.

"I beg that you remember the circumstances under which I write are embarrassing and not judge this letter harshly. When my brother found that I was answering your letter, he wanted to know if I was sure I was not, to use his expression, 'being guyed.' Of course, I could not see any reason why you should write me unless you cared for the amusement it would afford you, and I thought your letter the work of a gentleman. I told him so.

"I scarcely know why I have written you—a woman's greatest reason is sometimes—'Because!' But I hope you will be pleased, and if I've been good to write you a long, long letter, 'at an early date' go thou and do likewise."

"Very truly yours,

"Geneve Stratton."

In November, 1884, she wrote:

"Honored Sir:

"I think, Mr. Porter, that it is very hard to correspond with you—hard on me, I mean. I know nothing of your opinions or ideas and have simply to walk in the dark. Some day I will be sure to attack your pet theory and hidden secrets (of course I'll demolish them and thereby make myself obnoxious to you). Suppose I prefer being your friend? Is it not a little hard for me? However, I shan't pine over it."

"I have your photo and your nice long letter. Do you care for my opinion of your picture? To be honest, I did not know you were—so handsome. The hair line along the temples, the forehead, eyes and brow are simply beautiful. The nicest thing I can say about your forehead is it's almost as handsome as my father's. A classic nose and invisible mouth. But I never saw a face so full of contradictions. I fell in love with your forehead and eyes at once; but I would rather take a 'header' than do battle with your chin. It's awful. I have tried all my persuasive arts on it, and even 'sassed back,' and it won't budge. I would not have such a horrid old chin—looks as cross as fury—say, Mister, would you bite?

"On the subject of writing to you, I must tell you I think differently from most people; so prepare to be shocked. To address a lady without an introduction is regarded as a breach of etiquette. And etiquette is simply social rules made by society people. How much better a man, or how much worthier my friendship would you be, had some one presented us to each other? I am willing to forgive any man what I would do myself, and were I a free man and at any place or time saw a face or form that attracted me, and I desired to know and make the possessor my friend—well, I would, if it were in the range of possibility. And I believe that Society stripped of half its shams and social form would stand refined and purified—or else, a ghastly skeleton.

"I am sorry that my mention of Christmas recalls sad memories. I have heard your mother most highly spoken of by several ladies, but I cannot comfort you. The sacred name seldom falls from my lips—its greatest memory to me is a pale face and a hushed room followed by that never-ending sleep. I cannot remember more. One great childish pain, and that is all I have in memory of Mother. Yet as I see others I know what I have lost. When my proud, beautiful sister bends over her baby in mother love, I feel as I do when my best friend looks into her lover's eyes—that the two best things of all the earth are not yet come into my life.

"Very truly yours,

"Geneve Stratton."

The next Summer, 1885, Geneve was again in Rome City with her friend, Cora Wilkinson, during which time Mr. Porter was there for a week. This Summer the romance flamed and flourished.

Mr. Porter came down several times that Fall and Winter to see Geneve. He was responsible for the third change of her name, this time from Geneve to Gene.

[Continued in MARCH McCALL'S]





Cold and raw the north winds blow,  
The hills are bleak with pearly snow.  
To pale cheeks winter brings a glow,  
Double Mint helps to keep them so.  
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.



Always fresh.  
So much is sold  
It can't get old.

There is real Peppermint in  
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT—a  
new and better peppermint flavor  
—lasting, healthful, antiseptic.

Good for teeth, throat, stomach  
and digestion.

After every meal.



#### ALL-BRAN muffins

2 tablespoonfuls shortening,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 cup sour milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then milk alternately, with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (370°) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 large muffins.

*Muffins* ...bake them tonight for supper—and put in a handful of health

You can make uncommonly good bran muffins with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. As light and fluffy—as richly flavored—as ever you tasted! Extra healthful, too, because of the natural "bulk" they contain.

Doctors advocate plenty of healthful bulk in the diet. The large amount of fibre in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN makes it more effective for health, by far, than part-bran products. And because of its true nutlike flavor, it is much better to use in cooking than ordinary tasteless brans.

ALL-BRAN adds its own healthful qualities to any recipe. Makes delicious

bran waffles, puddings and breads. Mix it with hot cereals. Sprinkle it over soups. Use it in dressings.

Bring it to the table every day—as an appetizing cereal or in cooked dishes. Just two tablespoonfuls, eaten daily—chronic cases, with every meal—will prevent faulty elimination.

ALL-BRAN provides the effectiveness of 100% bran in a really delicious form—cooked and krumbled the Kellogg way. At your grocer's. Sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

**Kellogg's**  
**ALL-BRAN**



WRITE FOR FREE ALL-BRAN RECIPES AND OTHER HEALTH SUGGESTIONS. HOME ECONOMICS DEPT., KELLOGG COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep and Krumbles. Other plants at London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

McCALL'S  
nervous  
"Are  
she ask  
"No,"  
compan  
you and  
all mor  
Plain  
long. V  
radiant  
had fle  
washed  
wound  
cheek d  
"The  
the win  
Kelly  
found i  
"Air!  
"Oh,"  
"I'll  
He k  
search o  
Kelly's  
astound  
rapidly  
it the r  
pardon  
"Tw  
called.  
Come o  
Jim s  
proppe  
Seda  
"A v  
Nicky.  
nothing  
every o  
To N  
astound  
of the  
not at  
fant, J  
Fern ar  
in that  
swore,  
of acu  
He kn  
under  
entage  
needed  
And t  
crook a  
fuss of  
what h  
Late  
the abs  
Kelly,  
peared.  
o'clock,  
hospita  
breathl  
on a co  
"Kell  
"She ca  
Connec  
a sort  
legacy  
so Prin  
Nick a  
minding  
Jim,  
"We  
Bart. "  
may e  
He ma  
var an  
and w  
dumpee  
plainin  
piece."  
Vivie  
"Wh  
explain  
flannel  
straight  
ished w  
had to  
"My  
lessly,  
Wha  
explain  
group  
the pu  
"Lil  
tones,  
They  
membe  
wrapp  
"Ba  
"Ba  
measur  
colored  
Aunt  
joyed



## BOHEMIA'S BABY

[Continued from page 21]

nervously about from candle to candle. "Are you going to the dance tonight?" she asked. "Nicky's minding the baby."

"No," said Jim gruffly. "I'll keep Nicky company. It's all right for plutocrats like you and Kelly to dance all night and sleep all morning, but I have to work."

Plainly his answer troubled her. Not for long. When Kelly came, breathless and radiant from a chess victory, the shadow had fled. Later while Jim and Nicky washed the dishes, Pierette and Pierrot wound up the phonograph and cheek to cheek danced happily in the firelight.

"The taxi's here," reported Nicky from the window. "Get a wiggle on."

Kelly furtively consulting his wallet, found in it a familiar tag of memorandum. "Air!" he said loudly.

"Oh," faltered Fern, "I forgot—"

"I'll air him," said Nicky. "Beat it."

He kept his word. Jim faring forth in search of evening papers, turned back into Kelly's street in twenty minutes and came astoundedly upon the tea-wagon bowling rapidly toward him up the street. Back of it the round alert face of Mr. Finn shone pardonably with pride.

"Twice more around the block," he called. "That ought to fill him with ozone. Come on, Jim, I strapped him on."

Jim stared at a warm and woolly bundle propped against a pillow.

Sedately Kelly's son was crowing.

"A whale of an idea this!" observed Nicky. "Mrs. Duffy says that for almost nothing a week her Tilly'll air him on it every day."

To Nicky, that night, Jim regretted the astounding adaptability

of the Appendix. He was not at all the sort of infant, Jim contended, for Fern and Kelly. He alone in that mad-house, Jim swore, possessed a sense of acute responsibility. He knew to keep up under the strain of parentage such as his, he needed sleep and food. And by hook or by crook and quite without fuss of any kind he got what he needed.

Late one afternoon, in the absence of Fern and Kelly, Kelly's aunt appeared. Bart, at five o'clock, abandoned her to the resourceful hospitality of Nicky Finn, and arriving breathlessly in Jim Clay's studio collapsed on a couch.

"Kelly's aunt Cora," said Bart snickering. "She called. First time. Came down from Connecticut to do some shopping. I have a sort of hunch she disapproved of the legacy and tried to call it off. Almost said so Prim old heavy-weight with a lognette. Nick and I," he added casually, "were minding the baby."

Jim, shuddering, pushed aside his work.

"We rose to the occasion," protested Bart. "We not only rose to the occasion, I may even say Nick stepped over it. He made some fierce tea in the samovar and pushed the tea-wagon around and when things began to slow down, dumped out the duffel-bag. He's been explaining the kid's wardrobe, piece by piece."

Vividly Jim visioned its contents.

"When Nicky got to his leg spirals and explained to her that they were a sincerely flanneled effort to mold his legs in a straight and soldierly manner," Bart finished with a snicker, "I came over here. I had to."

"My Heavens!" exclaimed Jim hopelessly. "What must she think?"

What Aunt Cora thought Aunt Cora explained within the week to an elderly group of Kelly's relatives summoned, for the purpose, to afternoon tea.

"Literally," she urged in sepulchral tones, "I have been gasping ever since. They forgot in the first place, you remember, that a child needed clothes and wrapped it in—in batik."

"Ba—what?" begged a cousin of Kelly's.

"Batik. Batik," explained Aunt Cora measuredly, "is something or other brightly colored and artistic dyed in wax."

Aunt Cora with the deliberation of enjoyed suspense, poured the tea.

"When I went in," she began again, "Kelly's baby had on his legs white flannel spirals like a soldier, green and indigo Turkish slippers turned up at the toe with a bell on the heel, a violet batik robe and a jade bracelet. An unfamiliar young man, a Mr. Mason, produced him from a clothes-basket. They haven't any perambulator. Instead they strap him on the tea-wagon and an Irish child wheels him up and down the street."

An epidemic of shocked silence settled thickly on the room.

"Kelly's piano," continued Aunt Cora, raising her eyebrows, "has been painted green and—and orange. The space under it curtained from view by batik draperies, is their store-room. Anything, Mr. Finn told me, that needs to disappear hastily when the bell rings, goes in there."

"I liked Mr. Finn. His stomach band," continued Aunt Cora, unaware in her single-mindedness of word grouping, "has on it a wood-block design. Before that he had none at all. No one knew it was needed until Kelly read it in a magazine and cut one out for him of—of red plush."

It was significant of the inquisitive concentration of her hearers that not one of them attributed the ambiguous stomach bands to Mr. Finn.

KELLY was still getting ready to write and never getting quite ready enough when the Appendix, after an experimental period of crawling and wobbling, elected suddenly to walk. As yet however he had made no effort to talk.

It was after the miracle of his walking had become a commonplace factor in his life that the Appendix came placidly to shift for himself. At night with a sleepy gurgle he presented himself to the current guardian of the evening and put himself to bed in the rocking-clothes basket. It was a small basket and Kelly, Jr. was growing fast but so far, it was erroneously believed, he found the basket comfortable.

On the eve of the day that was to end so many things for Fern and Kelly, Jim found him at the studio window, staring intently at a moving van. From it two men were lifting a battered army cot, a mattress and a pile of blankets. Something about him gave Jim's heart a twist. Somehow he wasn't just a baby. He was a very little solitary boy.

The meager possessions of a Radical labor leader who was moving into the apartment across the hall from Kelly were by that time on the way upstairs. The Appendix, toddling into the hallway, supervised their arrival with fascinated eyes.

At six, having planned different sleeping quarters for Mrs. Duffy's new tenant, the police arrived. He was a somewhat hapless habitue of official dwellings, the Radical, and had miscalculated the exact time of an impending arrest. He departed annoyed. Jim went for a walk. Something about the Appendix silhouetted intently against the window pane that afternoon bothered him. He wandered presently into the park at Sheridan Square and sat down moodily to smoke. His chief grievance he assured himself, was the ridiculous fact that he had agreed to array himself that night in an asinine Elizabethan costume with an undersized neck-ruff and accompany Fern and Kelly to a dance while Nicky kept the baby. Yet the dance was not uppermost in his mind. Persistently a lonely little silhouette against a window haunted him. Fern's voice made him jump.

"I was sitting over there and saw you," she said abruptly.

Jim made room for her on the bench beside him, conscious of two bright nervous patches in her cheeks.

"Jim," she said impetuously, "you're so good—so kind—" Her voice broke.

Jim stared at her blankly, his kind eyes moist.

"For an hour now," sobbed Fern incoherently, her face in her hands. "Over there, thinking. I'm not [Turn to page 96]



# Coconut Cake



Makes  
any  
home dinner

Coconut Cream Layer Cake

## "a Party!"

WHAT a thrill for the whole family when you serve coconut cake for dessert!

"Why! It's a party!" exclaims the man of the house. And the children forget their manners in their glee.

\* \* \*

Coconut dishes appeal to everyone—they are so festive, so delicious. Every time we question housewives, we are astonished at the number (fully 75%) who say that coconut dishes are prime favorites with their families.

And besides tasting so good, nothing could be richer in energy-giving food elements. To whole peoples in the tropics, coconut serves as bread, meat and drink.

Bring the party spirit into the home meals by serving coconut desserts more often. And be sure to make them with Baker's Coconut—because no one but the Franklin Baker Company has brought the packing of coconut to such perfection.

Order Baker's Coconut from your grocer today and make tonight's dinner "a party."



BAKER'S SOUTHERN-STYLE, the new moist-packed kind in tins—as soft and delicious as if you had just dug it out of the shell yourself. Yet all you have to do is to open a convenient can.

BAKER'S PREMIUM SHRED, in triple-sealed, stay-fresh package, is the familiar old-fashioned kind, but it is hardly fair to call it "dry-shredded"—it is so tender and rich in flavor.



Attractive Recipe Calendar—FREE

If your grocer hasn't Southern-Style, 10c will bring you a half-size can to try. And an attractive recipe calendar too. Or the recipe calendar alone—free. Address Franklin Baker Company, Dept. McC 2-28, Hoboken, N. J.

## FRANKLIN BAKER'S COCONUT

## "Get the Message Through"

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN THE Sixties the "pony express" carried the mail over mountain and Indian wilderness from St. Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco. The express riders and station keepers won undying fame for getting the message through, regardless of hardship or danger.

Today, in the city of Denver, there is rising on the site of one of the old pony express corrals another splendid structure dedicated to the service of modern message-bearing—the new headquarters building of one of the companies of the Bell System. In fact and in spirit, the Bell System is the lineal descendant of the pony express.

It is this spirit of responsibility that causes operators to risk their lives by remaining at their switchboards in the face of fire, flood or other great danger. The same spirit calls linemen or repairmen to go out, even at the risk of their lives, to repair the lines in time of accident or storm.

There are no instructions requiring Bell System employees to endanger their lives. It is the spirit of communication that bids them, "Get the message through."



**WANT WORK AT HOME?**  
Earn \$20 to \$50 a week retouching photos—men or women!  
No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today.  
Artcraft Studios, Dept. 86, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago



**I never dreamt such style was possible at such a saving**

AMAZINGLY successful! With this new Finish-at-Home method, you do not make the dress—you only finish it! Dresses cut by artists, in the very latest Paris and Fifth Avenue styles—at half the price you've been paying for ready-made dresses!

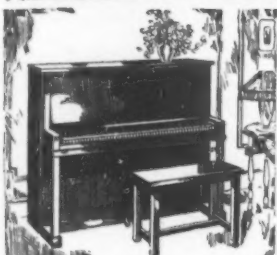
You need not be experienced at sewing, for all the difficult parts—embroidery;

pleatings, tuckings, etc.—are made for you.

Dresses are cut to your exact size, with full common-sense instructions for finishing them quickly at home. No waste, worry or patterns. Just a few hours easy work and a Fifth Avenue Mode is yours!

Write today for our latest FREE style booklet.

**FIFTH AVENUE MODES, Inc., Dept. L, 135 Fifth Ave., New York**



Picture shows style 18—Price \$275  
**WING & SON,**

**FREE TRIAL UNTIL APRIL**

In Your Own Home

No Money Down—Direct from Factory  
**A FAMOUS WING PIANO FOR \$275**  
THE OLD HOUSE OF WING & SON, founded 1868, wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home FREE till April 1, 1928. Hear its rich inspiring tone. 40-year guarantee. Sent direct to you—freight paid by us. Our direct-from-factory prices will save you \$150 to \$300; if not satisfied return at our expense. Pianos, player-pianos and grands. Easy terms arranged.

**The Book of Complete FREE Information about Pianos**

Sent FREE with catalog of 38 styles, factory prices, and free trial offer. Write TODAY!

Dept. 96-83  
(Founded 1868—80th Year)

13th Street and 9th Avenue New York

## BOHEMIA'S BABY

[Continued from page 95]

selling anything but at least I do work. . . Oh, it isn't right, Jim. It isn't right! And it isn't fair to Uncle Egbert. He thinks Kelly has to wait for inspiration . . . people think that, Jim. You know it isn't so . . . You just have to work . . . I tried to think—I wouldn't face it but Kelly is—Oh, Jim!"

Awkwardly Jim patted her hand. As usual the comforting word eluded him. And what comfort was there? It wasn't right. And Kelly was lazy. Abruptly Fern was on her feet, her blazing dark eyes wet.

"Let's go," she said. "I was a fool. Don't—don't talk to me about it, Jim, I couldn't stand it." Wistfully he obeyed.

And that night the Appendix disappeared.

STRANGELY the irrelevant murder of a banker had a hand in those hours of turmoil. Nicky Finn, dispatched by his paper to wait interminable hours for the verdict of a jury, arrived at "The Nest" exhausted by two sleepless days of writing and waiting and went heavily to sleep on a window seat. When he awoke the clock was striking four and the fire was out. Some one was lighting fresh candles. Fantastic costumes in the first dazed minutes of waking loomed in fearful blots out of the candle-light. A Robin Hood, a gypsy, a Pierrot and a motley group behind him.

"Well," said Kelly's big cheerful voice, "we're home. Wake up, Nicky old scout, and help cook some breakfast. Who's got the rolls?"

Lamp light dissolved the haze. It revealed Jim, tired and disgusted in his under-sized neck-ruff, standing near the cradle.

"Where," said Jim in an ominously quiet tone, "is the kid?"

Always after it pleased Jim to remember that Fern and Kelly moved so quickly toward the basket.

"The kid," said Nicky stupidly. "In the basket."

"No." Nicky touched his head. "He backed up to me to be undressed," he began, seeming to check off muddled memories, "and we had a sort of rough house getting him into his night gown. He likes that and then he crowed and climbed into the basket. It was warm and I opened the door—"

Fern caught her breath.

"The door!" said Kelly.

They followed him soberly into empty, silent halls. Mrs. Duffy, muffled in something faded, appeared fearfully from the basement with a lamp. "What is it?" she whispered hoarsely.

Jim told her.

"Och, somebody's taken him in," she said confidently and rapped at the nearest door. Her surmise was wrong. No one had taken him in. No one had seen him.

"Kelly!" said Fern, shaking. "The front door—was it open? Sometimes—sometimes it is."

"I reached for my keys," said Kelly, white and sick, "and then the wind rattled it—yes, it was open."

Jim's hand came down heavily on his shoulder. "Steady!" he said.

"There's no place we haven't looked," cried Mrs. Duffy despairingly. "Oh, the poor lamb!"

"Hush!" said Jim sharply. "There's the vacant apartment—the Radical's room."

"Locked!" said Mrs. Duffy. Fern sobbed. Jim appropriated her lamp.

"We'll see," he said curtly.

It was not locked. The yellow ray of the dirty lamp he held aloft in the doorway fell dimly on the Radical's bed and the dark tousled head of a sleeping child. No one had tucked him in. The Appendix of necessity had done that for himself, crawling somehow into the unaccustomed comfort of softness, space and sheets. One grimy hand clutched at the pillow. His face marked stickily with the imprint of a lolly-pop, bore a look of ineffable content. Jim slipped quietly into the room. It filled behind him. He heard Fern cry out

and Kelly speak to her and wheeled upon them, an angry moistness in his eyes.

"Look!" he said. His tone stung. Kelly flushed. "The bed of course," he said slowly. "I—I didn't know he'd ever seen one."

"Many's the time," cried Mrs. Duffy, "when my Tillie's brought him in on the tea wagon, I've tucked him up in Petie's bed. And once even he tried to climb into it himself, poor darlin', but 'twas not so low as the army cot."

"This afternoon," blazed Jim, "he saw that bed moved in. He stood in the window. What he wants, he gets somehow. He has to. Nobody helps him. . . . Good heavens, Kelly, wake up! Lock your door on this sociable bunch of birds who've turned your home into a club-house."

Lock it, get to work and buy that kid a bed! Why should he sleep in a basket?" He tore off his neck-ruff and threw it into space. "Pierrette and Pierrot," he flung out.

"Chess and jazz and the nimble hoof, free verse drivell and froth and talk on somebody else's money. Free verse . . . ! He pointed accusingly at the child in the bed. "There's part of your job, Fern, and Kelly, part of yours. Work and buy him things with his father's money." He met Fern's anguished glance with un pitying directness. "Give him a mother. Why should he shift for himself? He's too little . . ."

He set down the lamp and went roughly through the crowd at the door. They followed him dumbly. Only Fern and Kelly lingered.

Placidly in the Radical's bed the Appendix went on with his slumbers. Fern in a chair by the window, stared piteously at the bed, her big eyes dark and tragic. Kelly stood as he had been standing now it seemed for hours, one hand resting on the bureau. After a time he too sat. His clouded glance rested unhappily on a table. On it lay the fiery speech upon which the Radical had been working when the law arrived. There was a pencil there and blank pages. Life came impetuously into Kelly's eyes. He bent over the bed.

"Old timer," he said huskily. "I'm going to write a whale of a story and buy you a bed."

The broadening ray of the sun enveloped presently a blond Pierrot in a cloud of smoke. Wild, scrawling pages lay under his hand. His eyes burned. Blank pages had disappeared and he was writing irreverently on the back of the Radical's speech.

"Kelly!" Fern stood in the doorway, her eyes dilated.

"I think I've earned the head board," said Kelly, "and one or two slats."

His tired eyes smiled. Fern turned away. "Don't!" she cried sharply. "Don't look at me that way. And don't speak to me kindly. I—I don't deserve it. I—I've thought such bitter things. Yesterday I—I wanted to go away from you. I thought I couldn't live on Uncle Egbert's money unless you—unless you—but I've been just as bad. I ducked my job, too—the baby. This morning—when I thought he was gone and maybe in the streets and hurt—and then we found him—and he lay there so—so little—just a dear funny little boy—my baby—something hot broke in my heart. Kelly—I can be his mother—I can—I can!"

The sob had broken its shell. She cried wildly in Kelly's arms.

On the Radical's bed, Kelly, Jr. stirred and crowded. And swelling suddenly he grunted. It was a small, drowsy primitive grunt of comfort and Fern wheeling caught him in her arms. Kelly, Jr. blinked and crowded. And swelling suddenly he spoke a word. It was possible Kelly's son had been stirred to explosive announcement by the casual arrival of Bud, Mrs. Duffy's cat, but the word, Fern thought, was plainly "Bed!"

"Bed!" said Kelly queerly. "Bed! Poor little beggar! I think, Fern," he added, "we'll rent this room as a sort of annex. Patently after the mess of last night, we need a room for glaring candors."





# CLEVER GIRL

[Continued from page 17]

stared at her reflection in the mirror.

Soli, at twenty-five had the unmarked face of a girl of sixteen, and a mind so brilliant that she could not fail to gain recognition by virtue of it. Her thoughts were bitter now.

"I'm twenty-five. Not much time left for youth, and I want it more than anything in the world. You've lived a quarter of a century and no man has ever kissed you! Has ever wanted to!"

She spoke out loud suddenly. "You, with your heavy lines and that clever look. I hate you! You've stolen life from me. But something has happened tonight and I'm changed inside."

A FEW evenings later, Soli called her mother and sister into the drawing-room.

"I'm going away," she remarked quietly. "I hope nobody will mind."

Mrs. Millerand looked at her with interest. "Mind, Soli? I'm sure I think it's very nice. A little trip will do you good."

"I don't mean a trip, mother. I'm going to stay right here in San Francisco. I'm going to live in an apartment with another girl."

A bomb exploding before their eyes could not have caused more disturbance with Mrs. Millerand and the plump Marie. "I can't see any sense in that," cried Marie. "If it's quiet you want, Soli, we can arrange things better here."

Soli sprang to her feet. "Quiet!" she cried. "But I don't want quiet. I'm sick to death of quiet. I want excitement!"

"I quite fail to understand you, Soli," said her mother coldly.

"I don't quite understand myself, mother, so I can scarcely expect you to. However, I'm going tomorrow." And quietly, before they could say a word, she left them.

CROSSING the bay from her home in Berkeley, Soli hastened to the ferry building early next morning. She hurried to call up her understanding friend, Eleanor Abbot.

"Hello, this is Soli. Yes, I've settled everything. And here I am. Did you get in touch with the little girl that I am to room with?"

"Yes, dear, I did," returned the voice at the other end of the line.

"Of course. I know what's back of this. You want to write a new story about the modern girl—"

"With all the last-moment trimmings," broke in Soli. "You've guessed it."

With the address secured, Soli picked up her traveling bag and boarded one of the cars bound up Market Street, proceeding directly to one of the most noteworthy beauty parlors in the city.

"I want my hair cut," she stated. "But not just bobbed. And not frizzy."

"Ah," said the woman, "I know just what you want. Something youthful, yet distinguished."

Soli nodded. "I want to lose my old identity," she confided. "I want to be made very different. And perhaps beautiful."

Her next four hours were spent hurrying from one exclusive shop to another. And five o'clock saw her lists complete. Hastening to the hotel room that she had engaged for the day, she found her purchases had preceded her. An entrancing pile they were—queer boxes, round and square and oblong. Under their crisp wrappings lay exquisite, fragile beauty. She bathed hastily. Then slowly, like a little girl dressing for her first party, Soli put on her new finery. Only when the last snap had been adjusted and the final ribbon tied, did she stand before the long mirror and look upon the new Soli.

She saw some one distracting—audacious—disturbing. She slipped into the gray squirrel coat, tugged a gentian-blue taffeta hat down over one eye, and smiled at her reflection. Then, gathering her things together, she tripped light-heartedly to the address given her by Eleanor.

A tiny girl with pert, red lips opened the apartment door at her knock and after one glance at the radiant vision that confronted her, gave a shriek of joy and threw her arms around Soli.

"Thank goodness, you're real!" she

cried. "Abby said you were clever, and I knew it would be the limit to be cooped up here with a clever one."

Soli giggled deliciously. "Me clever! That's funny!"

Tossing her coat over a chair and pulling off her hat, she slipped an arm through Molly's and they strolled off on a tour of inspection.

"It's not so swanky," said Molly, "but it's a place where nobody is boss but yourself. But say, I don't know what to call you, can you feature that? Abby just called you Miss Miller."

"My name's Soli."

"Soli, I like that," Molly said. "It's full of French pep—but kinda soulful. Where do you work?"

Soli hesitated. "Oh, I just do special typing now and then. For Miss Abbot and a few other people."

"How wonderful. Then you'll always be on tap for a party. Reminds me, it's getting late, and we're being partied tonight. To celebrate you, you know. But, golly, I was wondering how Shane would swallow you. That was when I thought you were clever. Shane likes 'em butterflies."

"Who is Shane?" Soli asked hastily.

"Oh, Shane Maleine. Shane is nice. He's not like our crowd though. He's different. He has wads of money, but he never falls for one girl long. I hope he likes you, Soli."

SOLI'S heart gave an ecstatic little leap at her first glimpse of Shane Maleine, and in that second she wished, somehow, that she had not rouged her lips quite so brilliantly. But that dismayed little half-thought was forgotten in her second one of thankfulness that the boy who was to usher her into her first evening of adventure should look as Shane Maleine did.

As for Shane, he showed more and more his interest in her as the evening progressed, and while Soli was not quite certain what it was about her that was effecting his conquest, she could not but note its results.

When the party finally broke up, it was nearly morning. Shane tucked Soli into his car and turned to her, asking, "Why not drive out to the ocean and meet the sun?"

Soli threw back her head with a defiant little gesture. "All right. Speed ahead!"

Reaching the rim of the ocean, they sat for a time in silence, looking out over the sweep of the water. "And you like this?" Shane asked, throwing a hand towards the city. "Dancing all night until morning and flirting with every man you meet. Oh, I know," meeting her flaring glance, "you've been flirting with me."

Soli smiled suddenly. "Like it? I love it. As for flirting with you. Well, what if I have? It's only like putting on a mask of satin and black Chantilly, so that if by chance one gives a smile a shade too inviting, it is clearly understood that they are given only in a spirit of carnival."

Shane smiled quizzically. "Yes, I guess you're right; though I'd hardly expect you to express it in that way. Naturally, I shall kiss you."

Soli stole a hasty look at him. "Do you want to kiss me, Shane?"

He hesitated, then laughed rather shamefacedly. "No. Funny thing, Soli, I rather hate to. Naturally you won't understand, but you are the first girl who has ever made me wish she were different."

"Different? How?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's hard to define. How old are you? Twenty? Twenty-one? And you've been stepping around for, say, four years. I can't help a queer, unexplainable feeling that if I'd met you tonight and you'd come to me unadorned, I'd have cared."

Soli was very quiet for a moment. "So you'd rather not kiss me?"

"Remembering what you might have been to me, I'd rather not."

"Funny, you men," she whispered, a bit white about the lips. "Do you know, I'd never heard your philosophy of life quite so clearly expressed before. Rather cads, all of you—aren't you? I hadn't realized you were all so universally contemptible."

He was silent for a [Turn to page 98]



## Nothing Cleans Teeth LIKE POWDER

Just ask your dentist

IF you want the whitest, cleanest teeth possible, just try this; the oldest and most reliable way of all to clean teeth.

For over sixty years, since 1866, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because of its superior cleansing qualities.

It is only the powder part of a dentifrice that cleans and naturally a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER cleans best. That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

Teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when Dr. Lyon's is used. While it removes all the stain and tartar and actually polishes the teeth as it cleans, it cannot possibly scratch or injure the most delicate enamel, as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown.

Dr. Lyon's has stood the test of time as nothing else could. Thousands have found it safe, reliable and unequalled throughout an entire lifetime of constant

use. It is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Its rich, cleansing properties penetrate every pit and crevice, reaching every particle of food, or foreign matter, lodged therein. Thus, it leaves the mouth sweet and clean, the breath pure, and its cooling refreshing after taste is delightful.

Brush your teeth twice each day with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder; consult your dentist regularly to be on the safe side and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth. Make this test if you want whiter, cleaner and more beautiful teeth.

You can get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder at any drug store, or toilet goods counter. You will find it not only more efficient, but it costs less than most anything else you can use.

## Campbell's Automatic Electric

Fireless  
Cooker Range  
You Will Love It  
On Sight

It's now ready—the most wonderful electric range we have ever offered. Made with new quick ring heating elements which actually



WM. CAMPBELL

Cook As Fast As Gas 40 per cent more efficient, 40 per cent less electricity and less cooking time. Just think of it—boil water and cook food as fast as gas. Results are astonishing. Never before has any one offered an electric range as quick to operate—simple, practical, time-saving, economical, attractive, and truly beautiful in design.

Write and Get My Factory Price

Ask for our new big catalog and special introductory offer. Low cash price—or easy payments. Direct from factory to user. Here's where you can positively get the finest electric range that you could desire and at a wonderfully low factory-to-you price. You will like the price—it will give you a world of satisfactory service. 30 days trial. Money back if you are not entirely satisfied. Write today for catalog.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY  
1302 Union Avenue, Alliance, Ohio  
Mfrs. of a full line of low priced electric stoves



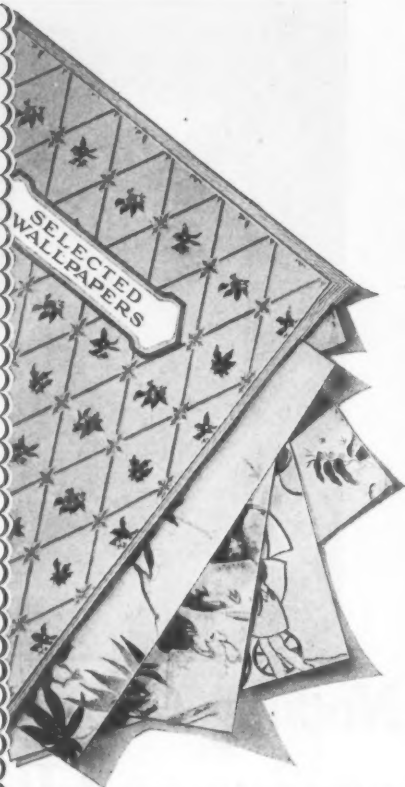
Automatic oven control turns the heat on and off as needed. Oven door, large cooking top and splashback made entirely of aluminum. Lifetime luster. Range beautifully finished in silver white enamel. Large aluminum lined electric fireless cooker in the bottom slides in and out like the drawer in a desk. Also automatically controlled.

## Wallpaper Works Wonders

There's a right paper for each room in your home—and this portfolio will help you find it.

AS A PRACTICAL HELP to home-owners, the Service Committee of the Wallpaper Manufacturers' Association has selected 25 representative wallpapers, actual samples of which are included in this illustrated portfolio.

These designs are widely distributed and priced to offer papers suitable for almost any kind of room in any type of home.



Wallpaper Manufacturers' Association  
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me your Portfolio of Selected Wallpapers for which I enclose 10 cents to cover mailing cost.

Name .....

Address .....

## CLEVER GIRL

[Continued from page 97]

moment. Then with evident difficulty he remarked, "Hadh't you better explain a little?"

Soli nodded and smiled. "As clearly as you explained me? Can't you see that it is your own common creed that has cheated you? You want the unkissed girl. But you play around with lots of other girls in the meantime. And when you meet a new girl, as you have me, do you ever stop to wonder if, by any chance, she has missed the kissing mill? Not you! You just label her 'kissed' if she's the least bit attractive."

Shane's lips were drawn in a narrow line. "I say, Soli, you're pretty bitter. The girls like it, don't they?"

"Who says so? Girls can have all the fun they want, though none of you believe it, from just dancing and fun. Now, take me home. I suppose I've broken all the rules of the game, but I don't care if I have."

"Well," retorted Shane, jabbing savagely at the self-starter, "you haven't spared the men any." And swinging back into the road again, he sped in silence back through the morning to Soli's new home. Then:

"Look here, Soli! I've made rather an ass of myself tonight. But I really want to see more of you. Can't I take you to lunch?"

"Lunch?" Soli shook her head. "When do you think I sleep? I never make luncheon engagements."

"Oh," he said stiffly. "I forgot your mode of living for the moment. Well, I suppose there'll be another shindig tonight. May I take you to whatever it is?"

Soli considered him thoughtfully, then murmured speculatively. "You've a nice car, and you seem to have plenty of money, and you dance divinely. After all, I suppose there's no reason why you shouldn't. I'll tell you. I'll go with you whenever you please, for exactly as long as you don't try to kiss me."

Shane smiled wryly: "It's a go."

AND so there commenced a period of excitement for Soli such as she had never dreamed of in her most extravagant imaginings.

Shane was Soli's escort on all these parties, though as time went by, he seemed to enter less and less into the spirit of them. And while he kept to the letter the agreement that he and Soli had made upon that early Summer morning, it is not to be denied that, with the passing of the weeks, he became more and more aware of her attractions. Soli had thrown all sense of discretion and judgment to the winds, and she startled even Molly's set with her recklessness and her daredevilry.

It was a warm Summer evening. The laughter of children was carried in from the street on the hesitant breezes, and Shane had telephoned Soli earlier to say he was tied up for several hours with a business conference. He had begged her to be good and to go to bed early, to get a much-needed rest. Soli had half promised, though she had added that she was afraid that if she stayed home, some of the crowd would drop in to console her.

"Send them home," returned Shane. "You really need the rest, Soli. And if I get out by ten-thirty or so, I'll drop around to see if you are all right."

It was nearer eleven-thirty when Shane stood before Soli's door. He found her the center of an informal group.

"Hi, Shane, old darlin'," cried a voice from one corner. "Join up. We're going to have a party. Soli has a party gleam in her eye—but we don't know just where to stage the thing."

"Sure, Shane, dear," murmured a yellow-headed girl almost under his feet. "Get the old bean working on something real extreme. Soli needs pepping up."

Pepping up! At that something seemed to snap in Shane's head. He saw the nervous trembling of Soli's hands and the violet shadows that were drifting beneath her eyes. Heedless of the scene he was making, he burst out: "Yes, and you're all on the job to do the pepping. You idiots! You can't see that she's worn out. Why don't you get out and let her have one decent evening?"

There was a dead silence, then a jumbled confusion as Soli started to remon-

strate shrilly, while the others left the room.

As the door closed after them, Soli turned to Shane, her eyes blazing with resentment. "What do you mean, Shane Maleine, by coming to my party and acting like that?"

"Your party?" Shane looked at her with an expression of scorn, shame and amazement. "Well, if that's the way you feel about it you'll not be bothered with me again. No doubt you'll be pleased, though you seem to like having me around under your foot like a tame dog. But I'm sick of the whole thing!"

"Perhaps you'll explain, since you are so good at explaining things!" said Soli.

"I suppose it's really all my fault for believing in you. I put you on a pedestal and gave you a heart and a soul and Heaven knows you don't possess either! You want too many thrills and too much admiration. Your whole life is wrong. And it is killing everything sweet and youthful in you. But you count the game well worth the loss. So play it. But I'm not going to be here to watch!"

Soli smiled a little, bitter smile. "And so you think all these things of me?"

"Was there anything else I could think?"

She threw back her head proudly. "I think you'd better go!" she cried. "But just let me tell you one thing first. You have more than convinced me that the previous opinion you gave me of men was correct," and turning, she ran into the bedroom and slammed the door.

THE next seven days of Soli's life were bitter things. She loved Shane and she had lost all faith in him. Perhaps the clever girl who had once been Soli would have met her disillusionment sanely and bravely, but the old Soli was no more, and the new Soli had much more than a gifted pen. This was a Soli who had found life, had flashed like a flame along its highways, had found her heart and her lover, and had lost both.

And so the third Soli was born. A different girl from the one Molly loved—a different Soli from the girl who had crossed the bay one Spring morning with adventure in her eyes and a wish in her heart. The little intangible barriers that had claimed the admiration and allegiance of men and yet had kept her clear of their more maudlin demonstrations of affection, were all shattered now with studied completeness.

"Aw, Soli, don't!" Molly would cry. "You're too good for them, honey."

But she pleaded in vain.

However the frail body of a girl is quick to reach the limit of endurance. With the coming of the tenth day, Soli opened her eyes and neither tried to, nor could, rise. Molly, in terror, would have called a doctor, but so vehement was Soli's refusal to see one that she feared to cross her. Throughout the long hours of the day Molly sat at her side, trying to arouse her. At last, when evening was near, she telephoned in desperation to Shane to come at once.

Molly was waiting for him out in the hallway when he arrived.

"Shane!" she cried, "I'm so frightened. Soli's sick."

"Soli sick! What's wrong?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. She's been like something wild ever since that night. She has danced and danced. . . . And hardly ever ate anything at all. . . . I begged her to so hard . . . And even that wasn't the worst."

Shane caught her hands in his. "Molly, don't tell me anything more! I can't stand it."

"I've got to. You know how Soli was. No one ever made love to her or touched her. Now it's different. She doesn't seem to care any more—and Soli couldn't stand that."

Shane whitened. "Molly, Molly, what have I done? I've heard—about Soli. Molly, can I see Soli now?"

"I know she wouldn't see you. But go in, anyway. You've got to do something."

He patted her hand. "Don't worry, dear. Things will come out all right."

Molly looked up at him with her clear eyes. "Do you love her, Shane?"

"Yes, Molly, very [Turn to page 101]



# \$100

## FOR YOUR CHURCH

**McCALL'S MAGAZINE** will give you \$100—or more—by a plan that is easy, quick and pleasant; a plan that is dignified, eliminating the distasteful soliciting for funds which so often has to be done; a plan which assures a financial return.

The McCall Plan involves no expense, requires no experience, has been successfully used by more than 10,000 Churches. For example over \$850.00 has been secured by one church—The First Baptist Church of Oil City, Pa.

Large church or small, in big city or tiny village, no matter what the denomination, this plan is open to you.

### Send This Coupon Today

DEPT. 2B McCALL'S MAGAZINE,  
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how, without obligation or expense, I can secure \$100.00, or more, for my Church.

Name .....  
Local .....  
Address .....  
City & .....  
State .....  
Name of .....  
Church .....

MORE than \$75,000 will be distributed among churches this year through this McCall Church Plan. If your church desires extra funds for some special purpose such as purchasing a memorial, new hymn books, a new carpet, redecorating that must be done, unexpected repairs, or perhaps to help meet general expenses, McCall's Magazine will be glad to make it possible for you to secure \$100.00 or even more.

Coffee Sp...  
1 cup suga...  
two eggs;...  
add 2 cups...  
ing Powde...  
¼ teaspoon...  
fold in w...  
two grease...  
in moderat...

Mocha Ici...  
butter and...  
tablespoon...  
¼ teaspoon...  
tween laye...



# 81%

of these representative  
New England doctors  
say

*"Cream of Tartar  
Baking Powder  
is most  
healthful - -"*



*Frosty Fruit Cake—a delicious, inexpensive Royal layer cake. Figs, cherries and pineapple added to a boiled frosting, make this delectable filling*



366 PHYSICIANS in New England recently recorded an opinion on baking powder.

*Ever alert to safeguard health, 81% of these authoritative men unhesitatingly stated their belief that "a Cream of Tartar baking powder is the most healthful."*

Cream of Tartar is a natural fruit product of ripe grapes. For generations it has been recognized as the most wholesome and healthful of any ingredient from which baking powder can be made. Long before there were any baking powders as we know them today, our grandmothers used Cream of Tartar, along with baking soda, to make their delicious cakes and biscuits rise.

But Cream of Tartar is a costly ingredient, imported into this country from the shores of the Mediterranean—

famous for the quality of their grapes. And because it is so costly, cheaper substitutes are sometimes used in baking powder.

In fact, Royal is the only Cream of Tartar baking powder that is sold throughout the United States.

In spite of the costliness of Cream of Tartar, for more than 50 years we have imported it for use in Royal Baking Powder, so that housewives may always have this most wholesome leavening agent.

Royal always leavens perfectly. It makes your cakes, quick breads and pastries deliciously light and tender, and it never leaves a bitter taste. It contains no alum.



Contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste

*Yet Royal costs you very little!*

It takes only 2c worth of Royal to make a large layer cake deliciously light and tender. And there is no waste to Royal, for it keeps its leavening qualities indefinitely, so that the last teaspoonful in the can is as good as the first.

**Coffee Spice Cake:** Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening and 1 cup sugar and beat until light; beat in the yolks of two eggs; add slowly  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strong cold coffee; then add 2 cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon allspice; mix well; fold in well beaten whites of eggs. Pour into two greased and floured square layer tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. 25 to 30 minutes.

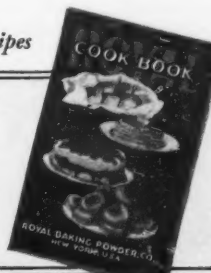
**Mocha Icing and Filling:** Cream  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons butter and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups confectioner's sugar; add  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons strong coffee and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Stir until smooth. Spread between layers and on top of cake.



**Free!** The Royal Cook Book containing 350 tested recipes

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. B, 105 E. 42nd St., New York City  
Please send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book of 350 tested recipes.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



# Coffee blended with coffee . . . patiently and skillfully

*.. taste joined with taste to win the first real nation-wide fame that ever came to a coffee*

**Y**EARS AGO a southerner of the old South, born with a genius for flavor. Today a special shade of richness that is changing the habits of a nation. It was to please the great families of old Dixie that Joel Cheek worked long to create this blend.

Hundreds of different kinds and grades of coffee from many distant lands—countless natural flavors! Yet in the old South, as today, no single one could satisfy those men and women who loved to linger over their morning cup of coffee.

Growing to manhood in that land of good living, Joel Cheek dreamed of a flavor no one had ever tasted. What endless labor! Months of combining and recombining, of testing and rejecting.

Behind that shade of mellow goodness which Joel Cheek finally perfected, lay the skillful mingling of many flavors. Taste joined with taste. Coffee blended with coffee.

## *The news of it spread far and wide*

From the start Joel Cheek's blend won favor in the distinguished homes of Dixie. Long ago it became the first choice of the whole South.

Today it has won such fame as never before came to a coffee. Known to the South alone a few years ago, Maxwell House Coffee is now the first ever to be approved by critical men and women throughout the entire United States.

The news of that special touch of mellow richness has spread swiftly to the cities of the North and West. Everywhere it has brought a new experience to those who enjoy and value the fine things of life. Maxwell House is today by far the largest selling coffee in the country—the most popular of all, in a long list of our great cities.

An adventure awaits you and your family in the smooth, full-bodied liquor of this blend. The shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee will bring you a new idea of how good a cup of coffee can actually be. When you pour your first cup, when the first breath of its aroma reaches you, you will understand why it has become so famous.

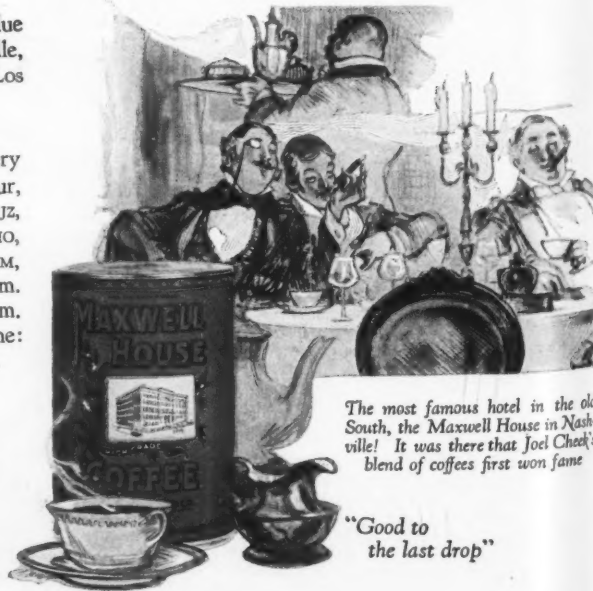


Grocers have Maxwell House Coffee in sealed, blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

**Tune in!** Noted artists in superb programs every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 9 p. m. Eastern Time, 8 p. m. Central Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WGMS, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WRVA, WBT, WJAX. 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KGW, KFOA, KHQ. Mondays 7 p. m. Pacific Time: KSL. Tuesdays 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KMTR. Wednesdays 8 p. m. Pacific Time: KPRC.

## MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

*It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale*



The most famous hotel in the old South, the Maxwell House in Nashville! It was there that Joel Cheek's blend of coffees first won fame

"Good to the last drop"

much,"  
"The  
think  
Shane  
Soli. M  
down  
her ha  
Shane.  
Can yo  
Slow  
a sad l  
She s  
forgive,  
"I ca  
Won't  
Stead  
you? O  
You do  
kissed  
dered.  
"My  
done to  
"Why  
didn't u  
but even  
left, I  
rather  
played  
Shane  
her face  
Soli, yo  
Surely I  
give me  
But S  
bitternes  
"No.  
cared, y  
tired—to  
why I c  
been kis  
I'd never  
with you  
was hea  
and you  
and I wa  
"I don  
dear, no  
but I'm  
that. No

knew the  
"And t  
"Bobbe  
that stuff  
him. "H  
sleepless  
And whe  
think ov  
first, he  
lie in be  
So I'd t  
his hair,  
He didn't  
that way  
feeling be  
seem jus  
couldn't  
all night  
said: "Ho  
accident?  
I was; b  
wrong tim  
see I mar  
me, and  
asked me  
me about  
tell me all  
love with  
sort of fu  
nice to t  
voked—ju  
I died he  
and said I  
any more  
once more  
Her ran  
stop. The  
carried he  
remember  
But she  
to tease h  
After th  
little sent  
threatenin  
"I've to  
just to tea  
He can he  
hear me."  
"And E  
For a m



## CLEVER GIRL

[Continued from page 98]

much," he said tenderly.

"Then, Shane," shyly, "tell her so. I think maybe she loves you, too."

Shane was shocked by the change in Soli. Moving quickly to her side, he knelt down by the big bed and gently taking her hands in his, said softly, "Soli, it's Shane. I came to you. I had to come. Can you forgive me?"

Slowly Soli's eyes opened, then widened, a sad little smile in them.

She sighed wearily. "There's nothing to forgive, Shane. Please go away."

"I can't go away, dear. I love you. Won't you marry me, Soli?"

Steadily she looked at him. "Marry you? Oh, no, Shane, I'll not marry you. You don't want to marry me. I've been kissed so very many times." She shuddered.

"My dear, my dear, what have we done to you?"

"Why, nothing very much, Shane. You didn't understand. I was hurt at first; but even that is over now. There's nothing left, I guess, but being tired. I've been rather a wild girl, I'm afraid; and I've played very hard—and not very wisely."

Shane, lifting his eyes to hers, touched her face with tender hands. "Dear little Soli, you can forget all that, can't you? Surely I can make you happy again. Forgive me. And, Soli, marry me."

But Soli still shook her head and the bitterness did not leave her voice.

"No. It might have been, Shane. I cared, you see. But it's all changed. I'm tired—too tired to talk. But I'll tell you why I came to Molly. You see, I'd never been kissed. I'd never had a sweetheart. I'd never been to a party. I'd never played with young people. But your heart said I was heartless and reckless and wicked, and your eyes told you I was shopworn—and I was only hunting for adventure."

"I don't care where you came from, dear, nor what you've done. I was blind, but I'm begging you to forgive me for that. Nothing counts but the Soli that I

love. The one that I'll never stop loving."

"No, no, you don't love me. I'm changed, I tell you. It may mean nothing to you—the kisses I've had and given—but they've changed me. I'll never forget them, nor would you."

"I've already forgotten them, dear."

"But I can't. It's no good, Shane. Do you know who I was? Solange Millerand. I was clever, Shane, and my hair was dull and untidy. My face was heavy and white. That was the real Soli. I couldn't have won your love then. But my heart! Ah, Shane, it was filled with ecstasy, with the scent of wild plum blossoms on the garden wind. It was a breathless heart, Shane, and a wistful one. And I buried it away under paint and powder and tinsel. I made myself cheap and tawdry. And you loved it at first sight, and then you thought that there was nothing but tinsel there, and you threw it away."

"You've never lost that wistful heart, Soli. Won't you believe that I've felt it was there? It was because I wanted so much more than tinsel that I couldn't trust what my own heart told me. I loved your beauty, dear, but I wanted more than that. I wanted something that you seemed to be hiding from me? I can never give you up, Soli."

The light flooded Soli's eyes, and she whispered; "Oh, Shane, if I could only believe it! If I could only think I wasn't changed and that I was still Soli—"

"Soli, my dear, my foolish little girl. Will you marry me?"

Her lips trembled, and she turned her face to his. "Yes, Shane," she whispered. "I'll marry you. Though I shouldn't. I don't know what I am."

"Oh, heart of mine, I can tell you. You are Soli, with the curly head of a child and the eyes of a mother and the mouth of an enchantress. You are Soli, so wise and so foolish, so fragile and yet so powerful. Soli, the exquisite. Soli, the intangible. And above all these things, you are—just Soli."

## THE YOUNG GHOST

[Continued from page 24]

knew there was more to tell.

"And then?" I prompted gently.

"Bobbie would never have believed that stuff if I'd been alive," she defended him. "His grief made him restless and sleepless and—well, not quite himself. And when he lay awake at night he'd think over the things people said. At first, he knew they weren't true. He'd lie in bed pretending he held my hand. So I'd take his hand, and I'd smooth his hair, and sometimes he'd go to sleep. He didn't know I was there. He's funny that way. But he woke up in the morning feeling better. He'd laugh sometimes and seem just like himself. But, still, he couldn't sleep very well; and he'd think all night about the things people said. They said: 'How could she have drowned by accident? She was perfectly healthy.' Well, I was; but I did. And I died just the wrong time. I'd been teasing Bobbie. You see I married him so quick when he asked me, and I—I admitted no one had ever asked me before. And he used to tease me about it. So when Keene Everett would tell me all about how he'd been awfully in love with me but afraid to propose it was sort of fun to listen—and it was always nice to tell Bob—because he'd get provoked—just a little. But the night before I died he got more provoked than usual and said I wasn't to go riding with Keene any more. And I said I wanted to go just once more—to say good-by."

Her rapid recital came to an abrupt stop. The interest of telling her story had carried her along, and now she suddenly remembered where it was leading her.

But she managed to add: "I said it just to tease him."

After that she could choke out only one little sentence at a time between the threatening sobs.

"I've told him over and over it was just to tease him—but he can't hear me—He can hear Keene Everett—but he can't hear me."

"And Everett has lied about you?"

For a moment she was unable to reply,

but she shook her head. Gradually indignation conquered the tears.

"It isn't lies, I suppose, if you believe it. And Keene believes it. You wouldn't think any man could be so stupid! You'd think he could look at himself and then at Bobbie, and see for himself no woman would be likely to be pining for him! But he doesn't get that at all—the poor simple!"

Her lips trembled. But she suddenly seemed to pass beyond the region where tears avail. Her voice sank so low that I had to lean close to hear it.

"Now I'm dead," she said, "and I can't explain. I don't know why. I've put my arms around Bob and tried to make him remember the way things really were. But somehow he has it all mixed and muddled. He can't hear me! I've spent whole nights kneeling by his bed and calling to him at the top of my voice. And, when I'd be holding him in my arms, he'd start up suddenly and walk right through my arms, and never know I was there at all!"

"He's moved away from here—to get away from the memory of me. His friends all tell him he must try to forget me. But I don't want to be forgotten! I want to be a pleasant memory."

"Then why don't you follow him?"

She looked at me, puzzled.

"He's still here," she said. "He can't get away. That's what makes it so bad. I'd rather be forgotten than be something you try to forget, and can't."

She stood up. She seemed to sway with her weariness.

"If I only didn't have him so on my mind—if he only wouldn't look so very sad—I feel as though I could take—a good—long—sleep."

I thought she was moving away.

"Wait!" I said. "I can hear you, and Bob can hear me."

She shook her head.

"He can't hear you," she said, "—not with his heart."

"But he must believe!" I cried. "I'll make him believe."

She was less clear to [Turn to page 102]

## Leaves your Hair Radiant with loveliness

Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

### A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

### Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.





## LASTING RESPECT



**TRUE** respect never can be manifested by a mere gesture.

The salute to the flag must be founded upon patriotic citizenship.

Likewise, the sad farewell to a loved one should be followed by a conscientious fulfillment of the obligations due to those precious remains.

Our hearts naturally turn to protection. We must provide the utmost of protection. There can be no compromise.

Thousands of families are solving this problem by using the Clark Grave Vault. They know it affords positive and permanent protection. They consider it as essential as a casket.

They know that this vault, being designed according to an immutable law of Nature, can not possibly allow any moisture to enter.

Further, because the Clark Vault is made entirely of special quality 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco Ingot Iron, it is highly rust-resisting. In the finer models a plating of pure cadmium is added, giving the greatest rust-resistance known to science. This cadmium plating is done by the famous Udyline process, exclusive on this vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend the Clark Grave Vault and give with each one a 50-year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

**THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY**  
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,  
Kansas City, Mo.



**CLARK GRAVE VAULT**

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

## THE YOUNG GHOST

[Continued from page 101]

my eyes now. I thought she was crossing at the foot of my bed. Then she was back by my side. For an instant I saw her plainly.

"Tell him," she said "about Minzu the Zool-Cat."

"The what?" said I.

"Minzu the Zool-Cat."

It seemed cryptic, but she offered no explanation.

I repeated it after her to make sure that I had it right. She nodded her head and moved away.

I was finishing breakfast when Dana came downstairs. After a peaceful night, and in the cheerful light of morning, Dana was almost ashamed that he had ever given attention to my absurd babblings.

"You didn't hear anything?" I asked.

"I heard you talking in your sleep, old man. Your nerves are out of gear. Sick nerves can make a man imagine anything."

I left him, on the plea of an important engagement, to finish his coffee alone. I went straight to find Bob.

He came downstairs to me at once. The imprint of a wretched night was still deep upon him. He looked tired, bitter, cynical; and he was only twenty-four.

He listened politely to what I had to tell. I felt that he would have liked to stop me. But I went relentlessly on. He asked no questions. His manner grew colder, his eyes harder. He thought my intrusion very bad taste. I was a stranger trespassing on ground where no stranger had a right to tread. Yet I knew more than a stranger should know.

When I had finished he said: "I appreciate your doing this, Mr. Brent. I can see that you and Dana had the kindest intentions. But it's quite unnecessary. I'm not in need of this sort of consolation. I wish you'd get this straight, Mr. Brent. I wish everybody would get it straight. No man needs to excuse my wife to me. She did what she thought was right. And I honor her for it."

He got to his feet to show that the interview was at an end, but I held my ground.

"You will remember," I told him, "that I never saw Mrs. Carlin in my life. Isn't there any twist of phrase familiar to you, that a stranger could not imitate?"

"Dana knew her," he said.

"Dana would deny all this. He is as skeptical as you."

## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS TWENTY-THREE

[Continued from page 29]

me in my brother's place."

Washington studied the wan face and the slight form and asked: "Can you handle a pike—or a tomahawk, or a bow and arrow?"

"I don't know, sir. I have never tried."

"Perhaps you kill your Indians with your bare hands?"

Everybody roared at that except the shamefaced weakling. Washington put up his hand for silence, then cuffed the boy gently on the shoulder.

"I admire your spirit, sir, and you would be an ornament to our camp, but so would your scalp to the first Indian you met. Stay home, boy, and learn to fight. As the pretty girl yonder said: 'there will be other wars to come.'"

Then he forgot Nimrod and called to Jake: "Will you and the quartet of poltroons with you solemnly swear to rejoin your company the day after the wedding?"

They answered all at once, "Ja, Ja, ja gewiss! Ja wohl! Yessir! Yessirree!"

At that point a horseman came plunging from the woods and reined in so short at his commander's side that his snorting horse beat the air with his hoofs.

The scout muttered a few words about a body of Indian marauders and Washington turned to shout a command to his men. The muskets went up raggedly and the column marched away.

The bride and groom wasted no time in making themselves ready for the altar, and soon Parson Schultz called them and the parents about him, and in the German tongue performed the Lutheran ceremony, glancing now and then at the horizon to see if any Indians were coming to forbid the banns.

At last Jake and Sara were man and

"She knew you would not believe it," I said. "But she told me to tell you about Minzu the Zool-Cat."

"The . . . what?" said Bob.

"Minzu the Zool-Cat," I told him, feeling rather foolish. He was staring at me hard. "I'm sure I don't know what it means," I said. He continued to stare at me. I thought I had his attention at last. But just as I was about to launch again into my story, he suddenly turned, crossed straight to the door and left me. I believe he mumbled some sort of apology as he went, but it was too blurred for me to catch it.

When I returned in the evening to the little white house, I thought that I saw, through the window, Dana waiting for me. I called to him as I went in the door. It was not his voice that answered.

"It's Carlin, Mr. Brent, Bob Carlin. I came to ask you—that is, I've been thinking it over—would you mind telling me again what you told me this morning?"

I told it again in all its details. Bob listened again in silence.

"And after she had gone, she came back to me," I concluded, "and told me to remind you of Minzu the Zool-Cat."

"Excuse me, will you?" said Bob abruptly. "I—I want to think." He went out of the room and, apparently forgetting that I was now the master of the little white house, he went up the stairs and I heard him overhead in the room where their little twin beds had stood.

I waited for him to come down. But, when he did, an hour later, he seemed to have forgotten my existence. He did not pause but went straight out the door.

Since that night I see him frequently. But the subject that first drew us together has never again been mentioned. I feel that I cannot refer to it when Bob does not take the initiative.

And it seems that no one but Suzy and Bobbel knew about Minzu the Zool-Cat. And apparently no one ever will.

I think that he will want the little white house back again when he returns from his year abroad. And I shall hate to give it up. It is all so restful and charming—with the bright chintz curtains blowing in the breeze and the sun slanting across the white woodwork and riotous wallpaper to settle in pools on the unbelievable furniture, while the young ghost sleeps.



## This Coffee Lets You Sleep

The caffeine is removed

There is a pure coffee—an exquisite blend—with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag. It offers you coffee delights at their utmost, minus the harm.

A million homes have adopted it. The finest hotels now serve it. Learn what it means to people who cannot drink caffeine. To people who are driven to coffee substitutes. And to those who must omit coffee at night.

Kaffee Hag is a blend of the finest coffees that grow. You have never known finer flavor or aroma. We simply remove the caffeine before roasting. And caffeine has no taste or odor. All the rich flavors remain. The most expert tasters cannot tell that anything is removed.

The result is a coffee which anyone may drink, at any hour, without a thought of harm. Someone needs it in your home. Someone to whom coffee is stinted or forbidden. Bring to that person coffee joys, without limit, at their best.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a ten cup package of Kaffee Hag—a quarter-pound. Clip coupon now.

MAIL THIS TODAY TO: **10 Cups for 10c**  
**KAFFEE HAG**  
1733 Davenport Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Church Workers Raise \$25,000



Surprisingly easy way to raise any desired sum! Simply show samples of Clark's Rapid Cleaning Compound and take orders at liberal discounts. A real wonder-worker. Everyone wants it. It cleans paint, plaster, tile, etc., like magic. We have a wonderfully generous offer for authorized church workers. Write today.

**Clark's Rapid Cleaning Compound**  
**CLARK CHEMICAL CO.,**  
Dept. 1 Bay City, Mich.

## Married Women Wanted 2 Hours Per Week

We pay liberally for about 2 hours per week of your spare time. The only requirement is absolute honesty. Estimated average earnings \$4.50 per week. Do not reply if you are an agent or canvasser. Address: Mrs. O'Connor, Dept. 24, 111 West 42nd Street, N. Y. City.

Just say "Tell me about your spare time offer" and state how your home is lighted—Gas—Electricity—or Oil

**HOME-MADE PASTRIES**  
**PAY BIG!**

Secrets of successful pastry-making and tea room management taught in spare time. Start a home made pastry shop or tea room in your own home—make big profits from first day! Free Booklet explains. Lewis Tea Room Institute, Suite 405, 505 E. Washington, D. C.

**THE LATEST NECKLACES**  
Send for free directions for making  
**THE QUEEN MARIE LUCKY CLOVER-LEAF JEWEL.**  
**THE NEWPORT NECKLACE OF CUT GEM BRILLIANTS.**  
**THE RIALTO NECKLACE OF CUT GEM BRILLIANTS.**  
**THE ALLEN FACETED JEWEL CHOKER NECKLACE.**  
**THE DIANA CUT GEM BRILLIANT CHOKER.**  
**THE FRENCH PENDALIER OF CUT BRILLIANTS.**  
Good money making them up to sell. Start now and be ready for the demand. We have everything in the best line.  
**ALLEN'S BOSTON BEAD STORE, 8 WINTER ST., BOSTON, MASS.**

**BUNIONS**  
PEPODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, cures Bunions—Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller and you can prove it by actual test.

**Trial FREE**  
Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. No Obligations—Address  
**KAY LABORATORIES**  
180 N. Wacker Drive  
Dept. L 11  
Chicago, Ill.



## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS TWENTY-THREE

[Continued from page 102]

her. But a huge naked savage knocked his puny body aside with one hand in order to reach Rachel's father who advanced with a long carving knife. Nimrod was on all fours, trampled by the feet of the red and white giants. He crawled under the table and made his way among infants hidden there by desperate mothers.

Sara and Rachel, seeing their mother killed, ran to her with cries of grief beyond fear, but they were seized by arms of bronze and dragged away as prizes worth more than scalps.

Nimrod peering from under the table was revolted to see an Indian horribly overpowering Rachel, and he went insane at the infamy. For the first time his soft heart knew the lust for murder. Screaming oaths he leapt upon the Indian's back, but the savage shrugged him off as if he were a wren and, when he fell, knocked him senseless with a tomahawk. Rachel fainted, thinking her lover dead. And her captor hauled her away by the hair.

In the meanwhile, Jake had made haste to the stable before it was visited by the Indians, had bridled his own horse without waiting to saddle it, and led it into the woods, and mounted and dashed away.

He reached the night bivouac at last and, paying no heed to the sentinel's challenge, dashed past toward one tent where a light still glimmered. His horse stopped so short that Jake went on through and sprawled at the Colonel's feet.

By the time Washington could rouse his command and lead it back to the scene of the marriage, the dawn was chilling gray smoke, the sole reminder of the homes, the barns, the wagons and the haystacks.

At the sound of his drums there came from the woods a dismal company of shattered men, women and children weeping and frozen. Jake searched in vain for his bride, and Nimrod, rising from a seeming death, realized that Rachel was gone and fell back on the ground again to hide his streaming tears.

THE petty chief who commanded the band of Indian raiders would not risk his human loot by delay, but ordered his men to disperse and return by different paths to Fort Duquesne.

The captured women would be useful as squaws, or slaves to squaws, and some of them might be sold in Canada as servants. The children could be bred as Indians to recruit the diminishing tribes.

Those who claimed Rachel regarded her with little favor, for she lacked the promise of surviving the endless journey or of being useful afterwards. But Sara's captors were proud of her. They gripped her stout arms and legs to show how strong a burden-bearer she would be, and wrangled over who saw her first.

The first stretch of travel was not long because night fell soon after the attack. The Indians made camp in the depths of the forest, by a laughter-loving brook. They bound Rachel and flung her to the ground, and an Indian lay down beside her on either side.

At peep of dawn the camp was astir and the march was resumed. The pace of it brought the breath of Rachel forth in dagger-stabs. Her moccasins were soggy from the dew and the pools, and fell away in shreds from her bleeding feet. Her diminishing strength robbed her of the company of Sara, who was driven along with the vanguard. Finally Rachel fell so far behind that the four braves who escorted her lost what little patience they had, and resolved to have done with her. One of them, an irrepressible sportsman, proposed that she be used as a school of skill and an excuse for a little gambling. They agreed to set her up for a tomahawk target.

Her dress looked too pretty to spoil with her blood. So they stripped her of it and of all she wore, before they tied her between two slender snowy birches that grew together in a little open space.

The first hurtling tomahawk carved off a bit of the creamy flesh of the birch tree on her right. The next chipped a black

branch from the silver trunk on the left. The third grazed Rachel's upper arm. The loser was wroth and claimed that she leaned toward the weapon and tried to make it kill her.

This was so unfair that he resolved to finish her and snatched at the tomahawk of the fourth Indian, who had not yet made a try. He refused to give it up and there was a brief struggle.

While they quarreled a strange Indian whom Rachel had not seen before, joined the wrangle.

She could not understand their gibberish but she judged from what followed that the newcomer took a liking to her and bought her. For he surrendered his whole bundle of scalps—a high price to pay for anything. The other Indians moved off and her young purchaser came forward and, slashing the bonds that held her to the trees, caught her as she fell and wrapped his blanket about her.

The Indian knew a few English and German words and she a few Indian, and they taught each other many new ones in their different tongues. She learned that his name was Red Hawk and that he had a sister. She and Red Hawk travelled more than a hundred miles together and he treated her with lack of brutality that was in itself a chivalry.

Only a few miles from Fort Duquesne they traversed the narrow road where Braddock's host had perished. It was a grisly, gigantic boneyard strewn with the skeletons of five hundred Englishmen and Virginians dead long since.

Rachel covered her face and let Red Hawk guide her through the horror. At last he told her to open her eyes, and soon she was staring at Fort Duquesne. It seemed hardly worth the price of a single life, this dreary shed in the wilderness for whose possession two luxurious kings sent their subjects on such long crusades.

Rachel was installed in the tent of Red Hawk's mother, a mountain of fat and of kindness. Red Hawk's sister was pretty for an Indian and gentler than many of the whites.

When Rachel asked her her name, the girl pointed to a blossom on a thistle and indicated that that was her name, so Rachel called her Thistle Flower. The girls became close friends, and, since Thistle Flower made it clear that Red Hawk planned to marry Rachel, the captive was regarded as a sister to Thistle Flower and a daughter to the widowed old squaw.

Rachel tried to explain that she belonged to Nimrod who was dead, and after much pantomime filled the Indians with a terror of her as the bride of a ghost.

So, for a long while, Red Hawk ceased to woo her, and she was put to all the tasks of a squaw. The most dreadful of all being the dressing of scalps.

It was a bitter moment when she came upon the tresses of her own mother, and the long locks of her father. She kept looking for Nimrod's scalp, and studied the many trophies hung about the camp or bedecking the warriors. But she could not find the dear curls that had brushed her cheek, and wept to think how she and Nimrod had once clung together and thought life cruel because they could not marry. How little they had known of life!

She no longer looked like the bride of a ghost, though her heart was in the grave with Nimrod. Her heart cried out for him when the warm winds of Spring played serenades upon the harps of the forest, and the moonlight filled the world with desire. But it filled Red Hawk's heart with longing too, and he told her that her widowhood had passed. She must be his wife.

She pleaded, and stormed with a temper she had acquired in self-defense. He caught her in his arms, but she was fierce enough to break free and to threaten him with her fists. His sister laughed at his chagrin and when he turned upon her and would have beaten her down, Rachel sprang to her side and they drove Red Hawk from their tent.

[Turn to page 104]

## Dress BETTER for Much Less Money!

**FREE!** World's Greatest Style Book and Family Outfitter *Send for Your Copy*

### Bigger Bargains Than Ever Before!

Better clothes for less money—much less money—or more clothes for the same outlay of money. That's what the Chicago Mail Order Company's big Free Spring Catalog offers you. It does more than offer these advantages this season. It positively promises you better, more authentic styles, better materials, and better prices than ever before. Now, the whole family can be well dressed—and stylishly,

too—at a saving of many dollars. Send for this marvelous Bargain Book offering everything that is newest and best in both fashions and fabrics. Don't spend a single penny until you have seen the Chicago Mail Order Company's Guide to Economical Purchases. Remember, everything you choose from this wonderful Book is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. Don't fail to get this money-saving Style Book. The coupon is handy—or a postal will bring your Free Copy. Write for it—now!

### Everything to Wear for the Family

There are 240 pages—many in actual color and rotogravure—offering everything to wear for the entire family. Dresses, coats, millinery and women's and misses' shoes, men's and young men's suits, furnishings, work clothing and shoes—children's apparel of all kinds, and a complete line of underwear, hosiery, corsets and furnishings, as well as many useful articles for the home—all at money-saving prices.

### Season's Best Styles

The best of Paris and American style ideas will be found in this handsome catalog. The fashions are absolutely correct—and unusually low priced. You will be able to make your selections from styles inspired by the famous dressmaking house of Paul Caré, Paris, France, and from the endless array of America's finest styles, all of which have been approved by Mlle. Roberta Cusey, the most beautiful and best dressed woman in France, and by America's reigning "Queen of Beauty," Lois Delander, Miss America 1927-28. We have been style leaders for nearly 40 years, but this is the biggest and finest catalog we have ever issued. Send coupon or postal for it today—it's FREE.

### Satisfying Service

More than 3,500,000 families depend upon the Chicago Mail Order Company for everything they wear. You can order with confidence that the goods will be rushed to your home, ready to use and enjoy in the shortest possible time. A Mail Train leaves Chicago almost every minute of the day, carrying packages to our millions of customers all over the U. S. A. All of our orders are shipped within 14½ hours, some in even less time. If you want to save money on everything to wear for the entire family, send coupon or postal for Free Catalog.

### Money-Back Guarantee

The Chicago Mail Order Company, with its reputation of almost 40 years of fair dealing, absolutely guarantees that if you are not satisfied for any reason whatever, you can return the goods and we will return your money plus postage both ways—and if you find you can purchase the same goods elsewhere for less money, we refund the difference. Mail coupon or postal for Free Catalog, now.

©C.M.O., 1928

### Mail This Coupon

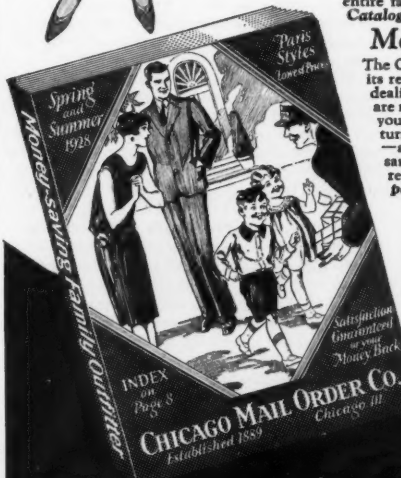
Chicago Mail Order Co., Dept. 450  
26th St. and Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Send me absolutely FREE your Spring and Summer 1928 Style Book and Family Outfitter showing the newest fashions in apparel for all the family and many useful articles for the home.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS



**Chicago Mail Order Co. Dept. 450 Chicago**



## BORAX

*is safe  
for dainty things*

**E**VEN though you use the finest laundry soap obtainable, you can get better results with less effort by using 20 Mule Team Borax with it. Borax not only loosens the dirt, but actually makes the soap do its work better. It insures 3 to 5 times more suds from any soap. Cleaner, whiter and fresher clothes—simply by adding Borax.

Wonderful results—but best of all Borax is *safe*. Safe even for lovely, sheer things that you wash yourself rather than to risk their ruin by harsh "washing chemicals". Safe for your hands too. Mild, antiseptic, pure—Borax should certainly be used for washing garments that touch your skin.

For the family wash, too, use 20 Mule Team Borax always. Soak the clothes in Borax water—wash them with good soap and Borax—put through a final Borax rinse. A safe and simple rule for better laundry results.

Our new handbook, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean", gives dozens of helpful daily uses for Borax in the laundry, kitchen, nursery and bath. It is free. Write for it today. Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., New York City, Dept. 540.



# 20 MULE TEAM BORAX

## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS TWENTY-THREE

[Continued from page 103]

**I**F Nimrod Helm could have seen his Rachel he would not have recognized her, nor believed that she could have been the one he had loved and sought for as the chief, the only mission of his life.

Nor would she have known him if she had seen him, for he was also changed in his soul and all its wrappings. He was a huntsman now with a frenzy to kill. He was a marksman of increasing range and surety.

He had killed no Indians, either with his bare hands or his knife or his gun; but he was schooling his fingers to throttle and he was schooling his heart to slaughter. For he felt that the day would come when he would find Rachel again and he was resolved that no danger and no power should keep her from him when he found her.

But his chance was not yet. The Virginians still knew little but defeat, disgrace, and helplessness. Washington's chief battles were with his own people; his superiors would not furnish him with men or munitions, and his inferiors would not obey his orders or support his valor.

Years passed over Rachel's head, years of long hunting expeditions with the tribe. Bodily she had been changed to an Indian woman who had almost lost the memory of her mother tongue or her native customs. Saa was one of the wives of the chief and now carried on her back their papoose who, until he grew to be a toddling warrior, did not know that his mother differed from the mothers of the other tiny braves.

At last England sent over a new army to efface the shame of Braddock's failure. General Forbes commanded it. Washington joined it, and Nimrod and Jake joined him. The former was still short but he had a giant's strength. He swung an axe with the best of the soldiers in the back-breaking, heart-rending business of chopping a road for artillery through a forest in whose depths swamps spread for miles, and mountains lifted the trees to the rain clouds.

This time the English and the Virginians were resolved to reach Fort Duquesne and recapture it at any cost.

With maddening slowness the army gnawed a military road through rain and snow, and hunger and sickness. At last the order was given to turn back and wait for another year. But before the execution of the order was carried out, scouts brought in word that Fort Duquesne had been practically abandoned by the French.

The French had gone, leaving only the blackened ashes of the fort. All but a few of the Indians had gone, too. Among them was Sara's chief, crippled and dying, watched over by his wives and children.

Nimrod ran among the huts and wigwams at Fort Duquesne searching for Rachel, but there was no sign of her. But he found Sara with her half-breed baby and sought Jake to tell him.

Jake took the blow in a characteristic fashion. He called Sara vile names for a wanton, a faithless vixen, who had cheated him. But he finally took her back.

When Nimrod learned that the Virginians were to be compelled to remain and garrison the dreary outpost under its new name of Fort Pitt, he stayed with the forlorn regiment, though Jake succeeded in securing an honorable discharge from Colonel Washington, who was the more willing since he too, had had enough of war, and was going back to marry his Martha and ensconce her at Mount Vernon for a life of undisturbed domestic bliss.

When Spring came, new flames woke within Nimrod as in the sky and the earth. He asked for a furlough and it was granted him. His friends gave him messages for the people at home, but he laughed, and struck out toward the setting sun, the vast wilderness beyond the Alleghany River, the unknown farthest west of the Ohio.

**O**NE hot noon when the sky was a blistered hide and the sun a button of molten glass upon it, Rachel and Thistle Flower sat on the high bank of a deep river, two hundred miles or more from

Fort Duquesne.

Thistle Flower had taken Rachel out to the lonely place to plead her brother's cause, told how he was wasting away with love of Rachel, but dared not woo her since she had sworn to kill herself rather than be his squaw.

Thistle Flower implored Rachel to have mercy, and it was a strange thing to Rachel that she should find herself listening with a heart of stone to a savage woman asking her to have pity on a savage warrior.

Rachel's heart rebuked her for an ungrateful monster, more cruel, more pitiless than any Indian torturer. She had fastened Red Hawk to a stake and had been burning him alive with slow fires for years.

Her resolution broke and she sighed: "I ought to give myself to Red Hawk. It is my duty."

She spoke in Thistle Flower's language, but Thistle Flower did not hear her. She had turned away at the sound of guns and far-off cries.

"It sounds like a fight."

With their backs to the river where it went muttering along the ledge behind them, neither Thistle Flower nor Rachel saw or heard the man who came swimming down the stream, diving and reappearing at far distance, breaking the surface gently and gulping in a bit of air, then burying himself again in the muddy river.

He made his way to the shore, spent and desperate and he lay bleeding and woe-begone while he struggled agonizingly for breath and strength.

He looked back and saw none of his pursuers, though he heard their faint cries as they ransacked the forest for him. He was in a strange land that he knew not, and he had run into peril everywhere among Indians who hated all white men.

Casting his eyes up, and seeing nothing but the grass winnowed by the wind, he began to climb. Slowly, stealthily, he agonized to the top. With a last leap from a foothold on a rock that gave way beneath him, he flung himself over the ledge on to the high level.

And there he saw the backs of two Indian women. They had not heard him.

A desperate thought came to him. It was cruel, but cruelty was the law in Indian warfare. He crept on hands and knees toward the two women. They rose. He rose with them. Before they could make a sound, his two hands were at their throats, choking their outcries. Dragging them with him to the edge of the bank, he whirled them about and, thrusting them before him, leaped into the river.

The three bodies struck with a great splash and plunged deep. When they came to the surface, his throttling clench still held the two throats. Treading water, sinking, rising, he put all the power he could muster into this terrible vise of his fingers.

One of the women floated limply and he held her head submerged with ease, but the other fought and kicked and twisted with such ferocity that he could not keep her under.

As her face swung before him, the fear of death upon it changed to a look of greater fright. She wrenched loose and gasped: "Nimrod!"

His hand left both throats. Thistle Flower came up like a broken waterlily while Nimrod and Rachel sank, because they had flung their arms about each other.

They rose again and looked back to see Thistle Flower crawling out upon the shore. She lay there panting. She still lived then. Rachel was glad of that, and waved goodbye to her. She made no effort to climb the ledge and give the alarm, and Rachel sorrowed for her with a tenderness that only a greater tenderness and an over-weening contentment could have overcome.

The lovers swam with the speed and sleekness of two otters, pausing at times under overhanging branches or swimming under water. When they were tired, they floated, on their backs, lying with only their brown noses showing, while the river, like a silk lined [Turn to page 107]



### This Fair Chance

*is due your baby*

To him you owe the vital benefits of all possible fresh air and sunshine. To let him safely enjoy them summer or winter, indoors or out, have him sleep, play, nap or frolic in a protective

**KIDDIE-KOOP**  
The Screened Crib

No peril from falls, animals, vermin, floor draughts, etc., Baby's (or growing child's) gain from Kiddie-Koop care, for first four or more years, will also be mother's—less handling, lifting, steps. Also, don't overlook the money gain—bassinet, crib and play-place all in one for price of one. Send for

**The Baby Bathing KIDDIE-BATH**  
Fold in & Tub. Safe, soft, warm for bath and dressing as mother's lap.



**FREE BOOK**  
in plain envelope, picturing unmatched advantages of Kiddie-Koop over separate articles for like uses. Various styles and sizes to satisfy your needs. Write E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co., Dept. 1008, 1040 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

**Trimble**  
Nursery Furniture

KIDDIE - BATHS, PLAYARDS, CRIBS, KIDDIE - KOOPS

**Arise or fall in bodily Temperature is a danger signal.**

**Keep a Tycos Fever Thermometer in the Home**

*If your Dealer cannot supply You, write*  
**Taylor Instrument Companies**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Canadian Plant, Tycos Bldg. Toronto  
There's a Tycos Fever Thermometer for Every Purpose

**GOOD SEEDS**

**GROWN FROM SELECTED STOCKS**

New crop, tested seeds, sure to produce. Sold for 58 years to satisfied customers. Prices reasonable.

**Extra packages free with every order.**

**Free—Large catalog with 700 pictures of vegetables and flowers. Send your own and neighbors addresses today.**

**R. H. SHUMWAY, Dept. 97 Rockford, Ill.**

**Your canary will sing if healthy and happy**

These scientifically balanced foods will keep him feeling fine and singing all year 'round.

**MAX GEISLER'S ROLLER SEED AND MAIZENA BISCUIT**

At your drug store or direct from us. Send 50c for full size package of Roller Seed and sample box Maizena Biscuit. Donna Dale, Sioux City, Iowa writes: "My canary didn't sing until I fed it your bird seed—now sings beautifully." Send Dealer's name and we'll mail you free bird book.

**MAX GEISLER BIRD CO.**  
EST. 1888  
111 Geisler Bldg., Omaha, Neb.  
or 23 Cooper St., New York City

**For Hanging Pictures and All Wall Decorations**

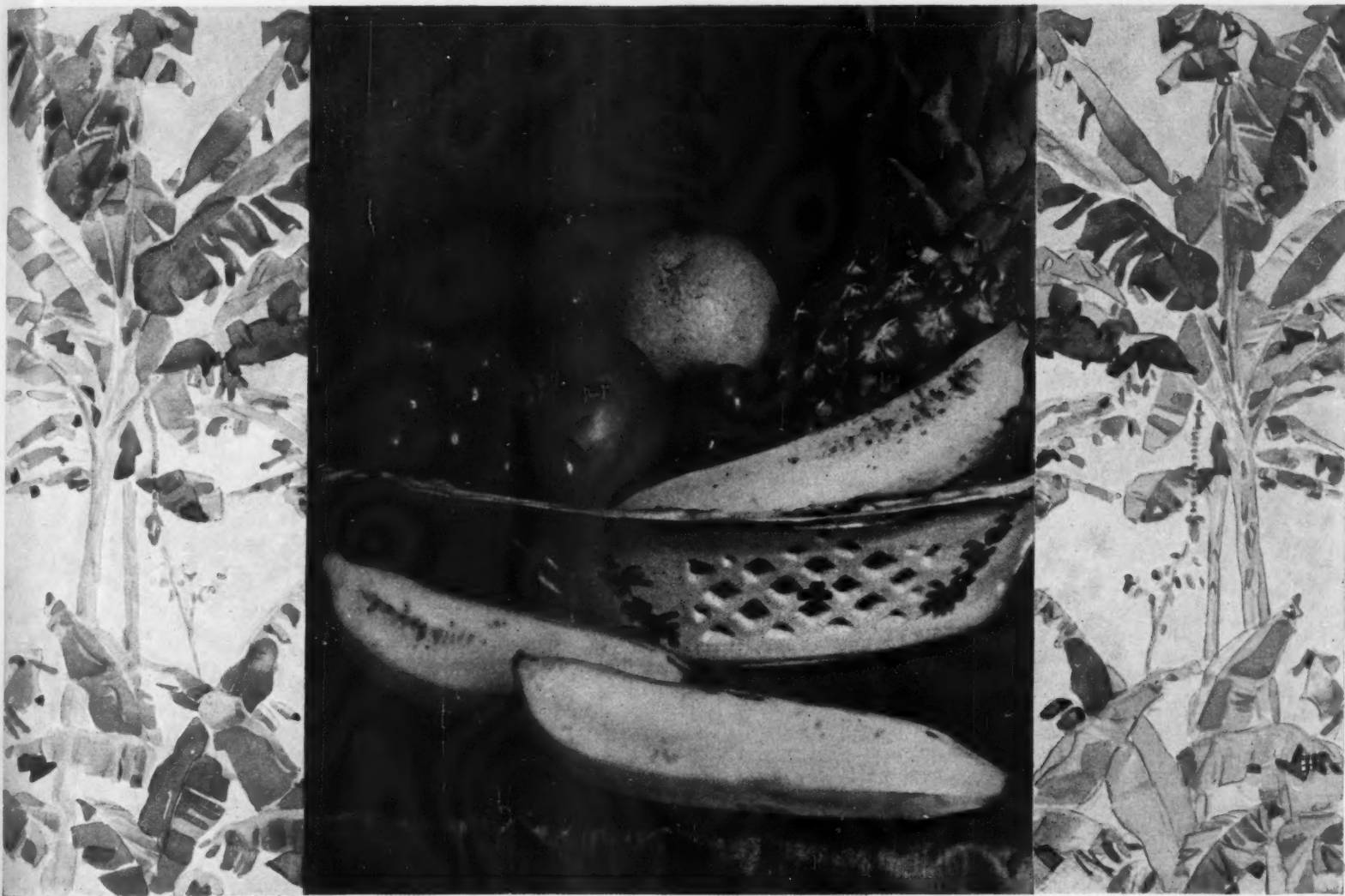
**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points  
Moore Push-less Hangers  
Securely Hold Heavy Things  
10c pkts. Everywhere  
**MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila., Pa.**

**WEDDINGS**

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED INVITATIONS ETC.  
FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS \$1.00  
CAPITOL SOCIAL ENGRAVING CO.  
406 EVENING STAR BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

When the stars sugars format





# Young Invaders *thrive on the energy packed in this ripe, all-year-round fruit*



HOME FROM SCHOOL... appetites sharpened by winter winds. A raid on the fruit bowl. But mother doesn't mind. In fact, she put those delicious full-ripe *bananas* right where they *would* be found. And for a very good reason.

Bananas become a most easily digestible food—winter or summer — when ripened at room temperature until golden skins are plentifully flecked with brown. Then their flavor is at its best—they are packed with nourishing

food elements that tempt both sharp and lagging appetites.

Bananas are a meal in themselves. A simple way to serve them is sliced with milk. Other tempting and new banana delights have been compiled in "From the Tropics to Your Table." Here you will find entrées, salads, desserts, frozen specialties, cakes, frostings, and several pages of attractive menus. This illustrated cook book is free to those who send the coupon.



**PARTLY RIPE**

When you see green tips on bananas, the starches have not yet turned to sugars. Cooking completes the transformation, making them delicious and digestible.



**YELLOW RIPE**

When the bananas are left in a bowl at room temperature, green tips soon turn yellow. Then bananas are digestible in their natural state. They are best in puddings and desserts.



**FULLY RIPE**

Spots of brown on the deep yellow skin tell you that bananas are so digestible they melt in your mouth. Now, packed with nourishing sugars, they are good for young and old.

## UNIFRUIT BANANAS

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

A United Fruit Company Product  
Imported and Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company  
FRUIT DISPATCH CO., Dept. B1, 17 Battery Place, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name.....

Street No.....

City.....

# Now From Your Old Rugs, Carpets, Clothing



At a **Saving**  
OF 1/2



**CHINESE**  
No. 5968—A striking new Chinesedesign. Taupefield, mulberry border. Seamless. Reversible. Lays flat. Easy to clean. 13 sizes. Pattern is woven clear through.

**TWO TONED**  
No. 466—The popular new Grey Green. Any size.



[Mail coupon for Catalog showing other new Colors and Patterns]

## Special! An Extra Discount For Those Who Write Now!

Reversible

**MAIL** the coupon today for our new *Rug Booklet* in colors, *Samples* and *New Low Prices* and learn why thrifty women everywhere, home economic leaders, rug experts and magazine editors are so enthusiastic about these inexpensive, modern rugs.

We can offer you no greater proof of their overwhelming popularity than to point to the thousands of orders coming in from all over the United States.

So enormous has been this increase in business that we have been forced to build another new *Million Dollar Factory*. It is considered one of the finest, modern rug mills in the world.

**TO CONVINCE YOU, TOO**, that these new Duo-Velvety Rugs are *fine enough for any home*; that they could not be *better* if they were made entirely from new wools and you paid twice the price; that they represent everything you could ask for in a modern rug; we

### Coupon Brings Booklet & Samples

Every home lover who takes pride in economy will welcome this splendid new *Rug Booklet*, "Home Beautifying—Inexpensively." A fascinating showing of all the popular new colors and patterns in rooms arranged by experts. We show you how to achieve those unusual touches that give distinction to a room. *Mail the coupon now.*

**OLSON RUG CO.**

Dept. N2, 245 Fifth Ave. (Use nearest address) Dept. N2, 32 Laflin St. New York Chicago

**PERSIAN**  
No. 9680. A lovely rich Persian design on a Taupe field. Woven Seamless and Reversible in 13 sizes.

**GOLD BOND**  
**Guarantee**  
Our 54th Year

**SO EXPERTLY** will the wool and other materials in the old carpets, rugs and clothing be reclaimed by our new *Scientific Process*—scoured, steamed, bleached, picked, carded and spun into rug yarn—dyed with fast dyes and woven on modern Olson power looms—**THAT WE GUARANTEE** neither you, nor any of your friends, will be able to tell the difference between your new Olson Duo-Velvety Rugs and expensive rugs of new materials.

**SENT ON TRIAL.** It is not necessary to send any money with your order. We guarantee to satisfy you or pay for your materials.

**OLSON RUG CO.**

extend to you our *Free Trial Invitation* and the privilege of ordering at *Special Reduced Prices*.

**WE WILL PAY EXPRESS**, Freight or Parcel Post on your material as explained in the catalog and in **ONE WEEK** we will send back *finer* rugs than you ever thought you could secure for so little money. Not ordinary one-sided rugs, but luxurious, modern Duo-Velvety Rugs woven *seamless* and *reversible* with the same deep, closely woven nap on both sides to give *double the wear*. The patterns are woven *clear through*.

If you are not delighted with their richness of texture, soft colorings and the new *Moresque Weave* (guaranteed not to show foot marks)—simply send the rugs back and we will pay you for your materials.

**Free!**

### TEAR OUT—MAIL TODAY

OLSON RUG COMPANY, Dept. N2 (use nearest address) 32 Laflin St., Chicago 245 Fifth Ave., New York

Gentlemen: Please mail your **FREE RUG BOOK** in colors, "Home Beautifying—Inexpensively"—your **SPECIAL DISCOUNT Offer**—your **FREE TRIAL Invitation**—and **SAMPLES** of rug yarn prepared by the Olson Process. All to be sent free and post-paid. This puts me under no obligation whatsoever.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
Street (R.F.D.) \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© C.R.Co., 1928



## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS TWENTY-THREE

[Continued from page 104]

palanquin, carried them on their way.

When they neared a thundering waterfall that warned them from the stream, they took to land. Rachel knew the paths of the pathless forest, and they slunk through tunnels of green beauty, hiding with the skill of serpents and gliding with equal stealth from covert to covert.

And so, like an Adam with his Eve, innocent of death in an illimitable Eden, they journeyed until they heard the sound of ringing axes. They saw smoke from a freshly built log cabin.

The hostile Indians were quelled and falling backward. The pioneers were westering again.

Nimrod and Rachel had no use for a settlement except to find a minister to marry them. Then they turned their faces toward the setting sun, and choosing a little Paradise far out on the very rim of the very surf of civilization, began to cut down trees and turn them into a home.

They no longer feared the wilderness. Its own had given them the heart to love it and to conquer it.

## ZANE GREY AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

[Continued from page 2]

the same forces that produced Herman Melville, James Fenimore Cooper, Henry Thoreau and Walt Whitman. He may well be called the twentieth century Cooper, and in a book like *The Thundering Herd* there is as much romance and far better writing than in *The Last of the Mohicans*.

The first time I met Zane Grey I interviewed him as a reporter would. Here was a gentle, kindly man with a quick smile. Short, wiry, with iron-grey hair and expressive hands, he does not give the impression of the great physical powers he must possess; for he is sportsman, explorer and fisherman, as well as writer. He told me stories of horses, of fishing expeditions, of a baseball game he had played against the famous "Dutch" Carter of Yale. Of his family. Of this, of that—nothing at all of writing. I went away, a bad reporter, but an enthusiastic admirer of the man.

Cooled up in an office, or bound in by any of the restrictions of life, we are all dreaming of escape, of the chance to be

heroes, of the opportunity to wander about under open skies, with danger near and the ability to conquer danger. It is this escape to natural things that Mr. Grey first offers us.

As we think of Zane Grey, his life seems as much a tale of escape from the ordinary world as do those of his heroes and heroines. With his house and cottage in Lackawana, his ranches in the Tonto, his Indian pueblo home in Avalon and his estate in Altadena, his life seems a princely one. Yet it has been built with hard work and a belief in simple things. It is founded on an understanding of the motives and the joys that move millions to make life worth living.

If the American Spirit is as simple, as rigorous, as filled with honest sentiment and vigorous love of action as the man, we can be proud of the American Spirit and of Zane Grey as a national figure.

You will find the first big installment of Zane Grey's most recent novel, "Stairs of Sand," in the March issue of this magazine.

## IS GOD GUIDING AMERICA?

[Continued from page 4]

The very foundations of our country were laid by religious people who consciously and deliberately conformed, as far as was humanly possible, their private lives and their institutions to the Bible.

In the midst of the Revolutionary War General Washington—whose example was later followed by Lincoln in the Civil War and by Wilson in the World War—issued an order commanding a proper observance of the Sabbath by the army. Thus, by both precept and example, he called the army and people alike to faith and prayer and the exercises of religion.

All the way through our history, despite our shortcomings as a people, we have, more fully perhaps, than any other nation in history, exemplified the great motto that is stamped upon our coins: "In God We Trust."

Always and everywhere the men who have opposed tyranny and injustice and led in moral idealism have had to appeal to an authority and standard beyond the will of man and higher than his personal preferences, or his conception of individual right. There must be something over and above all men to which all can appeal, and that something can only be religion. The conflicts of men and their clashing interests can never be finally adjusted by the power of one man, or one class of men to assert themselves against all competitors; nor can they be settled by any patched up truce, or temporary compromise. There must be one great central tribunal of moral judgment to which all may appeal and from which all may receive due consideration.

The wisdom of all ages has recognized this. Confucius saw the impotence of human wisdom alone. He said: "I have made vain efforts to put men who wish to walk in it on the way to wisdom; not succeeding, I have no recourse but tears."

Marcus Aurelius cries "Protest till you burst, men will go on all the same."

And well did Mazzini, one of the world's most astute political philosophers, say in his work on "Democracy in Europe."

"Suppose the interest of one individual temporarily opposed to those of another, how will you reconcile them except by ap-

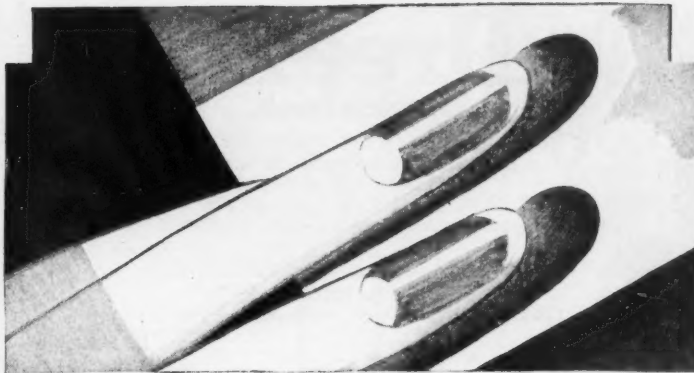
pealing to something superior to all rights?"

Since, then, religion is the greatest factor in the founding of states, and since it played the leading rôle in the development of the American commonwealth, and since its forces are indispensable, alike to individual happiness and national welfare, therefore both considerations of patriotism and loyalty to religious truth should impel us at the present hour to battle against the militant and insolent army of religious unbelievers and political revolutionists.

The roots of this republic are deeply imbedded in the sacred soil of religion, and if the Republic is to endure in strength and honor, if this giant tree, now grown so great from the planting of our forefathers, is to bear its destined fruit, then it must continue to draw its mighty life from the soil of religion in which it was planted.

I cannot do better, perhaps, than to close this article by quoting some highly significant words which came from the heart of George Washington, the deliverer and first leader in the formation of our country. In his Farewell Address he used the following striking words:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."



Three simple steps will give your nails this perfect shape

# Do you long for lovely ovals, perfect half moons?

Now there is a simple way anyone can follow

WHAT a lovely thing a beautiful hand is! Slender, graceful... the nails perfectly shaped, with beautiful crescent half moons.

Such loveliness comes only with the proper care of the cuticle. If neglected, this tiny rim of skin grows tight to the nail, and splits, causing unsightly hangnails. Before the nails can be shaped to deep ovals, it must be freed from the nail and the shreds of dead cuticle removed.

Then, the constant use of the hands and frequent washing tend to dry out and roughen the cuticle. You must restore these missing oils. Here are the three steps of the perfect treatment—so easy to follow:

**First**—Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and wet with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work gently around the nail base, loosening the dead skin. Then every shred of old cuticle will just wipe away.

**Second**—Apply generously the delightful new Cutex Cuticle Oil, lightly pressing the cuticle back with orange stick. This leaves the nails almond shaped, with lovely

graceful half moons. And it keeps the nails from getting brittle.

**Third**—After the polishing, as a final step, smooth the new Cutex Cuticle Cream into the cuticle and the whole finger in a gentle downward massage. This keeps the nail rim smooth and pliant.



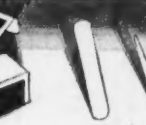
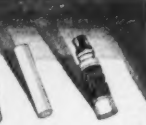
A bit of Cinderella magic this simple way seems, so smooth and shapely does it leave your nails, so graceful your whole hand! Cutex manicure preparations are on sale at all toilet goods counters. Each item is 35c.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris



Perfectly shaped nails give the hands aristocratic slenderness

Send coupon and 10c for this New Manicure

I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Oil, Cream, Powder Polish, Orange Stick, Cotton and Emery Board. In Canada, address Dept. FF-2, 114 St. Alexander St., Montreal

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. FF-2  
114 West 17th St., New York

## Dreer's Garden Book

GET your copy now and have the fun of planning your summer garden while the wind howls outside. The 1928 edition will help you decide which Flowers and Vegetables you want, and give you clear and dependable directions for growing them successfully.

A copy free if you mention McCall's

HENRY A. DREER

1306 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Star Roses



Our "Star Guide to Good Roses," 100 pages profusely illustrated in color, pictures and describes over 200 rose varieties. It also tells about America's twelve best roses—universally liked and most satisfactory for garden use—the twelve roses that grow well and bloom profusely almost everywhere. "Star Roses," the only trade marked roses, are guaranteed to bloom—thus you are assured rose satisfaction. The "Star Guide" is FREE—write today! The Conrad-Pyle Co. Star Rose Growers Robert Pyle, Pres. Box 28 West Grove, Pa.

Guaranteed to bloom

## SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure, Guaranteed to Please

You can have a wonderful garden all summer long, fresh, crisp vegetables every day if you will plant our Northern Grown Seeds.

### SPECIAL OFFER

FOR 10c We will mail postpaid one package each of Early Arrowhead Cabbage, 60 Day Tomato, Self-Blanching Celery, Princess Radish, Fullerton Market Lettuce, and 12 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds.

Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Get Acquainted Collection" and our New Instructive Garden Guide.

Great Northern Seed Co. Dept. 154 Rockford, Illinois

## Vaughan's Gardening Illustrated

A seed catalog unlike others, a beautifully illustrated magazine of home gardening information, the culmination of 52 years of thoughtful service to the American home gardener. It is The Most Beautiful Seed Catalog containing the most complete collection of correct illustrations of annual flowers in true colors ever published in an American Seed Catalog. Also many inspirational and instructive

ARTICLES BY EXPERTS on the latest fashions and discoveries in the art of gardening. Special 1928 introduction, California Canterbury Bell (Whitavia) annual, illustrated at left, pkt. 10c. Catalog sent with seed or mailed alone free. Vaughan's Seed Store, Dept. 16 10 W. Randolph St. CHICAGO

**SALZER'S 60th Anniversary SEED CATALOG FREE**

The Greatest, Best, most complete, most interesting catalog in 60 years. 160 pages, filled with new, rare, specialities, rare varieties of flowers and vegetables. Greatest quality and germination. Also Farm Seeds. Quality proven by our 60 years of service to hundreds of thousands of customers. Greatest seed values. Write for catalog, instructive, interesting, filled with many pictures. Don't buy before you get this fine book. FREE. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. Dept. 213 - La Crosse, Wis.

**Earliest Tomato** is Jung's Wayhead. Big red fruit ripe as early as July 4th. Nothing earlier to be had anywhere. As a special offer will send you a pkt. of this Tomato and pkt. of Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Onion, Radish, Parsnip, Superb Astors and Everlasting Flowers, all 10 pkts. for 10c. Due bill for 10c with each order. Money back if not satisfied. Catalog of Seed Bargains FREE. Send today. J. W. Jung Seed Co., Sta. 9 Randolph, Wis.

## Kunderd

### GLADIOLUS BOOK FREE

If you want the finest gladiolus in town, send for the free Gladiolus Book and learn not only how to grow the sturdiest spikes and biggest flowers, but also about the choicest varieties of gladioli. Hundreds of Kunderd Gladioli described—sixty-eight pictured in natural color. Use the coupon.

A. E. KUNDERD, 416 Lincoln Way West Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Dear Sir: Please send me your free Gladiolus Book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## Water Lilies

### In Gorgeous Colors

Beautiful fragrant flowers that will make your garden a veritable gem of colorful beauty.

Complete Water Garden \$5; includes pink or blue Water Lily, 6 Aquatic Plants, 6 Border Plants and Water Lily Tub. Illustrated booklet on Water Lily culture sent upon request. 7 Aquarium Plants \$1.10

WILLIAM TRICKER, Inc. 1011 Rainbow Terrace Independence, Ohio.

## 20 pkts SEEDS for 10c

20 Trial Packets—Fresh—Guaranteed—Seeds Enough for a Small Garden. Mailed for 10 cts. CABBAGE, Danish Ball and ONION, Prizebreaker CABBAGE, New Glory PARSNIP, Guernsey SPINACH, Summer CUCUMBER, Favorite RADISH, Summer LETTUCE, Cream Butter TOMATO, Gr. Baltimore MUSKMELON, Sweetness TURNIP, Ruta Baga WATERMELON, Early New Seed Book Free Also 7 Packets Grand Flowers, worth 50 cts. ASTERS, 100 Varieties POPPIES, 150 Sorts ALYSSUM, Little Gem WAVES OF GOLD, Yellow KOCHIA, Decorative Mixed Flowers, 500 Kinds MIGNONETTE, Sweet Get Free Catalogue All 20 varieties above mailed for 10 cts. DEPOSIT SEED CO., DEPOSIT, N. Y. 25 Summer Oxalis Bulbs for 10 cts. 10 Orchid Flowering Gladiolus Bulbs for 25 cts.

**4 Flower Seeds 10c**

Exhibition ASTERS: CENTAUREA Imperial; Improved Mammoth ZINNIA; Prize large-flowering COSMOS. Treated novelties, easy to grow. Specialists in flower seeds. Write at once for FREE CATALOG of hardy NORTHERN-GROWN seeds.

**Emma V. White Co.** Minneapolis, Minn. 109 B Western Ave.

**BUIST'S SEEDS**

Best for 100 YEARS and still Serving the Wisest Buyers

Our 1928 Garden Guide and Catalog Contains Special Anniversary Offers and Free Premiums Write for 166-Page FREE Copy Today

ROBERT BUIST CO., Dept. R Philadelphia, Pa. Seedmen Since 1828

**A GUIDE TO THE BEST Trees, Shrubs, Plants**

Roses, perennials, dahlias, etc., to beautify your home and make your orchard and garden profitable. New red barberry and other new rare varieties. For 50 years devoted to growing the best at surprisingly low prices. Buy direct. Write today for 1928 catalog. It's free.

**WOODLAWN NURSERIES** 887 Carson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

**850,000 GRAPE-VINES**

66 varieties. Grown in grape belt by experts. Also Fruits, Shrubs, etc. Best rooted stock. Genuine. Descriptive catalog free. West Hill Nurseries, Inc., Box 7, Fredonia, N. Y.

## SPRIGS from MY GARDEN

[Continued from page 58]

garden. Sponge off the foliage every week, and if aphids appear on the under side of the leaves or on the new shoots, spray the affected parts with a solution of pure soap suds and luke warm water.

If you expect plants that have bloomed in the outdoor garden to go on blooming indoors their strength must be fed with occasional spoonfuls of bone meal, or some other odorless commercial fertilizer. Dig this in on the surface with a fine pointed trowel and water down so that the roots receive the needed richness. Do not attempt to dig it in deeply, or you will injure those very roots and do more harm than good.

House plants divide themselves into two groups—those that, given normal growing conditions, keep their leaves throughout the year, and those which are forced to bloom out of season such as bulbs and azaleas. To each plant its own season; no plant can be expected to flower continuously for twelve months. It follows then, that in order to produce as much bloom as possible during the Winter months care must be given the plants during the entire year. Palms, ferns and rubber plants should be given a shaded, protected position in the Summer garden where they can rest. In the Fall, bring them in before frost and introduce them by gradual stages to the indoor heat.

In growing the second class, duplicate as far as possible the conditions normal to its growth. Bulbs are potted in the Fall, allowed to make root growth in the dark cool cellar, and brought to sun and heat by gradual stages. In this way the gardener duplicates for them the cycle of the seasons. If pots of bulbs are allowed to freeze before being forced they will bloom better.

Annuals such as: alyssum, snapdragon, calendula, candytuft, nemesia, petunia, mignonette, can be grown successfully in pots in the window garden. Sow the seeds in Summer and transplant the young plants to pots filled with a mixture of humus, wood ash and top soil. Leave out of doors until well established and until the days begin to grow chilly, then bring indoors to a sunny window. They will

soon come into bloom and should bloom all Winter.

Success with house plants depends on the adaptability of the plant to its environment. And the moral of that is to choose only those plants that will be happy in the kind of window garden you have. For instance, if you are a city dweller and cannot hope to give your plants sun, select fuchsias, begonias, English ivy, ferns and palms. You will have to forego the cheery geraniums and other sun lovers. The following list may guide your selection:

### Plants for a Sunny Window Box

Sweet alyssum	Calendula
Paris daisy	Lobelia
Heliotrope	Verbena
Geranium	French marigold
Phlox Drummondii	Petunia

### Plants for a Shady Window Box

Begonia	Fuchsia
Wandering Jew	Ferns
Winter creeper	Periwinkle
English ivy	Elephant's ear

One more practical use for the sunny window at this season of the year is as a forcing place for tender annuals which are later to be set out in the garden borders.

Flats two or three inches deep, filled with finely sifted soil provide growing ground. Sow the seed sparsely—more seeds fail to germinate because they choke each other to death than for any one other reason—in shallow drills, cover lightly and press the soil down firmly. Water. Put the flats in a dark place and keep the soil moist enough not to dry out but never wet, until the seeds germinate. Then bring to the light to encourage growth. It is good to place a pane of glass over the flat to keep the moisture in and increase the forcing effect of the sunlight. When the seedlings show their second set of leaves they should be transplanted to develop them to stocky little plants.

## COOKING FOR A MAN

[Continued from page 42]

of suet with the steak. Soak bread in cold water and squeeze dry. Add other ingredients, mix thoroughly, and make into three or four oblong cakes. Fry the bacon first, then the meat, and serve with a strip of bacon on each piece of meat.

### MUTTON CUTLETS

This dish is prepared by cooking a piece of stewing mutton (from the neck) until tender. Chop fine and mix with an equal quantity of boiled rice. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, chopped parsley and curry powder. Moisten with some of the liquor in which the mutton was stewed. Form into meat cakes, and brown in bacon fat.

### CHEESE AND MACARONI SOUP

Grate two tablespoonfuls of stale cheese. Heat a quart of milk in a double boiler, add half a cupful of vermicelli, or of macaroni broken into small pieces. Boil until tender, stir in the cheese, add a lightly beaten egg, salt and a dash of paprika. Cook for two minutes to allow the egg to set, and serve in a tureen with crackers or slices of thin toast.

### CALVES' BRAINS WITH BACON

Soak the brains in salted water for ten minutes. Remove any ragged skin or membranes. Parboil for fifteen minutes. Drain, and save the liquor for the soup pot. Remove any loose skin or fibrous membrane, roll the brains in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry in bacon fat. Serve with slices of bacon.

### FISHERMAN'S PIE

1 can salmon	2 eggs boiled hard
1 tablespoonful	1 pint cream sauce
lemon juice	Mashed potato

Remove the salmon from the can and arrange in a thick layer of the fish in the bottom of a baking-dish. On top of this arrange slices of hard boiled egg. Then another layer of salmon with a second layer of egg until the bowl is nearly full. Have ready a pint of cream sauce very hot, pour this over the whole and allow it to soak through. Spread the top of the pie with a thick "crust" of mashed potato, dot with lumps of butter generously and bake 20 minutes in a hot oven.

### CORN CHOWDER

Slice two small potatoes and boil for five minutes. Fry out a small piece of salt pork cut into cubes; add one onion sliced, brown together. Add the pork and onion to the potato and boil until the potato is done. Add one quart of milk, one quart of corn, fresh or canned; and a tablespoonful of butter. Serve with toast or buttered crackers.

### CUP CUSTARD

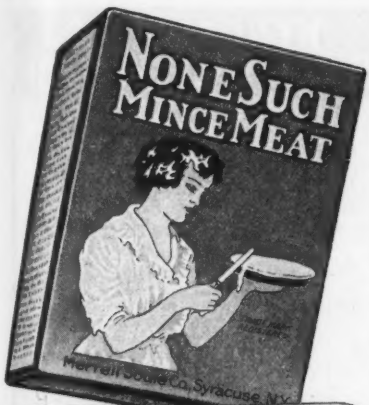
1 egg	1 1/4 cups milk
	1 teaspoon sugar

Beat the egg. Add sugar, milk, and any flavoring desired—either vanilla, lemon or a grating of nutmeg. Pour into two custard cups and set in a pan with a little water. Cover and steam on top of stove about fifteen minutes, or until firm. Test by putting a silver knife in, and if nothing adheres the custard is done. Water should be kept at the boiling point, but should on no account boil hard.

### CUCUMBER BOILED

Peel, quarter and remove seeds from medium-sized cucumber. Cook in boiling salted water about twenty minutes. Drain. Serve with butter, pepper and salt.





**makes  
fruit cake  
all the family  
will exclaim  
over**

SEE RECIPE IN THE PACKAGE

**6 Gorgeous  
Everblooming  
Roses—  
50¢**

You'll want these exquisitely beautiful roses—everybody does. And here's a rare opportunity to get them at a price far below their value. They are hardy, ever-blooming roses, on their own roots and will bloom this summer. Send your order now for this special collection:

Charmers: Golden Ophelia; Royal Red; Mrs. Charles Bell; Pink Radiance; Red Radiance—ALL for only **50¢**

**More Flower Bargains—ORDER TODAY**  
6 Hardy Pompons—choice—mixed—50¢  
6 Choice Gladioli—very superior—50¢  
6 Dahlias, Cactus, decorative and show—mixed—50¢  
6 Hardy Perennials—mixed—50¢  
6 Canna—Orchid Flowered—mixed—50¢  
8 Pkts. Choice, Fresh Flower Seed (Phlox, Petunia, Zinnia, Aster, Cosmos, Snapdragon, Larkspur, Dianthus)—25¢

Any 5 of the 50¢ collections for \$2.  
**FREE Illustrated Catalog**  
All shipments sent postpaid. Safe arrival guaranteed. Write for FREE Catalog and Guide for Planting. Send order today. Plants reserved until planting time unless you specify otherwise.  
**THE GOOD & REESE CO., Dept. E-10, Springfield, Ohio**  
"Largest Rose Growers in the World"

**6 wonderful Roses  
50¢**

Think of a chance to get these six beautiful roses at such a low price—hardy, ever-blooming roses, and on their own roots—an exclusive selection of roses that will give you untold pleasure and delight. Here they are—send your order now:

Pink Radiance; Sensation; Mad. Butterfly; 50¢  
Killarney; Sunburst; White Ophelia—all for **50¢**  
**MORE FLOWER BARGAINS—Get These, Too!**  
4 Choice Dahlias (mixed)—50¢  
8 Gladioli (choice varieties)—50¢  
6 Pompon Mums (assorted)—50¢  
3 Choice Flowering Begonias—50¢  
3 Orchid Canna's & 2 Butterfly Bushes 50¢  
8 Pkts. Flower Seed (Phlox, Petunia, Zinnia, Aster, Cosmos, Snapdragon, Larkspur, Dianthus, 25¢)

Any 5 of the 50¢ collections for \$2.  
**FREE Illustrated Catalog**  
All orders sent postpaid and guaranteed safe arrival. Plants reserved until planting time unless you specify otherwise. Order today. Also send for FREE Catalog.  
**MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Dept. E-101, Springfield, Ohio**

**WEEDING**  
100 ANNOUNCEMENTS \$3.50  
Script Lettering Including two sets of envelopes.  
100 Vetting Cards—One Dollar. Write for samples.  
**G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1040 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 35]

"Where is your father?" he said.  
"He has gone to his work," said Peggy.  
"Oh! said Tiggie. "Did he know I was coming?"  
"Yes," she said. "He heard you say so yesterday. Did you want to see him?"  
"Oh no!" said Tiggie. "I don't. I just wanted to make sure that he knew all about me, that's all."  
"He does," said Peggy simply.  
"He doesn't disapprove of me, I hope?"  
"Why should he?" said Peggy, smiling at him. "I shouldn't think anybody possibly could, could they?"  
"Thank you," said Tiggie politely. You may have gathered by this time that I had a particular reason for coming up like this."

She made a small gesture of appeal with one hand. "Oh, I do hope not a very serious one!" she said.

"It's like this, Peggy," he said after a moment, and somehow the utterance of her name at that point had a comforting sound. "I am a sort of fellow that's made more for use than ornament, and I've often rather hoped that I might some day have the chance to make myself a bit useful to you."

Finally he lifted her hand and laid it gently in her lap. "Well, I'm going now," he said.

"Going?" She looked up at him with half-startled appeal. "Must you go yet? It—has been a real comfort to talk to you."

"Thank you," said Tiggie. Nevertheless he got up. "I'm glad you've told me everything. I'm going now to find out the rest. Try not to be downhearted while I'm gone, and don't believe anything till I come back!"

As he went away, still smoking, still outwardly unperturbed, she knew that he was deeply moved.

FOR more than a week rumor remained rife in Ghawalkhand, sometimes rumor of the wildest description, but there came no definite confirmation of it, no solidifying into effect. All that was known was that Noel Wyndham remained absent and that only servants were in possession of Forbes' bungalow.

And then one morning after four weeks as she walked on the hill with Jingo, she spied a thick-set, unromantic figure coming towards her and knew that Tiggie had returned from his mission. The sight of him sent all the blood in her bounding to her heart.

She let her pent breath go in a long sigh as she gave Tiggie both her hands. "They told me I'd find you up here," he said, speaking awkwardly, almost lumbering. His kind eyes were on her face. "I got back as soon as I could, but I'm afraid it's pretty bad, Peggy."

"It isn't all his fault, poor devil!" said Tiggie. "He's nearly heart-broken about it. It began before you set foot in India. He never meant it to go any length, and had actually made plans to go home on leave, so as to break it. But—"

"Ah!" said Peggy with a little gasp. "Yes, I know. Go on!"

"Well, it fell through," said Tiggie. "And after that—well, her husband is the greatest swine that ever breathed. It was he who practically forced her to this by deliberate and persistent cruelty. He wanted to get rid of her."

"Oh!" said Peggy, horrified.  
"Yes, pretty awful," he said. "And she, coming of a passionate and uncontrolled stock—"

"Ah, don't say anything against her!" breathed Peggy.

"All right. I won't. She wasn't so frightfully to blame, I suppose. It was that monster Forbes. Some men are born like that—born devils. He literally drove her to Wyndham. She got passionately attached to him, and she followed him to Bakri and threw herself on his mercy. And he—hadn't the heart—or shall we say the brutality?—to send her back. Now you know the whole story."

"I see," said Peggy. "And what will happen now?" Tiggie hesitated for a second or two, then spoke bluntly. "That is for you to decide."

"For me!" Her eyes came to him swiftly with a startled [Turn to page 110]



**3 BEAUTIFUL PEONIES \$1.00**  
Post-paid  
Considered by many the most beautiful, most fragrant flower that grows. Everyone can now have mine at our special advertising bargain price of 3 for \$1.00. One red, one white, one pink, all large double flowering varieties. The kind that many nurseries sell for \$1.00 each.



**EVERGREENS**  
The most admired, most desired trees that grow. Their majestic beauty adds much to the landscape. Your home grounds should have a few. We have millions of them all sizes, all varieties, ranging in price from \$1.50 per 100 to \$50 each. Full descriptions of varieties in Free Catalog.

**BARGAINS**  
To convince you that Ferris prices are lowest, Ferris bargains the greatest ever made, to make new customers and friends, we offer the following 1000 bargains: 15 Assorted German Iris \$1. 5 Japanese Barberry, 1 yr. field-grown, \$1. 4 Golden Elder, strong, 1 yr. plants, \$1. 4 Spring (Mock Orange), \$1. 2 Hydrangea P. G., 4 yr. field-grown, \$1. 28 Jack Pine Seedlings, 3 yr., averaging 2-3 ft. high, \$1.00. 20 Norway Spruce Seedlings, 3 yr., averaging 6-10 in. high, \$1. 10 Red or Black Raspberries, \$1. 15 Colorado Blackberries, \$1. 10 Popular Strawberry Seedlings, 1 yr. field-grown, \$1. 10 Choice Everblooming Roses, one white and two deep pink, field-grown, \$1. Your choice of any 6 of the above for \$5.00 post-paid. In addition to the above you will find many more of these exceptional bargains in the new 1928 Catalog also prices on all kinds of fruits, shrubs, ornamentals. Lower than any ever made.  
**EARL FERRIS NURSERY**  
515 Bridge St., Hampton, Iowa

## FERRIS SAVES YOU 50% On Trees-Fruits-Shrubs Ornamentals-Evergreens

Over 600 acres of finest nursery stock ever produced now waiting for you at the Ferris Nursery. Real Bargains. Due to our direct from nursery to you plan of selling by means of catalog at one small profit enables us to make prices never before offered, enables you—to plant Ferris fruits, shrubs to your heart's content, enables every home owner to landscape and beautify their home grounds at lower cost than ever before. A few dollars now buys what a hundred dollars bought before. A few dollars spent now for Ferris Nursery Stock increases value of homes \$500 to \$1000.

## BIG CATALOG—FREE

Filled With Real Planting Information  
Printed in actual colors. Filled with landscaping ideas and suggestions so anyone can landscape their own property. Contains full descriptions. Beautiful pictures of all varieties of shrubs, fruits, trees, flowers in nature's own colors. Filled with price that will surprise you. Valuable information you should have whether you buy a dollar's worth or five hundred dollars worth of nursery stock.

**10¢** To give everyone a chance to become a subscriber, we have the following set acquainted bargains:  
5 Evergreen Seedlings 4 to 6 in. for 10¢  
7 Gladiolus Mixed for 10¢

**25¢ BARGAINS**  
25 mixed Gladiolus 25¢ or 15 assorted Evergreen seedlings, 4-6 in. high, for 25¢ or 2 Iris and 10 Gladiolus, assorted, for 25¢. Parcel post prepaid.

**4 APPLE TREES \$1**  
Finest varieties, one year, well rooted and thrifty. Yellow Transparent, Jonathan, Delicious, Grimes Golden. Postpaid.

**Harris New Butterfly Delphinium**  
This hardy perennial Delphinium blooms the first year, July to October, from seed you sow in the Spring out-of-doors and continues to thrive and bloom for years. The Blue and White sown together are wonderfully effective for garden borders or bouquets.  
For 20¢ in stamps we will send a large package of Harris Special Blue and White Mixture with directions for raising and a coupon good for 20¢ on any subsequent order sent us amounting to \$1.00 or more.  
We are large growers of Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Flower Seeds and Plants, and sell direct from our farm at growers prices. Our free catalog gives dependable descriptions and offers many unusual suggestions for your garden. It will pay you to ask for a copy.  
**JOSEPH HARRIS COMPANY, R.F.D. 10, Coldwater, N.Y.**

**FAMOUS DINGEE ROSES**  
SEND for hints on rose gardens, "78 Years Among the Roses," new manual for beginners and others. Our illustrated catalog, "New Guide to Rose Culture," offering over 500 roses, plants, seeds and bulbs, also free on request. Dingee roses favorite for 75 years. Grown on our own roots. Safe delivery guaranteed. Send \$1 for our trial offer of 8 bushes. Use coupon.  
**The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 232, West Grove, Pa.**  
Please send me "78 Years Among the Roses" and 1928 catalog. The enclosed \$1 is for your special offer of 8 bushes.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**SEEDS Grown by a Woman**  
Everybody is delighted with my New Early June Asters. Largest, earliest and best. Continuous bloomers.  
**For 10¢** I will send 5 liberal packages, white, pink, lavender, crimson and purple. No better seeds grown.  
**Guaranteed to Please**  
Order today, send 10¢ to help pay postage and packing and receive the 5 new varieties of asters and my bargain Seed Book.  
**Charlotte Haines**  
Dept. 14 Rockford, Illinois.

**MAULE'S Seed Book free**  
All Maule's Seeds teem with Vigorous, Healthy Life. Always they are Tested, always they are Guaranteed. The highest class seeds and bulbs at the lowest prices. Maule's Seed Book for 1928 is FREE. Write for your book today. A post card will bring it to your door.  
**Wm. Henry Maule, 191 Maule Bldg., Phila., Pa.**

**VICK'S Garden and Floral GUIDE**  
1928 issue now ready. For 79 years a leading authority on vegetable, flower and farm seeds, plants and bulbs. Better than ever. Send for free copy before you forget.  
**JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y. 3 Pleasant St.**  
"The Flower City"

**SEEDS**  
Reliable and Full of Life  
**SPECIAL OFFER**  
Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.  
**PRIZE COLLECTION** Radish, 17 Varieties, worth 15¢; Lettuce, 12 kinds, worth 15¢; Tomatoes, 11 the finest, worth 20¢; Turnips, 7 splendid, worth 10¢; Onion, 8 best varieties, worth 15¢; 10 Spring Flowering Bulbs, worth 25¢—46 varieties in all; worth \$1.00.  
**GUARANTEED TO PLEASE**  
Write today; mention this magazine  
**SEND 10 CENTS**  
to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big instructive, beautiful Seed and Plant Book, tells all about Buckbee's "Full of Life" Seeds, Plants, etc.

**H.W. BUCKBEE**  
Rockford Seed Farm  
Farm 105 Rockford, Ill.  
**Here's a New Type of Nursery Catalog**  
Every Home Owner Should Have  
Really an Encyclopedia of Everything for garden, lawn, orchard. 164 illustrated pages, packed with information on flowering shrubs, vines, roses, trees and seeds. Landscape suggestions and cultural directions. Send for it today!  
**FREE**  
**The STORRS & HARRISON CO.**  
Box 344 PAINTSVILLE, OHIO

**NEW WATER FERN**  
Beautiful House Plant—REQUIRES NO SOIL  
A peculiar and interesting plant that is admired by everyone; handsome, velvety, fine, fern-like foliage. Curls up and goes to sleep when taken out of water, and keeps in its sleeping or dormant state for weeks and awakens again in a few minutes after being placed in water. Owing to the fact it is capable of sleeping and awakening repeatedly, it is called the Opossum Fern. Do not confuse this plant with the much advertised Resurrection plant. If you want one of the most satisfactory and beautiful Table Ferns, something entirely new, get one of these marvelous plants. **BURGESS SEED & PLANT CO., 234 W. F., GALESBURG, MICHIGAN.**  
10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10¢ and names of four friends who grow flowers. Will include FREE, bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.  
**S. W. PIKE, Seedman** Box 12 ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS



## BY REQUEST

(Continued from page 109)

look. "Do you mean—I don't quite know what you mean," she said.

"I'll tell you," said Tiggie, and still he held her hands tightly, tightly in his own. "Forbes is out for blood. He'll get a divorce. But the situation isn't of Noel's making. He isn't bound to tie himself up with her. I've had it out with him. I know exactly how it is with him. He doesn't want to do it. He wants you! Peggy, could you possibly bring yourself to see him?"

She turned as one catching at a straw. "Oh, if I only could!"

"I could fix that for you," he explained. "If you will come down to Samdana with me tomorrow on the early train, we can get out over the desert by *tonga* to where he is. He has left Bakri and has gone to Sunam. Noel said he would wait there two days in case you came, but he would understand if you didn't."

"Of course I will go!" she said. "Surely he must have known I would!"

"That's what I told him," said Tiggie. "And—he hesitated a second—you needn't be afraid of meeting—her. She isn't with him now. Where she is—I don't know."

SUNAM was no more than a village composed of mud huts raised promiscuously near the bank of a sluggish river that wound like a slow-creeping serpent through sandy miles of desert. The only white men who ever went near the place were sportsmen in search of crocodile.

There was one spot about two miles above Sunam where a group of cypress trees broke the eternity of sand. They stood on a slight rise about twenty yards from the river, and in the heart of them was a native well, long-disused, for no natives would go near the place. They said it was the abode of *Shaitan* and that the evil spirits of the river dwelt there also. It afforded welcome shade from the noonday sun, however, to those less susceptible to evil influences, and Tiggie, viewing it from afar, mopped his brow with a sigh of thankfulness.

Peggy and he were tramping more than ankle-deep in sand, and every ploughing foot-step seemed to sink back upon the last.

Tiggie laughed a little. "Oh, we're getting there all right. Make no mistake about it! In another half-hour we shall have covered the fifty yards that yet remain."

When they arrived at length, she regarded him with real anxiety, for his face was nearly purple and his breathing unmistakably labored. But still he laughed at her with unfailing joviality.

"You run on now by yourself. But if you want me, by Jove, I'll come to you on seven-league boots," he said.

She left the shadow of the cypresses, and struck out for a ridge of sand running parallel with the river that seemed to afford more foothold. The sun was pouring down upon her, and the whole desert landscape swam and pulsed in the heat. For the first time her brave heart began to falter. Whatever happened, she must not fail. In the after years, she must be able to remember that that great crisis of her life had found her ready. That Noel could be allowed to wait in vain for her was unthinkable. So with gallant effort she went on.

Through the throbbing atmosphere she could see nothing, but she knew with absolute certainty that her great moment was at hand. He was coming! And now, while she knew that he was coming, that every instant brought him nearer, a scared feeling of weakness was upon her. And she had so counted upon being strong.

And then she knew that he was close to her, that he had reached her, had put out a hand to touch her . . .

Her hand locked itself in his. "Oh, Noel dear," she said, with loyal eyes still raised to his, "How happy I am to see you!"

Her arms were all about him in a

moment. She clasped him close.

"Noel—Noel darling! I'll help you. It's what I've come for."

He groaned aloud. "You can't. It's no use. There's no undoing what's done."

He made a jerky movement at her touch. His arms went out, but they did not enfold her. After a few seconds he spoke, without lifting his head. "Peggy, I swear to you I meant to play the game. How shall I ever explain to you how it all began? It was before you came, I was sorry for her, and she was so beautiful—like a luscious fruit—and she danced so superbly. Peggy, I loathe telling you; but—I wasn't the first or even the second with her. She was made so. It's in the blood. Forbes—brute-beast—never made any pretense of sticking to her, treated her like a bit of furniture, to be used when wanted and kicked aside when done with. Peggy, am I offending you, darling?"

"No, dear. Go on telling me!" said Peggy, though she looked white and sick as she listened.

"I never meant to get drawn in," he said. "I meant to be just a good friend to her, no more. But—she—she got to love me so terribly that she—tempted me. I know I'm a blackguard. Only, for both our sakes, I want you to realize that it was more on her side than mine. And when I came to my senses I knew what a foul brute I was and that it had got to stop. Well, I made up my mind from then on that things had got to get back to the old footing of just friendship with Marcella, or stop altogether. But she was so alone, so friendless, I couldn't! Peggy, sweetheart, say that you understand me!"

"I do, dear," she answered gently; and added, "You know, I loved her too."

"Yes," He spoke desperately. "That was my doing. I thought a decent friendship with a woman might be her salvation, but I didn't love her, not—not as I know now that

loving can be. You must believe that of me. You do?"

"I do, dear," she said again very quietly, very convincingly.

He went on. "It seemed to work, anyhow at first. You were so good to her. But that devil Forbes suddenly began to ill-treat her so foully and horribly that—Peggy, do you remember the sound you thought was a jackal's cry?"

She flinched for the first time and hid her eyes. "Oh, please, Noel, please!"

He passed on. "All right, dear. I won't. There's no need. She took to drugs, and I don't wonder. I didn't know all this then. She has told me since. I couldn't have cleared out had I known. But I went because of you. Then things got unbearable for her, and she followed me to Bakri."

"I'm sorry, dear Noel," she said finally. "There's only one thing to do now, isn't there? She has suffered more than anybody, hasn't she? And—and I know you're fond of her. I—would like you to marry her, Noel, when—I mean as soon as you can." Her throat began to work a little. She put a resolute hand to still it.

He bowed his face over her other hand and kissed it hungrily. "How shall I live without you?" he said. "Darling, I don't know if I can!"

Her own face quivered, but she controlled it sharply. "Don't kiss my hand, Noel!" she said, a tremor of distress in her voice. "Just this once, won't you—"

He looked up swiftly, and in an instant she was in his arms. He held her to him, kissing her lips again and again. He kissed her palpitating throat. "Sweetheart! Peggy! I can't let you go!" he said.

She opened her eyes to his with returning resolution. "We've got to do it," she said. "We've got to say good-by."

His features contracted for a moment. Then he pulled her hand sharply away. "Peggy, listen!" His voice was suddenly stern. "You can't live on up there unprotected. I can't stand [Turn to page 132]



**free**

**The World's GREATEST Garden Book**

The Vegetables or Flowers you would like to see growing in your garden—read all about them in Burpee's Annual.

Burpee's Annual is an interesting book filled with valuable garden information. It describes the New Vegetables and Flowers for 1928—Burpee's Branching Sweet Corn, with as many as six ears on a plant; four New Sweet Peas, including Fluffy Ruffles, the first "Ruffled" Sweet Pea; and New Giant Gold Medal Dahlias. Burpee's Annual offers the best in Vegetable Seeds, Flower Seeds, Lawn Grass, Farm Seeds, Bulbs, Roots, Fruit Trees, Flowering Shrubs, and Roses.

Write today for your free copy of Burpee's Annual.



**BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW**

----- TEAR HERE -----

**W. Atlee Burpee Co.**  
SEED GROWERS PHILADELPHIA

Gentlemen: Send me a free copy of Burpee's Annual. 53

Name .....

R. D. or St. ....

P. O. .... State .....

## HENDERSON'S SPECIAL OFFER

If you will send us 10 cents, and mention where you saw this advertisement, we will mail you Henderson's new catalogue, "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN," and the new Henderson 25c Rebate Slip.

### Every Rebate Slip Counts As Cash

The Henderson Rebate Slip, when returned to us, will be accepted as 25c cash payment on any order of Two Dollars or over. In addition, we will include with your order our Henderson Specialty Collection of six of our best-known introductions:

One packet each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Early Scarlet Turnip Radish, Invincible Asters, Brilliant Mixture Poppies, and Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas.

### "Everything For The Garden"

is the title of our annual catalogue. For 1928, it is a book of 204 pages, with 12 beautiful color plates, 128 pages of rotogravure in various colors, and over one thousand illustrations direct from actual photographs of results from Henderson's seeds—the finest and most complete catalogue we ever issued.



**PETER HENDERSON & Co.**  
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK



**Now you can Landscape your own Grounds—**

You can do it yourself, expertly and at small cost, with the aid of our book "How to Landscape Your Own Grounds." Compiled by a prominent Landscape Architect, in written language anyone can understand.

**Gives Complete Instructions** Tells how to arrange trees, shrubs, vines, etc., how to select the right varieties for each location; every step illustrated by simple charts; cost estimates included for each plan.

Send 10¢



The Storrs & Harrison Co., Box 343, Painesville, O. Enclosed find 10¢ for your book, "How to Landscape Your Own Grounds."

Name .....

Address .....

**The STORRS & HARRISON CO.**  
BOX 343, PAINESSVILLE, OHIO

## CONDON'S GIANT TOMATO

"QUEEN OF THE MARKET." Big Money-Maker. Large, solid fruit; excellent canner. To introduce to you our Northern Grown Live Seeds and Plants, we will mail you 125 seeds of Condon's Giant Everbearing Tomato and our Big 1928 Catalog of Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, 1928-Pure Book, Lette how, and what to plant. Send 2c stamp to cover postage. **PRICES LOWER THAN EVER** CONDON BROS., Seedsmen Cook River Valley Seed Farm ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS Box 88

## ROSES of NEW CASTLE

Is the title of a beautiful book on the culture of roses and other plants; gives expert experience of a lifetime. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors; offers and tells how to grow our famous plants. Write for your copy today. It's free. HELLER BROS. CO., Box 213, New Castle, Ind.

**LAKES Shrubs Roses Fruit Trees**

Our stock is carefully grown, selected and delivered, making rapid growth. Prices moderate. Send for free catalog. Finger Lakes Nurseries, 506 Washington St., Geneva, N. Y.

## Spare Cash Easily Made

Get extra money for things you want. Thousands have made big money from poultry—no money or small investment, quick returns. Read how in America's leading poultry journal, new ideas in every issue. 60c a year; 2 month's trial 10 cents. **POULTRY TRIGUNE**, Box 34, Mount Morris, Ill.

**64 BREEDS** Most Profitable pure bred Northern raised chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, Fowls, eggs, chicks, incubators at low prices. 35th year. Largest plant. Valuable 100-page book and catalog free. **R. F. Neubert Co., Box 868, Mankato, Minn.**

No. 517 Slip-On yards of

Patterns





## Features That Mark New Clothes

MAYBE the phases of the moon change the styles in women's apparel. Maybe women's caprice does it. Whatever the reason behind the fact, every few weeks sees a swinging to and fro of details if not silhouette. And it's details, after all, that make a woman well-dressed when she pays attention to them. These frocks bring out the fashion for a row of buttons down the entire front length of a one-piece gown. To keep it from being a nuisance because of narrowness there are side godets. Here is the bias line used to elongate the body from shoulder to hip. It runs across the body on one side only and buttons on the hip. Sleeves extend over hand or are smartly banded.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5179. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5162. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 1/4 yards 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 1632 suggested.

No. 5194. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2 1/4 yards.

No. 5184. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards 54-inch; contrasting, 5/8 yard 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.



5178

5170

No. 5178. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 5 3/8 yards 36-inch; collar, 3/4 yard 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards.

No. 5170. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/8 yards 54-inch; collar, 1/4 yard 36-inch. Width, about 3 1/4 yards.



5190

5189

### Paris Exhibits Its New Resort Frocks

THERE'S no doubt France does not intend to stick to simplicity. All straws point to the middle course between severity and frivolity. There's a strong intention observable to get back into the Victorian slimness of the bodice, which the most prudish queen in history accentuated. Paris keeps the top part of the frock more severe than its skirt. You see that for yourself in these gowns which follow the new French ideas. Every skirt swings widely free of the body. The sleeve, on the contrary, fits the arm like a glove. Short skirts continue. High neck outlines increase.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5190. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards 36-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5189. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.



# L'E C H O D E P A R I S

## When Women Prepare For Spring

IF swallows herald Summer, women's frocks and coats herald an early Spring. They are fore-visioned, these smart women, in getting to work on new habiliments before the season catches them unaware. Each of these five costumes will greet warmer weather in the upper part of the Continent and sport in hot weather down in the palms. The coat suit, as you observe, comes into its own again. Two of these jackets are short, two are double-breasted, one knee-length, the others hip length. One long coat of light-weight fabric nips into the waistline. Outlining the torso is the new fashion. The coat that covers the frock has a half cape.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5193

5192  
5180

No. 5193. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material or 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch; lining, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 5192. Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch. 5180. Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 34, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch. Width, about 2 yards.



5196  
5181

5193

5192  
5142



5193

5192  
5180

5196  
5181

5193

5192  
5142

No. 5196. Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch. 5181. Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 34, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch. Width, about 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 5193. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch or 2 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards 54-inch material; lining, 2 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 5192. Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch. No. 5142. Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Sizes 30 to 42 waist. Size 34, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

## L'ECHO DE PARIS

Flounces, Buttons, Ribbons  
Appear

SUCH frivolities as buttons that are decorative, not necessary, come and go like Halley's comet. They swing into the fashion sky, some of them blazing with color. Paris puts them on many places of the frock and leaves them off coats where they are really needed. One frock on this page has bright blue buttons in a row down the front of a black gown. Ribbons also come and go. Usually they are not part of a tailored woman's apparel. But today, when clothes are getting coquettish, they take their old position. Three of these frocks show them at hips, two frocks show them at the neck. The flounce makes its appearance on each gown.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5182



5173



5171



5161

No. 5182. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch; shield,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 36-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5171. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards 40-inch; contrasting  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 40-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5173. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch; edging,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard 1-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5161. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; three-piece with circular left front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch. Width, about 2 yds.



## L'ECHO DE PARIS

## Frocks Intended for the South

THESE clothes go South. That signifies that they will go to all parts of America when the time comes to leave off coats. Two of them are printed plaid designs that are of importance. The French have always copied and liked Scotch designs that represent the clans and whenever they could "put them over," they've been happy. In one piece frocks they may have great success. Certainly these two examples of the Paris idea are very good to look at. Their simplicity is their charm. An introduction of a secondary color would be fatal. The other gowns are of scarlet and flag blue crepe which are two excellent colors this season.

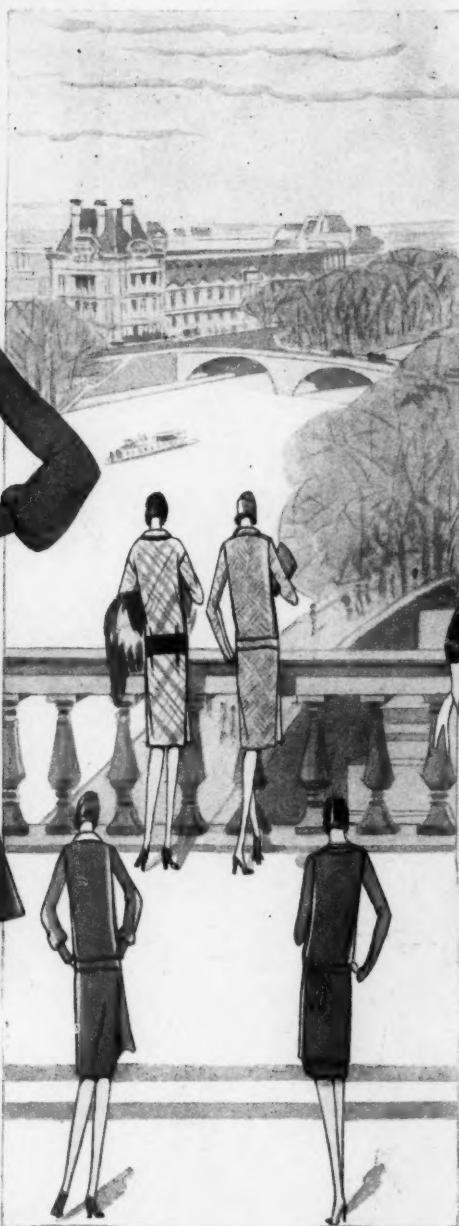
ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5168



5187



5174



5167

No. 5168. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5187. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch material, 3/8 yard 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5174. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 1/2 yards 54-inch; shield, 1/4 yard 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5167. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

## L'ECHO DE PARIS

*Sweaters and One-Piece Frocks*

IT'S of keen interest to everybody that the sweater introduced by the English sports woman has not decreased in value, but increased. Well-dressed women go to smart lunch parties in clothes that once were considered only fit for the field and the country club. The reason the sweater is risen so high is that it is not the ready-to-wear bought garment of other seasons. But it is a well-turned out garment often made in the house as a part of the costume. Observe these gowns at the top of the page with brilliant and effective jumper tops gay with banding, with buttons, and cravats.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 5166. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material; band and cuffs,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5184. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; surplice closing. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; collar and shield,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5161. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 waist, 2 yards of 36-inch; contrasting,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Chain-stitch Embroidery No. 1626 suggested.

No. 5133. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; four-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch; contrasting,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



# L'ECHO DE PARIS

## Successes of the Riviera

IT'S good to know what clothes the mid-season brings forth for that's the time when women are weary of what they have and want to turn to something new. The fashion-makers sent their new styles and ideas in cloth down to the warm seas of the Riviera and we, the Americans, quick and canny, caught the trend and the importance of what was done and now advance it in America for the women who are bent on having their clothes ahead of the actual day of Spring. Vionnet's points are incorporated in the new frocks as you will notice in the sketches shown.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5195



5179



5130



5182



5195



5179



5130



5182

No. 5195. Misses' and Juniors' Suspend Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, waist, 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; skirt and overwaist, 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 1/2 yards.

No. 5179. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; gathered tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5130. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; vest and cuffs, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5182. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; slip with two-piece lower section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

L E C H O D E P A I S



### No Two Skirts Alike

No woman need complain of standardization if she follows the fashions instead of following her neighbor, which too many women do. Here are four frocks from France which are unlike in detail and in conception. Four accepted necklines are shown. No girdle is like the other. The arm treatment differs. The cut of the skirts, their hang and set, give enough variation to suit varying kinds of figures. The materials are velvet sheer as voile, figured wool crepe, taffeta, which the dressmakers do not discard, and crepe satin. Such frocks will serve under coats on cold days and without them on warm days. The only uniformity observable is in the length of skirts. Only in evening gowns is greater length acceptable. In sports gowns, as in the figured one at the right, cravats and bright buttons are used to enliven the severity of contour.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 5118. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, waist, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 5167. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5183. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; vest and collar,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 40-inch; insertion, 3 yards. Width at lower edge, about 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 5174. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt with pleated front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

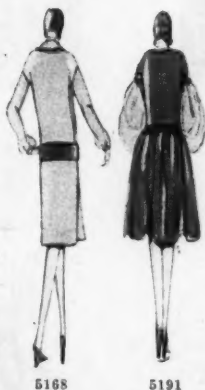
No. 5168. On Dress. 46 bust. 8 material; Width, at Motif No.



L E C H O D E P A R I S



5168  
Emb. No. 1602



5168

5191

### Gaiety in the Spring Mode

THE peasant sleeve appears in the frock of thin velvet. It is transparent. It is shirred to the short cap of the velvet. The Roumanian sleeve exhibits itself in the other frock at the top. It has a puff of velvet at wrist topped by a brilliant piece of embroidery such as Roumanians from queen to milk-maid adore. The jumper of this frock, slender and long-waisted, is of a gay color in contrast to the somber skirt. The third frock derives its gaiety from the cravat, collar binding, girdle and two applied patches of embroidery. With this gown the hat must match the belt. That's a pleasing trick. A silken fabric fashions the last gown which emphasizes the upward movement in front that is insisted upon by fashion. Evening gowns started the backward "sag." Now most of our clothes are following that particular method of stylish drooping.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5131  
Emb. No. 1575



5131

5162



5162

No. 5168. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; ribbon binding, 3 yards. Width, about 1 1/8 yards. Appliqué Motif No. 1602 would be attractive.

No. 5191. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; closing at left underarm. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; sleeves, 1 1/2 yards of 36 or 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 1/4 yards.

No. 5131. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1 1/4 yards 40-inch; contrasting, 2 1/4 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1575 in running- and satin-stitch suggested.

No. 5162. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with underwaist. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; underwaist, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/8 yards.

## Sani-Flush does one thing perfectly



IT CLEANS toilet bowls. Does it thoroughly. Immaculately. Without any help from you. Just pour a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Marks, stains and incrustations vanish. Odors disappear. The toilet bowl is left spotless and glistening.

Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthful trap, too. It purifies and cleanses the whole toilet system. And it is harmless to the plumbing.

Use Sani-Flush frequently. Always keep a can of it handy.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c; in Canada, 35c.

### Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio

## Peterman's

exterminates

### BUGS

FLYOSAN  
kills flies, mosquitoes

DISCOVERY  
exterminates bedbugs



Send for free booklet, with funny pictures by artist Harrison Cady. Tells how to be rid of all household insects.

WILLIAM PETERMAN 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.  
Buy Peterman's from your druggist

## How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

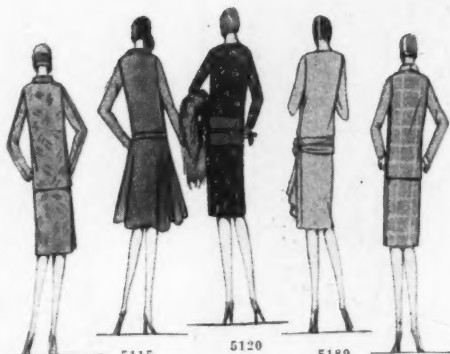
Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.



5192  
4896



5115



5192  
4896

5115

5120

5189

4815  
4997



5120



5189



4815  
4997

No. 5192. Ladies' and Misses' Double-Breasted Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 54-inch 4896. Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Sizes 30 to 42 waist. Size 34, 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 5115. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with circular lower sides and back. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material; vest, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2¾ yards.

No. 5120. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; four-piece skirt with front godets. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 5189. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece skirt with drapery. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material or 2¾ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

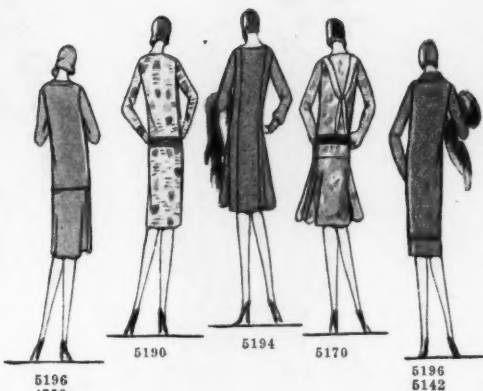
No. 51...  
ses' S...  
plain...  
years...  
36 req...  
40-inch...  
materi...  
edge



L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5196  
4759  
Emb. No. 1585



5190



5194



5170



5196  
5142

No. 5196. Ladies' and Misses' Single-Breasted Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 54-inch material. 4759. Ladies' and Misses' Low-waisted Skirt. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 34, 1½ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1585 for flower may be used.

No. 5190. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with plain sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch material, 2¾ yards of 40-inch or 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 5194. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; without collar and with gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material or 2¾ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2¼ yards.

No. 5170. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4¾ yards 32-inch or 3¾ yards 40-inch; skirt cut crosswise; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch. Width, about 3¼ yards.

No. 5196. Ladies' and Misses' Single-Breasted Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards 54-inch. No. 5142. Ladies' and Misses' Low-waisted Skirt. Sizes, 30 to 42 waist. Size 34, 1½ yards 54-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

# Gray Hair VANISHES

as if by magic



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.



Test Free This Amazing New Safe Way at Home

DON'T believe your hair is hopelessly gray until you have made this amazing test... have tried science's latest way to regain natural shade. Broadway's stars say it's amazing. 3,000,000 women have proved its safety.

A colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer does it. Simply comb it through the hair. Natural shade quickly replaces gray and faded streaks. Auburn hair reverts to auburn—black to black.

No dangerous, messy, crude dyes everyone can see. Nothing to wash off. Makes hair live looking and lustrous. Keeps easy to curl.

For free test send coupon—or get bottle at druggist. Few cents' worth restores perfectly. Money returned if not amazed.

## TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 145-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde.....(Print name)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer

## Little Boy Blue

ORIGINAL CONDENSED LIQUID BLUING



### The Handy Dropper Cap

makes LITTLE BOY BLUE the most convenient for housewives to use. Just puncture the cap with a pin and use drop-by-drop as needed. No guess work; no waste.

And every drop is all bluing. Economical—because a little goes a long way. Safest—because it never streaks or spots.

Makes clothes snow white  
JOHN PUHL PRODUCTS  
COMPANY • Chicago



Little  
**Bo-Peep**  
"FLUORESCENT WHITE" QUALITY  
AMMONIA

## Club Feet

Wm. Garber's feet were straightened at McLain Sanitarium seven years ago. His mother's recent letter shows permanent results:

*William is getting along wonderful. We never thought his feet would be so nice and straight. He walks to school every day and never gets tired. We are thankful we took him to McLain's.*

MRS. WM. GARBER,  
206 Cleveland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.  
McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of crippled children and young adults. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anaesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.

### WRITE FOR FREE BOOKS

"Deformities and Paralysis," and "References," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, Etc. Also illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM  
944 Ashurst Ave., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



### Lingerie "V" Chain

Won't let them slip

HOW easy now to hold lingerie straps securely in place. Here is new comfort for women—the original "V" Chain, a charming, dainty bit of jewelry serving a most practical purpose holding straps without tearing the fabric.

Our White Gold Filled  
Only \$1.00—or with  
Perfumette \$1.35

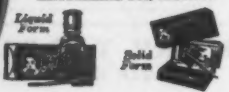
Perfumette Style permits use of your favorite perfume in cozier modulation. Thousands of women declare delight with this new invention. Genuine "V" Chain back if not satisfied. Now banish forever annoyance and discomfort of slipping straps. ORDER TODAY!

LINGERIE "V" CO., 9 Harris Street, No. Windham, Conn.



### Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or liquid. BLACK or BROWN, 75¢ at your dealer's or direct postpaid. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



5113  
Emb. No. 1474

L'ECHO DE PARIS



5163



5175



5191



5183

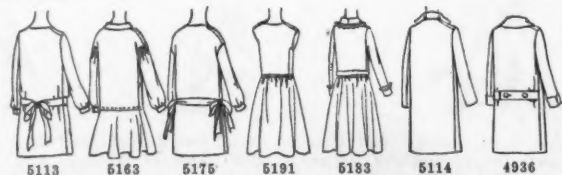


4936

No. 5163. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened by gathered sleeves; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ⅝ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5114. Girl's Coat; with tab closing; straight collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 54-inch; lining, 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5191. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; closing at left under-arm. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; front, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2¾ yards.



No. 5113. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards 54-inch; front, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Motifs from Embroidery No. 1474, in buttonhole-stitch suggested.

No. 5175. Child's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened by gathered sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch; ties, ¼ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4936. Girl's Double-Breasted Coat; with patch pockets. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material or 1½ yards of 54-inch; lining, 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5183. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; closing at left under-arm; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2¾ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.



L'ECHO DE PARIS



5176



5112  
Emb. No. 1590



5164  
Emb. No. 1553



5072

5195



5166



5080  
Emb. No. 1585

No. 5112. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 1/2 yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1590 for motif worked in satin-stitch suggested.



No. 5176. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened by gathered sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; contrast-ing, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 5164. Child's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 6, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1553 in lazy-daisy- and satin-stitch may be used to trim.

No. 5080. Girl's Coat; with-bands across back. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch. Flower Transfer No. 1585 would add a decorative note.

No. 5166. Misses' and Juniors' Slip-On Dress; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar and cuffs, 1/2 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 3/4 yards

Don't hurt  
your baby  
with pins and buttons



The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

Pins come unfastened, buttons break and turn edgewise, to torment the little body. Be sure too, mother, that your baby never can pick up loose pins and buttons and promptly put them into his mouth. Dress your baby for the first two years, the safe, comfortable, convenient way in

## Vanta Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

They tie with dainty bows of Twistless Tape. Dress baby without turning him once. Always fit perfectly because you can loosen or tighten the tapes in dressing. Safe, simple, comfortable, convenient for baby and mother; come in every fabric; recommended by 20,000 doctors and nurses.

At left are shown three of the 31 Vanta Baby Garments, 1 to 6 years, all illustrated in new catalog, sent free to you.

For children over two years old we make a complete line of the finest quality buttoned garments.



VEST



KNIT ENITIE



ABDOMINAL BINDER

### Vanta quality

All garments are guaranteed to be non-shrinkable of the finest fabrics and best workmanship. Dealers will make adjustment on any that do not give you complete satisfaction.

Ask for Vanta Baby garments at your store. If you cannot get them, write to EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC., Dept. 111, Newton, Mass.

### FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 60 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.  
Dept. 111, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinkies diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.



## "Six Months Ago All I Got Was Sympathy"

WHY Ruth, what in the world has happened to you?"

Frances Knight hadn't seen me for six months. We were chums until she married and moved away. At that time I was on the verge of a breakdown. All my friends felt sorry for me. I was always tired, always weary, always despondent. My nerves were worn to a ragged edge. My head ached, my back ached, every bone in my body seemed to ache. All I got was sympathy—and advice.

Naturally I tried everything that sounded reasonable. I took tonics, pills and powders until I was a walking drug store. Still, at that, my entire physical condition was that of an old woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always so tired, so worn out.

Then one day I heard someone refer to me as having "one foot in the grave!" What a shock it was to hear that! How angry I felt! I decided then and there to find "the way out." How well I did can be seen by just looking at me.

My secret is simply that of Annette Kellermann's methods! I read in a magazine, of Annette Kellermann's life—how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once practically a cripple; puny, ailing, always sickly.

The story of how she dragged herself out of misery and actually made of herself the lovely, healthy, beautiful woman she is, gave me new hope and new faith. I wrote to her for her book, "The Body Beautiful," which describes her methods. To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the wonderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today.

Miss Kellermann is now anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below for her new free book, "The Body Beautiful." And you can judge at your leisure whether or not you can afford to miss this opportunity to make a "new woman" of yourself, as over forty thousand women have done. Just address Annette Kellermann, Suite 82, 225 West 39th St., New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 82  
225 West 39th St., New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in ☐ Body Building ☐ Weight Reducing

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

## Kitchen Bouquet

for  
gravies

What savor, what  
color it gives!  
No Chef could  
do better

Famous for 50 years

### GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't get it off. W. HILLYER RAGDALE, Drawer 120, E. Orange, N. J.

## Be a Nurse

Earn \$30-\$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time to be a nurse. Courses endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 28 years. Nurse's equipment included. Money back agreement. Free booklet. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

## LECHO DE PARIS



5164  
Emb. No. 1522



5121



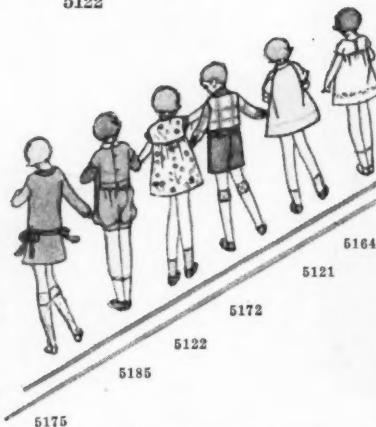
5172



5122



5175



5185

No. 5121. Child's Slip-On Dress; raglan sleeves; lower edge finished with a band. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 4, 2 yards of 32-inch or 1 1/4 yards of 56-inch material.

No. 5122. Child's Slip-On Dress; with armbands. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 32-inch material.

No. 5172. Boy's Suit; knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires blouse 3/4 yard of 54-inch material; trousers, collar and cuffs, 3/4 yard of 54-inch.

No. 5175. Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 27-inch material; contrasting band and tie-belts, 1/4 yard of 32-inch material.

No. 5185. Child's Romper. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Size 4, 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 32-inch. Motifs in outline-stitch from Embroidery No. 1540 suggested.

No. 5164. Child's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Size 2, 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Rambler rose-stitch Embroidery No. 1522 would make a dainty finish.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.



## A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



## ASTHMA

### Quick, Soothing Relief

JUST breathe the vapors while you sleep. That's the healing, soothing vapors of time-tried and pure Vapo-Cresolene penetrate every passage. The irritation is quickly soothed away and the strangling ceases! Your breath again comes freely and easily. Write for the new booklet, "Free Breathing." Learn the facts of the wonderful results of Vapo-Cresolene in relieving bronchial asthma, whooping cough, bronchitis, laryngitis, head colds and coughs. Complete outfit sold by good druggists everywhere for \$1.75. If you fail to get the genuine easily, tell us when writing for booklet. Vapo-Cresolene Co., Dept. 152, 62 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

Vapo-Cresolene  
EST. 1879

## Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU  
SUITE J-208 GOOD HEALTH BUILDING  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN



Swing No. 34  
Complete \$6.00

### Rock-a-Bye Combination Stand and Swing

Whitename stand of white washable material. Can be placed anywhere in house, on porch or lawn. Safe. At dealers by express.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE of nursery specialties. PERFECTION MFG. CO. 2715 N. Leffingwell St. St. Louis, Mo.



## If I were a Mother

I'd be listening at all hours of the night for those wistful wails that every mother knows. I'd sleep with a flashlight nearby, knowing that its soft rays and quiet switch wouldn't disturb the lightest sleeper.

I'd use it, too, for examining the children's throats—the place where most troubles start. When I had the dealer reload it, I would stand by to see that he put in genuine Eveready Batteries. You bet it DOES make a difference.

Get the flashlight habit. A flashlight is always a convenience—often a life-saver.

### For Feminine Hygiene;—

for feminine daintiness; for skin irritations, after shaving, for cuts, burns, bruises, oral hygiene, and as a deodorant—there is nothing like

## STERIZOL

THE ANTISEPTIC

**You Well?** It cleans, soothes and heals the tissues. Is not poisonous—not caustic—easy to use and economical. Sterizol is a highly concentrated powder that dissolves in water instantly, making solutions in quantity and strength desired.

**I'm Well!** Prescribed by many physicians. At your druggist's, or order direct, enclosing \$1.00. Free booklet upon request.

THE STERIZOL COMPANY  
72 Water Street Ossining, N. Y.

Mrs. L. C. Guild  
of Texas

McCall  
Representative



## EXTRA MONEY For Spare Time

MRS. GUILD is one of thousands of energetic women who are successful local subscription representatives for McCall's Magazine. She started to make the money to pay her missionary dues and found it so easy and profitable that she was glad to continue.

Many of your friends will gladly give you their new and renewal subscriptions to McCall's and you will find this work not only profitable but also enjoyable.

**Send for Details NOW!**

Dept. 22  
McCall's Magazine,  
Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how, without obligation or expense, I can make extra money too.

Name .....  
Local address .....  
City & State .....

## L'ECHO DE PARIS



5111



5165



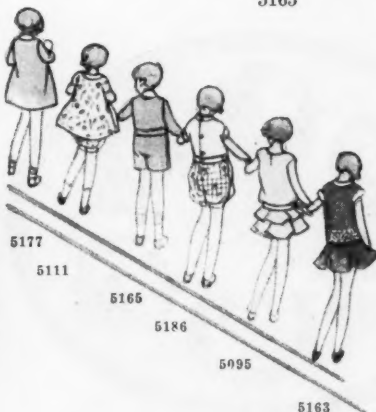
5186

Emb. No. 1589



5177

Emb. No. 1528



5177

5111

5165

5186

5095

5163



5095

5163

Emb. No. 1287

No. 5111. Child's Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4, 2½ yards of 27-inch material or 1¾ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 5165. Little Boy's Suit; in one piece; dropped back. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material; collar and cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5186. Child's Romper. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Size 3, plain, ¾ yard of 32-inch material; figured, 1 yard of 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1589 in buttonhole-stitch suggested.

No. 5177. Child's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 1 to 8 years. Size 4, 1½ yards 36-inch; collar, ¾ yard 36-inch. Appliqué motifs from Embroidery No. 1528 suggested to trim.

No. 5095. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with waist and circular flounces attached to slip. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 6, 2½ yards of 32-inch or 1¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5163. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8, 1¾ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch. Buttonhole- and running-stitch Embroidery No. 1287 may be used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

## Now Ready—Free



## Your Larkin Book

JUST by starting a Larkin Club, you may quickly earn beautiful things for your home. A few hours among your own folks and friends bring you wonderful Rewards. This great homelovers' book, yours for the asking, will help you to get Club members quickly. See the comfy rockers, lovely lamps, and other Premiums, obtained by buying home supplies on the Larkin plan.

## Mail this Convenient COUPON

Larkin Co. Inc. 302  
Buffalo, N.Y., Peoria, Ill. Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me my Larkin Catalog No. 26  
I'd like to see all the lovely new Premiums and learn how to start a Larkin Club.

Name .....  
St. ....  
P. O. ....  
State .....

### Make Big Money in Spare Time

Before Easter

Many without experience or talent now make \$50 to \$80 or \$100 monthly handcoloring our exclusive greeting cards. Beautiful Easter line now ready. Weeks ahead will be big profit-producers for those who act now.

Get Free Book or \$1.00 Box

Write for Free Book giving all details. Or save time by ordering \$1.00 trial box with cards, brush, colors, instructions. Cards will sell for 25 to 50 when colored. Write today.

LITTLE ART SHOP—Dept. 410-B  
474 La. Ave. Washington, D. C.

### Big Profits

MAKING HOME MADE CANDIES

Your Kitchen Can Be Your Candy Shop. SUCCESSFUL manufacturer teaches you secrets of candy-making in your spare time. The candy business is the only business where the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. You can start in your own kitchen—earn big money from the very beginning. We furnish tools and show how to quickly sell your candy at a big profit. Many now wealthy started with practically no capital—YOU CAN DO THE SAME! Write for fascinating FREE book which gives full details.

Capitol Candy School  
DEPT. U-2729 WASHINGTON, D.C.



### BEST FOR CHILDREN

Mothers know that milk is one of the best foods for children. But not every mother realizes that an important reason for its supremacy as food—is the fact that it is Nature's perfect emulsion.

Nature certainly made no mistake in providing milk. And likewise no mistake has been made in providing emulsified cod-liver oil in the form of

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

It enables the weakened, malnourished child to absorb and utilize cod-liver oil, with its wealth of vitamins, as easily as it can assimilate milk.

Scott's Emulsion is so pleasantly flavored and so easily assimilated that children soon acquire a fondness for it.

Give it three times daily as an added ration to your child's diet.



Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

27-42

### About Babies



#### Both of these books are FREE

Our catalogue containing everything in infants' and children's wearing apparel sent FREE for the asking. This catalogue explains how you may obtain, without one penny of cost, your copy of Dr. Lowry's celebrated book on the "Care and Feeding of Infants."

Our catalogue illustrates and describes the most complete lines of infants' and children's wear as well as the most approved lines of Maternity Corsets, Loose Fitting Coats, Kimonos, Dressing Gowns, Dainty Linen, together with the newest Fifth Avenue styles in dresses, suits, coats, skirts, etc.

We guarantee absolute satisfaction on everything we send or money refunded. Do not fail to write today for a copy of our handsome catalogue.

### NATIONAL BELLASHESS CO.

204 West 24th Street 674 Hardesty Avenue  
New York City Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York headquarters—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City Store.)



**QUICK, EASY METHOD**—Start now. No special artistic ability needed. Practical Course prepared by expert decorators quickly qualifies you. Learn at home in spare time. Progress is surprisingly rapid. Every step clear and simple to follow. Decorate your own home—start a profitable business or get well-paid working for others in full or spare time. Earnings up to \$200 a week. Special offer to new students. Get our FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK. Write at once to NATIONAL SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION, Dept. 22 119 W. 57th Street New York City

**ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S**—52 Years of Hits Comedy-Dramas, Vaudeville Acts, Farces, Musical Plays, Monologs, Dialogs, Comedies, Revues, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs. Catalog Free. F. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 38 CHICAGO

## Where Youth and Fashion Reign

by Elisabeth May Blondel



1627. Detail of oval  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 6$  inches, pasted on child's dresser door.

No. 1627. No nursery furniture could be in better taste than this set with its pasted decorations that are colored in softly blended pastel tints. On a light gray background bordered with rose, are drawn dainty bouquets in shades of blue, pink, yellow and green. Adapted to 4 sizes—1 basket motif  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 6$  inches; 3 medium and 3 small ovals, and 6 little round ones for drawer knobs.



1631. Child's felt rug with design cut out and appliquéd to contrasting felt.



1628. Amusing book plates for boys and girls to paste in place.

No. 1628. These jolly decorations for pasting on school boys' and girls' note books and text book coverings are the latest fashion in schools and colleges. The colors are very gay, red, blue, green, yellow, henna. The blank spaces in light yellow will hold the owner's name, the year, and the name of the school. If pasted on fly leaves, they need no varnish, but the cover decorations will be more durable with the varnish finish. Adapted to 1 pair of each medallion, about 4 inches wide.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

## CORNS



### Pain gone—forgotten in one minute

That's how instant is your relief from corn pain when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes—the only method that acts on this scientific principle. Old ways—powerful liquids or caustic pads—ignore the cause—and often leave the toes sore from acid burn. Zino-pads won't harm the tenderest skin.



Callouses



Bunions

Thin, protective healing. Special sizes for bunions and callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c.

For free samples and booklet address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. A., Chicago, Ill.

### Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



**Save more than ever**  
This 6 Room Bungalow NOW \$149.95  
Price includes everything complete—lumber cut-to-fit, FREIGHT PAID to your station.  
New Low Prices  
Our customers claim average savings of 47% over local prices still greater savings.

**We Loan You Money to Build**  
We ship you any home you select, ready to erect, and ADVANCE YOU CASH to help you build. You pay us in small amounts monthly. Just as you pay your rent—and your rent money is used instead of spent. Send 25c in coin today for beautiful Color Book of Storyline Home Plans and you can be living in a home of your own a month from now.

INTERNATIONAL MILL & TIMBER CO.  
8215 S. Wabash Ave. Bay City, Mich.



### Cone Painting

Decorate fancy handkerchiefs, scarves, pillow tops, table runners, dresses, drapes. Quick. Easy. No special outfit, only \$1.00—extra quality art materials. Decorate handkerchiefs, beautifully designed bottles color, 1 tube plastic white ink, metallic gold, 1 brush, 6 complete instructions. Decorate handkerchief would cost you more in stores—you pay only for complete outfit. Order now.

THAYER & CHANDLER  
1928 "Yearbook," 96 pages, profusely illustrated—Ask for a FREE



**ALL for 10**  
To acquaint every needlewoman with the unusual values we will send postpaid for only 10c (no money or stamps) all of the following:—1 Hot - Dish Holder—this handsome Fancy design extra quality art materials. 2 color skein of Collapsible ball-proof 6-strand embroidery floss—1 pair embroidery needles—1 Ivory finish ring for button.

Artificial Silk Embroidery has the beautiful finish and sheen of silk. Send today. Virginia Snow, Dept. 278





## Clear up bloodshot eyes quickly and safely

When eyes become bloodshot from wind, dust, over-use, crying or lack of sleep, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel refreshed and vigorous.

Many persons use *Murine* each night and morning to keep their eyes *always* clear and bright. A month's supply of this long-trusted lotion costs but 60c.

# MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 92, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

## Mothers - Try Mild Children's Musterole

### Just Rub Away Pain

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves chest colds, sore throat, rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We also want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE - Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.



CHILDREN'S  
**MUSTEROLE**  
WILL NOT BLISTER

MILD  
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

# HOW TO MAKE \$5.00

CUT ME OUT and MAIL me  
now to Dept. 2X, McCall's  
Magazine, Dayton, Ohio

## Quilting in Blocks a New Vogue

by Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1629. With the quilting revival has come the new inspiration of quilting block by block so that you can carry a square with you anywhere you please and quilt it in no time. One by one they gradually pile up, and then you sew them together patchwork fashion with alternating plain blocks. Nothing could be lovelier than the finished result! The design is adapted to 32 quilting blocks  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  inches. To each square of silk is basted a square of lambs' wool then the running-stitches taken through both. The quilt shown measures about 57 x 74 inches, and took 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch silk, 5 yards of lambs' wool and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards silk lining. Border design  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards long and the extra blocks provide for a larger quilt about 74 x 90 inches.



1629. The detail at left shows a separate quilted block  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches square. A delightful convenience for working.



No. 1630. The new block quilting has devised this irresistible bunny quilt for baby. The separate blocks are so convenient to handle that the busiest mother can do them for "pick-up" work and it is surprising how quickly they go. The design adapted to 18 bunny squares,  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and 17 plain, will make as large a quilt as 43 x 57 inches, requiring 4 yards of 36-inch silk,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of lambs' wool, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of silk lining. The simplicity of the work is told in the quilt above.

1630. These scampering bunnies will rejoice the infant soul, and are the simplest things to quilt.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

## ABC FABRICS



Whatever you plan to make or wear—**FIRST** See these **FREE** Samples

With these free samples you can have for your own at trifling cost every exquisite, alluring, individual costume, dress, undergarment, drapery you see pictured in this magazine or any other. Every detail and style touch you see at fashionable events or stores—no matter how rich or expensive—you can duplicate for your own at trifling cost with ABC FABRICS.

ABC FINE ZEPHYR

(full name on envelope every yard)

ABC BUTY SATINETTE

(full name on envelope every yard)

ABC PRINTS Silk & Cotton

(full name on envelope every yard)

Advance Spring patterns are featured in the Sample Book. Also ABC PLAIN and ABC RAYSLEIP that come in all plain shades and look and feel like silk, wear twice as long at half the price.

EAST COLOR  
MONEY BACK

We will refund the cost of material and making if any ABC Print fades

ACCEPT NO  
SUBSTITUTES

The ABC Method cannot be duplicated. If your dealer cannot show you the full name stamped on the selvage of every yard, it is not a genuine ABC Fabric. We will tell you how to get genuine ABC if your dealer cannot supply you.

ARTHUR BEIR & CO., Inc.  
45 White St., New York

Please send free, postpaid ABC samples.  
(Be sure to PRINT complete information)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State: \_\_\_\_\_  
Dealer's Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Dealer's Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Does he sell ABC FABRICS? \_\_\_\_\_

## I Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful  
way to get it

Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell.

You can make good money and this book is FREE. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

Fireside Industries  
Dept. 12-B - Adrian, Mich.

## THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND  
PIKING ATTACHMENT, PRICE \$1.00

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by \$2.00 machine. Pay postman \$1.00. Five days free trial. Money back if not satisfied.



Hemstitcher Co., Dept. 12, Fort Worth Texas



## Free! Plans for a Party to Surprise Your Friends

GIVE your friends a real surprise with a new kind of Valentine party. Dennison has prepared complete plans for a party that will amaze and delight them. Novel decorations, alluring invitations, new amusing games, and appealing refreshments—the plans include everything. And they are free—just mail the coupon.

### Use Dennison's Party Goods

The free party plans are a sample of what you find in every issue of Dennison's Party Magazine. No matter what kind of party you're giving—birthday or bridge or tea—a home dance or a Valentine festival—you'll always find fascinating new ideas for them. And no matter what supplies you need, crepe paper, place cards, decorations, novelties, you can get them at your local store where Dennison's goods are sold. They are on sale at stationers, department stores and many drug stores.

Send the coupon now for the complete plans for a delightful party—they're free. And why not the newest issue of the Party Magazine, filled with suggestions for Valentine's, the patriotic holidays, and other late winter parties. It's only 20 cents.

## Dennison's

Dennison's, Dept. 3-P, Framingham, Mass.  
Please send me free plans for a Valentine party.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

If you want the Party Magazine (Valentine Number) enclose 20 cents and check here.....

(Why not let us send you some of the famous Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.)

.....Crepe Paper Costumes

.....Table Decorations

.....Decorating Halls

.....Crepe Paper Flowers

.....Sealing Wax Craft

.....Weaving Paper Rope

for your baby's bath



DOCTORS

NURSES..

recommend it

A new soap—as pure as genuine Castile—far safer than many soaps sold as "Castile"—is recommended by doctors and nurses for the tender skin of babies.

Mild, soothing, finer even than genuine old-time Castile, it has the additional merit of lathering plentifully and rinsing perfectly. It is safeguarded against imitation.

Get a cake of Castolay today for your baby! 20c at any drug store.

**Free Offer:** Send today for trial-size cake of the new baby soap, Castolay. The Andrew Jergens Co., 4503 Alford St., Cincinnati, O., or 4503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

**Maternity** STYLE BOOK FREE  
MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.  
Lane Bryant 39 St. at Fifth Ave. New York

## The New Embroideries By Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1632. A distinctive moss rose spray (shown on Two-Piece Dress No. 5133, in 6 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust) is worked in skillfully shaded colors, coral, rose and rust, the leaves, tan and green. For cottons, silks or fine wools. Design adapted to two long sprays, two corner sprays 12 x 12 inches, 14 moss rose buds.

No. 1610. An embroidered V-neck is becoming to this smart model (Slip-On Dress No. 5118, in six sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). Develop in fine wools, chenille or silk floss in harmonizing colors. Matching sleeve motifs and border design may be adapted.



5118

Emb. No. 1610  
Dress 5118  
14 to 16 years  
36 to 42



1594—Detail of stitches

No. 1626. The chain-stitch fashion in embroidery comes to the fore again (shown on Dress No. 5131, in six sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). Extremely effective in colors. Motifs in smaller sizes included.

No. 1594. Fan-shaped motifs worked to simulate pockets lend a smart touch. (Dress No. 5027 in 6 sizes, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). Simple straight stitches for wools or silk floss. A continuous border has useful possibilities.



Emb. No. 1632  
Dress 5133  
14 to 16 years  
36 to 42



5131

5027

Emb. No. 1626

Emb. No. 1594

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.



## He proved his Love

by the tender thought he gave to her comfort. Warm rugs—blankets—and, to guard her dear throat, Smith Brothers Cough Drops.

Since 1847 they have been famous for the safe protection and the gentle medication they give. They soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. 5c—S. B. or Menthol.

**SMITH BROTHERS**  
Cough Drops

## Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mergolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mergolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered axolite and 1 half pint witch hazel.

At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

## FREE DIET ADVICE

THE SERVICES of a staff of graduate dietitians are yours for the asking. Write me today and complete details of the Battle Creek Diet System will be sent you free and postpaid. Also 60-page illustrated booklet, "Healthful Living" written by the leading diet authority. It describes in detail Health foods used at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and other institutions with such success. Ida Jean Kain, Chief Dietitian, 106 16th St., The Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

**\$10.00**  
For You!

WOULD you like to have \$10.00 or more each month? Have you a little spare time that you can give to a plan now being successfully used by thousands of women? No previous experience is required—there is no expense to you—just let us know that you want more money!

Send The Coupon For Details

Dept. 2Y,  
McCall's Magazine,  
Dayton, Ohio.

I am interested in getting this \$10.00 extra. Please write me about it.

Name.....  
Local.....  
Address.....  
City &.....  
State.....



# Art Needlework and Fancy Wear for Women and Children



Send for YOUR FREE 52 Page Art Needlework and Fancy Wear Book

Shows hundreds of the latest designs and ideas in beautiful lingerie, silk stockings, infants' and children's wear, stamped goods, linen table cloths, aprons, towels, novelties, etc. You'll find big savings in this book. Books and merchandise sent only within the U. S. A. WE PAY ALL POSTAGE.

**FREDERICK HERRSCHNER**  
EST. 1899  
6646 So. Ashland Ave. CHICAGO

**SHOULDER BOUQUET**  
ALL FOR 25¢

**Latest Fashion Fad — Easily Made — Beautiful**

To introduce Collingbourne's Rayon Rope — Boil-proof and finest quality — we will mail to any lady sending only 25¢ in silver or stamps. Virginia Snow's complete lesson chart and enough material for a full bouquet of 8 flowers of assorted colors. The material on this offer consists of 1 skein of green for stems, together with 1 skein of yellow, 1 lavender and 2 of pink for the eight flowers.

**Collingbourne's Boil-proof Rayon Rope**

Dept. 220A ELGIN, ILLINOIS

**Raised \$104 for Church This Easy Way**

MRS. THOMAS of Pa. and ladies of her auxiliary found DUSTAWAY an astonishing money raiser! It brought them \$104 in no time. Another auxiliary in West Va. used \$276 the same easy way. And Mrs. Sewell of Pa. raised \$10 single-handed in exactly 11 minutes. DUSTAWAY is an amazing new invention — a fifty mop-like pocket that slips over any broom and transforms it into a thin, flexible, scorable and jiffy! 13 novel features. Reaches clear under radiators, low furniture, etc. Catches and holds dust. No oil to streak. No metal to scratch. Absolutely unique. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

FREE Sample Sent FREE

McCall Products Company, Dept. 9-221 Quincy, Ill.

## Dainty Stitchery for Small Folks

By Elisabeth May Blondel

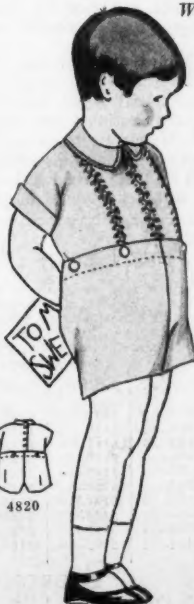
No. 4992. Made of checked or plain material, the romper with colorful smocking tunes in with the holiday spirit. For smaller tots from 6 months to 3 years, the smocking design with pocket adapted to every size.



4992 Romper With Smocking Design



(Below) 4820 Suit With Emb. Design



4820



(Below) 4821 Dress With Emb. Design



4821

No. 4702. The simplest house frock can be transformed by a handworked decoration into a gay play frock. Colored strand cottons in three colors are used. For little girls, 2 to 8 years old.

No. 4851. Another smart way of making a festive looking frock for the small girl. French knots and buttonhole-stitch used. In sizes from 2 to 8 years.

No. 4820. A few lines of feather-stitching make all the difference to the finish of this little suit. The contrasting dots create novelty. Adapted to 3 sizes, from 2 to 5 years.

No. 4821. A feminine version of the simple stitch that makes an effective trimming. Strand cottons in three shades are smartly combined. In 4 sizes, from 2 to 8 years.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 256 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 130.

30 Samples free



A Paris Dress in 45 Minutes

Made Up in Genuine "Peter Pan" Guaranteed Fast Color WASH FABRICS

MARY EATON, famous theatrical star, takes a charming model by a noted Parisian couturier and shows you how to make a lovely Peter Pan dress in six simple operations.

When you see this beautiful display, in your dealer's window soon, and the wonderful new Peter Pan patterns, you'll want to make many dresses for yourself and your children.

These alluring patterns come straight from Paris — original, exclusive, inspiring. They are printed in colors you never need fear to wash. We guarantee they won't run or fade. GUARANTEE: "We will replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN if it fades."

No fabric pleases like Peter Pan. Its delightful feel — the durable weave of fine combed yarns, with 20 to 30 threads to the inch more than in others — the lovely way it makes up, have endeared it to thousands of women everywhere.

HENRY GLASS & CO. 42N White Street, New York, N. Y. USE COTTON — THE HEALTHIEST FABRIC

Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free of all charge.

PRINT Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address or P. O. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

Dealer's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Does he sell genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabric?

**High School Course in 2 Years**

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL Dept. H-280 Duane St. & 6th St. CHICAGO

**"That Has REAL STYLE"**

"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have real style!"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn right at home, in spare time, to plan and make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings or earn money as a dress-maker or milliner.

FREE Mail coupon for 32-page Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

It tells what the Woman's Institute has done for 250,000 women and girls and how it can help you to have more and prettier clothes for just the cost of materials, or earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked —

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery ☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Infant Care

No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless and reliable, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill throughout the system. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, and without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. Castoria is delicious! Your own tongue will tell you why "Children Cry for It." Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's the least sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea. Or whenever there's need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Only one word of warning: the above is true of genuine Castoria.\* Fletcher's is the original. Other preparations may or may not be as pure,

as free from a single doubtful drug. Physicians tell parents to get Fletcher's Castoria, and no child of this writer's is going to test any other kind. I'll save a dime some other way.

\*SPECIAL NOTE: With every bottle of genuine Fletcher's Castoria is wrapped a book on "Care and Feeding of Babies" worth its weight in gold to every mother or prospective mother.

### Children Cry for

*Fletcher's*  
**CASTORIA**

Send for **100 HOME PLANS!**

**"The Ashton"**  
6 Rooms and Bath;  
Sun Porch.  
Materials, Plan-Cut.  
Write for Freight-Paid  
Wholesale Price.

### Buy Direct from Mill—Wholesale Prices!

Get our low wholesale prices before you build. We furnish lumber and mill-work cut to plan at mill; complete plans free with order. Saves you 30% labor cost and 18% lumber waste. Customers say they save up to \$2,000 on house. One guaranteed price covers all—no extras. Write or send coupon.

**Garages \$83 Up** Highest Quality  
Build yourself. Materials We furnish highest quality material—backed by 20-year satisfaction guarantee. 200,000 pleased customers.

**Gordon-VanTine**  
(Established 1865)  
**PLAN-CUT Homes**

This 140 Page FREE Book shows photos, floor-plans, specifications, direct from mill prices on 100 PLAN-CUT HOMES. Also ask for books on Garages, Summer Cottages, Barns and Poultry Houses.

Gordon-VanTine Co.  
1057 Case St., Davenport, Iowa  
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.  
Please send me Catalogs.

I am interested in \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 30]

the point—what do we know of what is correct in that far-off century? But when Mr. Sydney's Petruchio comes in with a top boot on his left foot, a tan shoe on his right, a striped sweater, a derby, a short coat and riding breeches, the burlesque strikes everybody in the audience. When he runs away with the bride before the wedding feast is eaten, and Grumio, with the black handkerchief over his face like a moving-picture hold-up, terrifies the guests with pistol shots, the spirit of the event, as Shakespeare meant it, comes over to us in the audience and follows the rushing Petruchio with Katherine under his arm and Grumio firing away in the rear, down the aisles of the theater.

It takes courage to essay the part of

Katherine, so bright with the memory of Ada Rehan and other great players. Miss Mary Ellis does not portray the powerful, brilliant figure whom only Petruchio with his force and his riotous imagination can quell to submission and love. What she gives us is a young lady used to having her way and going into tempers, a not unrecognizable figure in our American life.

Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, once of the Moscow Art Theater, in the tiny rôle of the cook plays to perfection. Mr. Basil Sydney's Petruchio is neither noisy nor violent, but always witty and spirited and always read with fine feeling for Shakespeare's verse. The rhythm and tone of the whole production are excellent.

## THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

happy chance, should occur between them, and Great Britain should undertake to prevent neutral shipping from entering Spanish, Italian, German or Belgian ports, war with the United States might be provoked. At present it is almost the only danger of war occurring between the United States and England.

The benefits which would accrue to Great Britain through the Freedom of the

Seas would be free communication with her dominions, and the certainty that her food supply and raw materials could never be interrupted.

While the advantages to Great Britain would be many, so indeed would they be to the world in general. A new era would be inaugurated and the efforts of American statesmen from the early days of the Republic would be rewarded.

## THE PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

a young girl of today, by transforming the thirteenth century Marco Polo into a modern American business man. One suspects O'Neill of a desire to underline his irony, and to force the note of grotesqueness. This has its bad effect upon the other characters. The Mongolian princess who falls in love with Polo remains an abstraction, as the situation between her and the Westerner is clearly an impossible one. Kublai Khan, the Chinese Sage, and the minor characters, are much better drawn than either Polo or the Princess. And the theme as a whole is over-decorated with appeals to pure spectacle. O'Neill has written a big play rather than a great one. He has not concentrated, but dispersed his efforts.

It may be that his chief contention, that brutes and fools, (and unimaginative people generally) have the best time of it in this world, is somewhat at fault. No doubt if we are sensitive to beauty and

poetry, aware of human suffering, ambitious to excel in some way other than the amassing of material wealth, we have to pay for our superiority by enduring a great deal of misery. But, after all, we leave behind us the beauty we loved and strove for, and the justice we tried to maintain. A Kublai Khan, or a great sage like the Chu-Yin of this play, remain when the Polos of this world are forgotten. The former are liberated to feel and suffer; the latter, being incapable of feeling, remain slaves of themselves. The finest scene in the play is where the Princess, who had become fascinated by Polo on account of his mingled heedlessness and helplessness, finally sees that he was born blind to every fine shade of feeling. This scene contains the whole essence of the play. The rest is decoration, detail, the journey-work of a man not really absorbed in his theme, too remote from his own material to come to final grips with it.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 32]

no one can be excluded from it but by himself. It is this larger vision that more and more engages the attention of thoughtful men of all Churches, each serving in his place and busy doing his part, yet realizing the fellowship and essential unity which make many men comrades and co-workers."

Also, there is a new sense of the duty of the Church in a changing world, in dealing with the moral issues that are raised by our social, national and international relations. Here a prophetic pulpit will find its opportunity and its obligation, the more so in a day when material prosperity tends to obscure moral insight.

The wealthier and more powerful we become in America, Dr. Speight sees, the more difficult it will be to keep our corporate life on a high level.

"The pulpit," says Dr. Speight, "will attract men who see this situation and feel its seriousness only if they are not merely permitted but expected to speak their convictions 'with malice toward none, with charity for all, but with firmness for the right as God gives them to see the right.'" Thus a philosopher, who is also a prophet, looks at the Church in a changing world, and finds that it too is changing, even when it denies the fact and denounces the changes.

## Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
4702-35	5027-45	5115-45	5127-50	5137-45	5166-45	5176-35	5186-25
4759-35	5070-45	5116-45	5128-45	5138-50	5167-45	5177-30	5187-45
4815-35	5072-35	5117-50	5129-45	5139-50	5168-45	5178-50	5188-35
4820-35	5080-35	5118-45	5130-45	5140-50	5169-35	5179-45	5189-45
4821-35	5081-35	5119-45	5131-45	5142-35	5170-45	5180-35	5190-45
4851-35	5095-35	5120-50	5132-45	5161-45	5171-45	5181-35	5191-45
4896-30	5111-30	5121-30	5133-50	5162-50	5172-35	5182-50	5192-45
4936-35	5112-35	5122-30	5134-45	5163-35	5173-45	5183-45	5193-45
4992-35	5113-35	5123-50	5135-45	5164-35	5174-45	5184-45	5194-45
4997-35	5114-35	5125-50	5136-50	5165-25	5175-30	5185-25	5195-45

### EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
1287-35	1540-25	1585-40	1594-40	1610-35	1617-45	1627-50	1630-50
1474-40	1553-40	1589-25	1597-30	1613-50	1624-50	1628-30	1631-45
1522-25	1575-40	1590-30	1602-35	1615-30	1626-40	1629-85	1632-40
1528-25	1578-40						



# The New SINGER ELECTRIC



*Try this different kind of sewing machine in your own home without the slightest obligation*



THIS LIBRARY TABLE MODEL is one of six New Singer Electrics in cabinet and portable designs. If you do not have electricity now, get a modern Singer non-electric and equip it with a Singer Motor and Singerlight from the nearby Singer Shop whenever your home is wired. Courteous expert service the world over.

SINGER has created a New Electric Sewing Machine—utterly different from any machine you have ever used.

So simple that all thought of sewing as a task is gone forever. Nothing for you to do but connect with the nearest light socket—and sew. Both hands are free, both feet are comfortably at ease.

So completely under your control that by a gentle pressure of the knee, you can sew at any speed, as slowly—or as swiftly—as you wish. The Singerlight throws a gentle glow directly on your material.

But only in one way can you know the sense of comfort, the pure enjoyment that it brings. You must make the test yourself. When the Singer man calls, let him give you an interesting demonstration. Or 'phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop, and ask to have a machine sent to your home on the Self Demonstration Plan. Try it on your own sewing without the slightest obligation. It will be a revelation to you.

*Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Generous allowance for your present machine*



The Sign  
of Singer Service  
Around the World

## SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Copyright, U. S. A. 1928 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries



**FOR COLDS**

**BAYER**

**ASPIRIN**

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

**Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

**FREE TRIAL**  
**Till April**

In Your Own Home  
A FAMOUS  
**WING**  
PIANO  
\$275 No Money  
Down



Direct From Factory  
Hear its rich inspiring tone.  
40,000 in use.  
40 year guarantee.  
We pay all freight.  
Shipped direct from plant.  
Returnable at our expense.  
Easy terms arranged  
30 styles to choose from  
Pianos, Players, Grands.

Studio Piano, \$275

**FREE** "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos"—Write for it today.

**WING & SON, Founded 1808—60th Year**  
Dept. 20-82 13th Street and 9th Ave., New York, N. Y.

**Be a Dental Assistant**

**Earn \$20-\$35 a Week**

Meet patients, help dentist, keep records. Study at home in spare time, and prepare for this newly opened profitable field for women. Hundreds of successful students. Practice outfit included. Money back agreement. Free fascinating booklet. Write for it today.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**  
421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Dept. 15-B Please send me your interesting book, "A Wonderful New Profession for Women."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**ALL for 25¢**  
To any lady sending only 25¢ (U. S. silver or stamps) we will mail postpaid this large SAMPLER BOOK of Cross Stitch Designs, beautifully printed in actual colors, and 10 balls of **DEXTER RADIANT SIX-STRAND EMBROIDERY FLOSS**. This unusual offer is made to acquaint every needleworker with the best quality of this floss. Send it to the laundry—wash it any way you will—the colors remain bright and "radiant." Send today. **VIRGINIA SNOW STUDIOS, Dept. 219A, ELGIN, ILL.**

**IMPERIAL**

World's Best

**Vacuum Cleaner**

**PRICE \$69.75 On Easy Payments**

Includes All Attachments No Extra Charge in the West

Costs more than others and worth more than it costs. Write for particulars. Just say, "Send me your booklet containing 1000 testimonial letters," also name of your nearest dealer

**Vacuum Cleaner Specialty Co., Dept.**  
111 WEST 42nd STREET NEW YORK CITY

## BY REQUEST

(Continued from page 110)

the thought of it. Anything might happen. It's impossible in India. Look here—look here, Peggy! If I've got to marry—so must you!"

She raised herself slowly, very gently loosening his hold upon her. "But, Noel—" she said.

He interrupted her. "I know. I know all you're going to say. But listen, Peggy, to please me—there's a fellow who wants you very badly, and he's one of the best—I mean Tiggy Turner of course. And he'll be good to you. He'll take care of you. Peggy—Peggy, say you'll have him!"

"Noel," she said, with a catch in her voice, "I'll—I'll do my best, but don't press me any more! If—if I find I can marry Tiggy, I will. But if—but if I can't, you'll know why. You'll understand."

He held her for a space as if he could never let her go, but at last even he saw that to prolong the parting any further was to torture her almost beyond endurance. Her strength was waning rapidly, and he cursed himself for having taxed it so severely.

"I'm going to say good-by now, little sweetheart," he whispered.

She wiped the tears away to give him her last kiss. "Good-by, dear Noel!" she whispered back, her arms about his neck. "You go your way and I'll go mine, and we won't either of us look back at all, or we shan't be able to do it. Good-by, my darling—my darling! I shall go on—asking God to bless you—every night."

A great choking sob burst from Noel. He crushed her to him for a second, and then he let her go.

She stumbled from him blindly, for the tears were dropping down her face again. He turned his back with clenched hands and tramped away into the desert.

And so they parted.

PEGGY and Tiggy set out on the final stage of their journey. It was not very far to The Railway Bungalow, and the cold night air was refreshing.

"I'm not coming any farther," Tiggy said when they reached the compound. "You are very tired and you will have your father."

"Oh yes, he is sure to be back," Peggy said.

She stopped since he had done so, facing him in the gloom with an odd sense of shyness. For to be shy with Tiggy was almost unthinkable.

"Well, good night!" said Tiggy. "Go to bed early!"

"I will," she promised and turned wearily away. Somehow she could not be nice even to Tiggy any longer.

With dragging feet she walked through the dark compound to the bungalow. It was quiet as the grave, and there were no lights to be seen. But then her father's room was round the corner of the veranda. Doubtless she would see his lamp burning when she reached it.

She stood still. "Is anyone there?" she said.

She thought she heard a movement, but she was not certain. She took a single step forward—and stopped, aware of a figure that suddenly and noiselessly confronted her.

"Oh, who is it?" she said. "Who is it?" and pressed a hand to her throat.

A voice she knew made answer—a rasping, insolent voice. "It is I, Miss Musgrave. I have been waiting for you to return. May I have a word with you?"

She felt her heart contract in a kind of nameless horror. "What is the matter?" she said. "My father—"

"Oh, he's all right," came the sneering answer, "mooning up at the hut as usual. The servants are all in their quarters, and Jingo is safely shut up at the back. There's no one left to interfere, so now we can have our talk in peace. Understand?"

Yes, she did understand. In that, the most terrible moment of her life, her senses were more alert than they had ever been. The man was mad.

"You needn't think you are going to

escape a second time," he said. "I've got you absolutely in my power tonight. But I shan't let you down. I'm going to marry you. We will be married the moment I can free myself from that accursed witch. Quite a neat bit of work that! Wyndham was inclined to get in my way, so I've swept 'em both off the board at one move. I wanted you, you see—and I'd more than finished with her."

Peggy spoke no word. She stood quite rigid, waiting, waiting, with a burning radiance in her brain which was unlike anything she had ever known.

It seemed that Forbes was aware of it, for very suddenly his laughter turned into a snarl of fury. His hands came out to her. She sprang backwards, but he caught her roughly to him.

Then it was that the flare that sheer horror had lighted in Peggy's brain blazed up. She fought in a positive frenzy for her liberty, with a strength which while it lasted almost equalled his own.

It was over in a very few seconds, but it was an eternity to her, and as she felt herself vanquished she uttered a wild cry for help though she did not believe that help would come. But on the instant there came an answer—a kind of bellows—followed by a smashing blow delivered from behind her which abruptly set her free. She reeled against the balustrade of the veranda and hung there, near to fainting.

The end came at length with appalling suddenness. One figure went down with a crash, and the other knelt upon it and drove a heavy fist downwards once with smashing force. Then, breathing heavily, the topmost figure arose.

"And that's that!" said Tiggy. "Are you there, Peggy? Could you light a lamp somewhere?"

She moved towards him like an automaton. Her limbs felt oddly stiff.

"Have you killed him?" she said.

"I don't know," said Tiggy. "I hope so. May I come in for a second—and mop up?"

He spoke gaspingly. A faint spasm of anxiety went through her.

"Are you hurt?" she said.

"Oh no!" said Tiggy. "I've enjoyed it. Once let me get my breath—and I'll do it again."

She reached out in the gloom and grasped his arm. "Come in here. I'll soon light a lamp."

Peggy lighted the lamp. As she did so, she began to tremble. The reaction was setting in, and she was utterly powerless to prevent it. It came upon her like an ague.

He held her and soothed her with great gentleness. "It's all right, dear, it's all right! I'm here."

"Yes—yes! You're here!" sobbed Peggy. "I don't know what I should do without you. It's—it's as Noel said. I've got no one else."

"My dear little love," said Tiggy very tenderly. "You've always been straight with me. You couldn't be anything else. I know well enough I'm only a bad second. But I'm—" he paused and swallowed—"I'm content to be that—anyhow for the present. Come, you're worn out. We needn't talk about this now. Just sit down a minute while I go and have a look at that monster, and see if there's anything to be done."

Then he helped her into a chair and went on his search.

Peggy was intensely grateful to Tiggy, but it was no good telling him so. And she was too tired—too tired—to try. The tears were still on her cheeks when at last she fell asleep.

IT was at Peggy's desire that the engagement between herself and Tiggy Turner was kept secret until Christmas. She gave no definite reason, but Tiggy, being full of consideration for her, was more than willing that it should be so. Sir William, their sole [Turn to page 134]





## HOW OFTEN DO YOU WASH YOUR HAIR—AND HOW?

[Continued from page 36]

If your hairdresser gives them, by all means take a course of hot-oil shampoos. Or you can learn to give them to yourself at home. Pure olive oil is excellent. Heat a few tablespoonfuls and rub the warm oil vigorously into the scalp. But get all the oil out in the shampoo next day.

When your hair shows signs of a serious scalp condition, such as a severe case of dandruff, go to a scalp specialist. Real dandruff is a germ infection and requires the attention of one who has had professional experience with the disease. Perhaps you have been using the wrong kind of soap, or maybe you have left soap on the scalp after washing. Both these things will favor dry dandruff. A good ointment and tar shampoo, on the other hand, will help to correct it. In oily dandruff, dermatologists usually advise more frequent washings and the application of a special lotion. Any type of dandruff, however mild, should be faithfully treated because it is a fore-warning of falling hair.

Certainly there is no part of the sham-

poo which can be made more soothing and restful than the drying. Busy girls who need to relax should remember that this is a wonderful time to do it. Get comfy in a low, long chair near a sunny window. While you're rubbing your damp hair out with hot towels you can read or make shopping lists. I know one energetic young housekeeper who takes this time to plan her menus for two weeks. Anyway, after the energy expended in a good thorough washing you deserve to rest. Just sitting at ease in a comfortable chair gives you a chance to "charge the batteries." Wise hairdressers know this and they will cut down on appointments rather than rush their clients through. There are times, I know, when you're in a desperate hurry, and it is for those times that you or the expert operator should be able to work fast. Cleansing one's hair—like cleansing one's face—ought never be a superficial operation, if we're dead-in-earnest about making the most of hair beauty.

## MAKING COMMON VEGETABLES UNCOMMON

[Continued from page 40]

a little sugar, butter and finely chopped onion. To  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 cups mashed turnips, add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Turn into a greased baking-dish, set in shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven ( $350^{\circ}$  F.) until well puffed and brown. Serve immediately.

**Carrot Relish:** Wash and scrape (or peel) carrots. Allow to stand in ice water for an hour to become crisp. Dry them in a clean towel and grate on a coarse vegetable grater. Add a little finely minced onion and moisten with well seasoned French dressing. Serve very cold.

**Celery Relish:** Wash celery, scrape if necessary, and cut up very fine or chop in wooden bowl. To 2 cups chopped celery add 1 small onion, finely chopped,  $\frac{1}{2}$  red pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper, both chopped fine, 2 tablespoons minced parsley and a little mustard seed. Put into a covered jar and chill. Just before serving, moisten thoroughly with well seasoned French dressing.

**Note:** If you are interested in having more recipes for out-of-the-ordinary ways of serving Winter vegetables, send a two-cent stamp for "Appetizing Vegetables for Winter."

## IF YOU SUFFER FROM ACIDOSIS

[Continued from page 46]

impression. . . is not necessary to avoid them when taking a diet for correcting acidosis.

Neither must the acid-forming foods be avoided in the normal diet. A proper proportion of them is essential. Under normal conditions, starches, sugars and fats and the greater part of the proteins are burned by the body, forming carbonic acid, which is brought to the lungs by the blood and breathed out with the expired air. It is formed in large amounts daily but so long as it is promptly eliminated it has no effect on the alkaline balance of the body. If breathing is stopped for a few minutes, however, the alkalinity of the body is rapidly reduced and death results from acidosis due to accumulated carbonic acid.

Just as when they are burned in fire, all foods, when burned in the body, produce, in addition to carbonic acid, an ash. According to the kind of food which is burned, this ash will be neutral, acid or alkaline. Such material is in great measure eliminated by the kidneys. If acid elements predominate in the ash and if anything interferes with their prompt excretion, they will gradually accumulate and lower the

alkalinity of the body. A condition of acidosis will then prevail.

Foods, then, should be selected not only to provide the nutrition the body requires but also to balance the acids and bases which are inevitably taken in with each meal.

Even so, we do not add to the complications of the nutrition problem. Only certain general principles need be followed. Cereal foods, we have seen, are acid-formers whereas tuber, root and leafy vegetables are alkalisers. If you were to take approximately half your food, daily, from each of these classes, you would have the proper balance. Yet this would not be a satisfactory diet. Meats, eggs and fish also are needed—yet these are highly acid foods and tend to balance the minerals of fruits, tubers, root and leafy vegetables. Again, meats and cereals cannot be combined to give a favorable balance since all are acid-formers. They, in turn, must be supplemented with liberal amounts of the alkaline foods.

In general, we may say that the sensible thing to do is to follow the simple rules in the box on the first page of this article.

## FORCING THE FOOD

[Continued from page 48]

the habit of the child to refuse and the habit of the attendants to urge. Only foods that are particularly attractive or are liked are finally given because "the child must have something to eat"—vegetables are usually in discard, milk is often taken in insufficient amounts—the child fails to thrive and medical service advice is sought.

In these patients as in the bottle fed a complete physical examination is made to determine the presence of any physical error. We do not trouble with the habit aspects as relates to mental twists or peculiarities. If we find them normal children they are given a suitable diet plan three meals daily—there is to be no coaxing or urging and if he does not take what is provided he is allowed to go until the next meal time when the same practice is

carried out. In my most pronounced cases it requires about 48 hours to bring the child to look upon the food furnished him with an appreciative attitude.

In addition to the forcing habit, some of these patients have been subjected to feeding errors in the selection of the food. Not a few have a definite stomach hyperacidity superimposed by cold orange juice before breakfast on an empty stomach—some suffer from habitual constipation and a few have graver illnesses all of which are given adequate attention and of course cannot be discussed here. In obstinate cases it is occasionally necessary to remove the child entirely from its usual environment and place it in a hospital or sanitarium for a week or two where the necessary discipline can be carried out.

## Valuable Book—FREE

### The latest ideas on window and door draping treatments

Read this valuable book before buying your curtain rods and drapery hardware. Get the latest ideas on window and door draping treatments before selecting your drapery materials and deciding on how your curtains and draperies should be made. It will save you money.



## Money Saved

Whether you plan your own draperies or use the services of an artist-decorator, you will get valuable ideas from the draping treatments pictured for every room and every kind of window.

Ask your dealer to show you the Kirsch "Modern Draping" 160-page book, and the Kirsch catalogs on Kirsch Extension Curtain Rods, Kirsch-Kraft Drapery Hardware with or without Perfected Draw Cord Equipment, Atavio Work (Ornamental Decorations) and Better Wood Poles. Kirsch stands for "The Last Word" in Drapery Hardware. Over 100,000,000 Kirsch Rods giving satisfactory service. KIRSCH MFG. CO. 250 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Mich., U.S.A.

### Send This Coupon for FREE BOOK

KIRSCH MFG. CO., 250 Prospect Avenue, Sturgis, Michigan, U.S.A.  
Send me your free book on latest Window Draperies and Drapery Hardware.

Name .....  
Address .....

### Book Shows Style Trend—

For instance, draw curtains that open and close noiselessly and overlap four inches when closed. Draw cords entirely concealed. Drapery Hardware finishes that blend with woodwork—either invisible or decorative. Ornamental metal and wood poles, etc.

## FOOT PAINS

Stop IN 10 MINUTES—or costs you nothing

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. For severe cases an exceedingly soft cushion rubber lift is attached to the brace and is urgently advised. Slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to misshape shoes.

Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free book on foot troubles.



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

### —FREE if it fails—

Jung Arch Brace Co., 273 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send one pair of braces marked below:  
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES —with cushion lift  
☐ BANNER (medium) \$2 ☐ WONDER (medium) \$1  
☐ VICTOR (long) \$2.50 ☐ MIRACLE (long) \$1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Canada: M. L. C. Bldg., Montreal. Add 25c to above prices.

JUNG'S  
The Original  
ARCH BRACES



confidant, said gravely that his little girl should do as she liked. Christmas was in any case barely a fortnight away, and when that was over the announcement would be made and they would be married in the early part of the year. Meantime, the Great Triumvirate had their own shrewd idea as to what was passing, though with conspicuous discretion they forebore to ask. Peggy remained as before their especial protégée, and no word of criticism regarding her was ever permitted in the presence of any of them.

Of the scandal surrounding Noel's doings, nothing more was for the moment known. It was believed that he would have to send in his papers, but no definite information regarding this had leaked out. Men spoke of him at the Mess and in the Club in terms of affectionate regret, and there seemed to be a general feeling that he would never be seen among them again.

Another figure that had also disappeared from the station was that of Maurice Forbes. He had vanished completely, almost in a night, and it was said that Sir William had parted with him on account of his dissolute habits which had become much more marked of late.

The usual round of gaieties claimed Peggy, and she did not try to evade them. Among those kindly friends of hers at the Club she felt her heartache less; and though the old perpetual longing refused to be stilled, it helped her to be with them.

On Christmas Eve there was to be a fancy-dress ball with a great deal of confetti and such foolishness, as Mrs. Ash described it. Everyone was to be in fancy dress, and at Tiggie's earnest request Peggy consented to wear the butterfly costume which she had first donned on board *The Pioneer*. When she entered everyone caught his breath.

For if Peggy had never been actually beautiful before, she was beautiful that night. There was something unearthly about her, something that had made her father gasp when she had slipped into his room to say good-by.

Mrs. Griffiths recognized it as she greeted her. "How like your lovely mother!" she said.

When she came to dance with Tiggie she roused herself a little lest he should think her unresponsive, but, curiously enough, she found him somewhat abstracted, and though he told her that she was even lovelier in his eyes than she had been on board *The Pioneer*, she had a strong feeling that for the most part he was thinking of something else. Something which he desired to keep hidden from her.

When that realization came to Peggy she became instantly determined to defeat his well-meant efforts. She was essentially feminine in all her ways, and she resented being kept in the dark, however praiseworthy the motive. She cast about for a means of finding out.

It was hard upon midnight, and at the striking of a gong to herald Christmas Day, there was to be a general revel. Her partner for the occasion was Leonard Worthing, and she swiftly decided that he should be made to serve her purpose.

They went out into the chill of the night and found it a glory of stars.

"You won't catch cold?" said Worthing.

"Oh no," she said, "of course not! I never catch anything. Leonard, I want to ask you something. I want to know what is going on—what Mrs. Griffiths and Mrs. Hobart and Mrs. Ash are all keeping from me. You know, I'm sure you know. I want you to tell me."

"Why don't you ask them?" said Leonard.

She nearly shook him for his idiocy. "Oh, don't be foolish. You know perfectly well it wouldn't be any good. They all treat me like a child. It isn't fair. I am bound to find out if it's something that concerns me. So you may as well tell me."

"Yes, there is that to it," said Leonard, considering. "But it doesn't concern you. At least, I hope it doesn't."

"Then why not tell me?" she demanded in exasperation.

"Oh, just because it might, I suppose," he said.

Then he was silent. The situation was beyond him, and he longed urgently to escape; but he could not, because of that little hand gripped like a spring upon his arm.

"Tell me," said Peggy. "Is it about Noel?"

"Oh, good gracious, no!" said Leonard, with a start. "Not he! He's all right. He's back in his quarters. It's Mrs. Forbes. There! I've told you. But, as you say, you've got to know. I hope you weren't very fond of her."

"What has happened to her?" said Peggy.

"She's dead," he said. "Best thing that could possibly happen really. For he couldn't have married her. He could—not have married her."

"How did she die?" said Peggy.

Young Worthing felt a little uneasy again.

"I say, don't tell anyone I told you!" he said. "Though, after all, it's absurd not to, because, as you say—you've got to know sometime. She shot herself. No one knows why. I believe it happened yesterday."

His words went into silence. Across the starlit compound a wandering wind was

## BY REQUEST

(Continued from page 132)

sighing like something lost. Peggy turned her face towards it and stood very still.

Suddenly from behind them there came the slow strokes of a gong. It was like the tolling of a bell.

Peggy spoke. "Do you mind going away?" she said. "I want to be alone."

He went with alacrity. Somehow he was rather afraid of Peggy just then. She was shivering, though she did not know it, as the night-wind sighed and passed.

"Marcella!" she whispered. "Marcella! Oh, dear Marcella!"

It was Tiggie who found her presently, crouched in a wicker chair, and very cold.

"My darling!" he said. "I've been looking for you everywhere. What on earth are you doing here?"

She lifted a face that was white and still. "I would like to go back now, please, Tiggie," she said.

He bent to her. "You are chilled to the bone, Peggy, what's the matter?"

She answered him with absolute directness. "I've heard about Marcella," she said.

"Who told you?" he said.

"It doesn't matter who told me," she answered drearily. "It might as well have been you. I had to know sometime."

"Yes, I know," said Tiggie. "That's what I said. But they thought it would upset you, and they wanted you to have tonight in peace. The news only came this evening. Noel is back."

"I know," she said. She got up, accepting his help almost unconsciously. "You—I suppose you haven't seen him?"

"No," Tiggie said. "But I'm going to."

He spoke with a certain doggedness. She looked at him questioningly. "Why, Tiggie?" she said.

He hesitated for a second. Then: "I'll tell you tomorrow, dear," he said. "Let's get back now, shall we?"

UP on the hill with the morning sun pouring down through the pines, and Jingo busily hunting unattainable squirrels close to her, Peggy opened her Christmas letters.

It seemed strange that they all knew so little of what was happening to her, but in a sense it was a relief. It helped her to get a right perspective and to view things in their proper proportion.

Then she got up, facing the sunlight, and began to walk

down the hill. She covered several yards, and then paused. Some one was coming up the track. She turned aside under the trees, still clinging to her solitude.

Then she became aware that some one else had turned off the track and was coming to her through the pines. Her heart gave one great throb and stood still. She did not attempt to speak or move. She knew she could not.

Steadily the advancing footsteps drew nearer. There was another who knew them too, for with a shriek and a bound Jingo suddenly forsook his occupation and flung himself upon the intruder. There followed a greeting which to Jingo's mind was all too brief, and then to Peggy, dumbly waiting, Jingo's master turned.

"Please forgive me," he said "for coming upon you like this!"

Somehow her hands found themselves in his. Words came to her—such simple childish words as she would have uttered in the long ago.

"Oh, poor Noel!" she said. "Poor Noel!"

His brown face quivered. "That's so like you," he said "to pity a scoundrel like me."

That restored her more swiftly than any other words could have done. She moved close to him.

"This," said Noel. He held out to her a little twisted note on the palm of his hand. "It was enclosed in a message to me—a message Marcella left."

She gave it to him. "Please, Noel! I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

He opened it with perfectly steady fingers. She clung to his arm, and they read it together.

"Good-by, dear heart! I have taken a good deal from you, but there is just one thing I can't take, because I love you. You have offered me all you had, but I send it back, dear one, with my love. Take it and be happy, and think kindly sometimes of poor Marcella."

Peggy lifted her head at last. "Don't cry, dear Noel!" she said softly. "I am sure—I am quite sure—she is safe."

He made an impulsive gesture and found his voice. "Yes, she is safe now. Thank God for that! I'm going now, Peggy. I've got Home leave for a year, and after that they'll have me back. Everything will be forgotten by then. I'm to start again." He paused, then plunged on. "Turner says I'm to ask you something before I go. He says he won't marry you now. And I'm to ask you if you'll have me—when—when I've lived this thing down."

"Oh, Noel!" Peggy was looking up at him with a wonder that was almost a dawning smile in her eyes. "Dear Tiggie! Dear Tiggie! Noel," she stretched her hands up to his shoulders, "he knows we belong to each other. Of course—of course I will!"

He bent to her. "I don't deserve it," he said huskily. "I'm not worthy of you. Peggy, I'm not worthy!"

"Oh, hush!" she said. "Hush! What is the good of talk like that between you and me? If it weren't for Daddy, I would come with you now."

"Would you?" he said. "Peg-top, my own, my darling, do you mean it?"

She turned her lips to his. "Of course I mean it—Noel—beloved. How could I possibly mean anything else when every little bit of me is yours?"

As they went down the hill together she remembered again that it was Christmas morning and his birthday. "And I've got nothing for you," she said. "You will have to come and help me open my presents instead. And then—then we must tell Daddy."

"I fancy Turner has gone in to do that," said Noel.

"Oh, did he come up with you? How like him!" she said. "I hope he is still there. Yes, there he is, waiting for us! Oh, Noel! Oh, Tiggie!"

She suddenly broke off. Tiggie was there indeed, but his face was paler than usual.

"Thank goodness, you're here!" he said to Noel. "It'll make it easier for her. Peggy—Peggy child—I've got something to tell you. Will you try and be your brave little self while I say it?"

She put her two hands over her heart. "I know what it is!" she said. "It's—Daddy!"

He bent his head. "They found him—this morning—in his chair—"

She spoke again with a strange exaltation. "I know. I know. He had a vision. My mother came for him last night. I knew she was there. I knew it!"

She broke off. For a few minutes she stood as if unconscious of them, as though she too saw the Vision and the open Gates of Eternity.

She looked from one to the other. "I'm glad," she said. "Oh, I'm glad. He wanted her so. And now—they are together."

"That's right," said Tiggie, with eager clumsy solace. "And you've got Noel, you know. Don't forget you've got him!"

She lifted her face to him with a sweet tremulous smile. "I shall never forget," she said, "that you sent him to me." Then as he gently kissed her and set her free, she turned to Noel. "We will go Home together now," she said, "to Nick."

[THE END]

## CONTENTS

FEBRUARY, 1928

COVER DESIGN, PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

### POETRY

AN OLD VALENTINE ..... 7  
THRODOSA GARRISON

### FICTION

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE I ..... 13  
BEATRICK BURTON MORGAN

CLEVER GIRL ..... 17  
VIVIAN BRETHERTON

BOHEMIA'S BABY ..... 20  
LEONA DALRYMPLE

THE YOUNG GHOST ..... 22  
DOROTHY HENWARD

BY REQUEST IV ..... 25  
ETHEL M. DELL

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM V ..... 26  
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS TWENTY-THREE ..... 28  
RUFERT HUGHES

### ARTICLES

ZANE GREY AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT ..... 2  
JOHN FARRAR

IS GOD GUIDING AMERICA? ..... 4  
REV. JOHN BOACH STRATON

THE NEW YORK TYPE ..... 8  
DOROTHY PARKER

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATON-PORTER ..... 18  
JEANETTE PORTER MEEHAN

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD... A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, ROBERT SHERWOOD, LAURENCE STALLINGS, STARK YOUNG, DEEMS TAYLOR, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D., JOHN GOULD FLETCHER. .... 30

HOW OFTEN DO YOU WASH YOUR HAIR—AND HOW? ..... 36  
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

MAKING THE COMMON WINTER VEGETABLES UNCOMMON ..... 38  
SARAH FIELD SPLINT

COOKING FOR A MAN ..... 42  
MABEL CONDICK

SIXTEEN WAYS TO SERVE POTATOES. 45  
LILLIAN M. GUNN

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ACIDOSIS ..... 46  
E. V. MCCOLLUM & NINA SIMMONDS

FORCING THE FOOD ..... 48  
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

THE POST BOX ..... 50  
EMILY PRICK POST

RAGING YOUTH ..... 55  
JOHN B. WATSON

ADVENTURES IN HOMES BUILDING ..... 56  
RHYNS NORTH

SPRIGS FROM MY WINDOW GARDEN ..... 58  
DOROTHY GILES

McCALL'S SERVICE BOOKLETS ..... 60

THE RED GINGHAM FAIRY ..... 68  
ERICK BERRY AND MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

GIFTS YOU CAN GIVE YOUR HOME ..... 78  
ETHEL R. PEYSER

WHY WAIT FOR BREAKFAST? ..... 78  
EMILY POST

LET'S TALK IT OVER ..... 136  
WINONA WILCOX

### FASHIONS

FASHION TALKS, ANNE RITTENHOUSE 111

PARIS EXHIBITS ITS NEW RESORT FROCKS ..... 111

FEATURES THAT MARK NEW CLOTHES ..... 112

WHEN WOMEN PREPARE FOR SPRING 113

FLOUNCES, BUTTONS, RIBBONS APPEAR ..... 114

FROCKS INTENDED FOR THE SOUTH ..... 115

SWEATERS AND ONE-PIECE FROCKS ..... 116

SUCCESSSES OF THE RIVIERA ..... 117

NO TWO SKIRTS ALIKE ..... 118

GAUITY IN THE SPRING MODE ..... 119

SUITS AND DRESSES ..... 120

SUITS AND DRESSES ..... 121

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS ..... 122

QUILTING BY BLOCKS A NEW VOGUE 127





LEFT

"I am keenly interested in sports, and wanted to take part in all the athletic and social events of my school—but for a time I was so embarrassed by pimples on my face that I hated to go out at all."

"It so happened that my mother had derived splendid results from eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it myself—two cakes a day dissolved in milk. My face cleared up entirely and my pleasure in school activities revived. I ate Yeast for a year, in fact I still eat it off and on, just to keep in condition."

CHARLES E. PARK, East Milton, Mass.



MRS. F. A. LINDENMYR of Chicago, and little Miss Vera Lindenmyr

## "Even my parish duties became a grievous burden"

Chicago, Ill.

"It was about a year ago that I first complained to my husband of feeling ill. My appetite had vanished. My sleep no longer rested me. I would rise in the morning feeling sluggish, tired—only half alive. And I was troubled with constipation."

"Naturally I became alarmed, especially when I found my mind no longer gave me the necessary 'push' to do my housework. Even my social activities in the parish of which my husband is the pastor had turned from a pleasure to a grievous burden."

"I was doubtful when my husband suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. After eating it for a time, however, I became aware of feeling better than I had in many months."

"Well! I continued to improve right along. My constipation left me, the color returned to my cheeks. I began to feel active and strong—and able to do my work without any special

effort on my part. Of course Fleischmann's Yeast plays a prominent part in our family's diet now."

Mrs. F. A. Lindenmyr

AS FRESH as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast keeps your intestinal tract clean, strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles.

As your elimination becomes more regular, more complete, your digestion improves, your skin clears—you feel your old vigorous self again.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. F-49, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Health for you—greater zest in living—  
this new easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



RIGHT

"Food did not appeal to me in any form. In fact, my stomach was in such shape that anything I ate disagreed with me. And I had lost all my old vitality . . . Three cakes a day of Fleischmann's Yeast, and today I am again eating my meals with real enjoyment and relish. My wife and three children have also become ardent users of Fleischmann's Yeast and are enjoying the same beneficial results that I am."

ARTHUR C. KYHN, Minneapolis, Minn.



## LET'S TALK IT OVER

BY WINONA WILCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT STRONG WOODWARD

THE Victorian maid, now ridiculed as an unsophisticated little prude, had one advantage over her descendants. Once engaged, she made the most of her happiness. She did not question it. She did not worry about its wearing qualities. She was not forced to war with competitors; other girls, living by her code, did not bait her captive. She knew that her man was saying to provide a home for her and that he took pride in his economies. She didn't have to choose between keeping and giving up her good job because she didn't have any job. She took it for granted that her husband would want to support her; that was an item in his love for her, a love to compensate for life's sorrows "till death us do part."

Today pre-marriage problems are numerous and intricate, rivalling and resembling those which lead to divorce. Engaged girls are torn by doubts and dangers. Hundreds of letters concerning their embarrassments come my way. From them I have selected some of typically modern trend.

*Dear Winona Wilcox: I'm engaged. Half the time I'm in heaven and half the time in hell. He is handsome and fascinating, a tender and flattering lover. He is fastidious, has brains, is a professional man. He wants to be with me constantly and he decides everything for me.*

*He declares I'm the only girl he ever can love but he is vain and he delights in the admiration of women. Also he is jealous, non-sociable with men, and sensitive. If I disagree with his opinion, he says I am criticising him and he pouts for hours. He has been rude to all my men friends. I haven't been to a dance for a year.*

*As my wedding approaches, it seems a terrible risk to marry him and yet I can't give him up. All the girls want him. When we are apart, I decide to end it. When he comes, he is so sweet and adorable I forget every fault. I'm not really a fool, I'm well educated but I never learned anything which helps me in this dilemma. Will marriage be worth while when the man often seems perfectly childish?—V.*

He is a mere child—a neurotic—a spoiled child grown up in body but not adult in character. He will use the "nuisance technique" to get his way the rest of his life. His habits are fixed and not to be remade because he likes himself very much as he is. Probably his wife will enjoy an exquisite sense of belonging for a few months and spend the rest of her life placating a tyrant. Even so, no third person would dare advise the girl, but it is sensible to suggest that she read all she can find about neurotics.

The above letter outlines one advantage the modern girl has over her grandmother. The latter never doubted her prince and after she married him, she never would admit he had faults, even to her mother. Although she gloried in the sacrifice of self for love, she nevertheless paid for her conventional hypocrisy by year upon year of bitter humiliation.

That senseless martyrdom the informed modern girl can escape if she will be ruled by her judgment and common sense rather than by her emotions. But it hasn't yet been proved that a girl in love is able to do that.

For contrast with such storm and stress—

*Dear Winona Wilcox: The man I'm engaged to is a few years my senior. He loves me but I feel that something is missing from my romance. There is no rosy glow in it. My idea of love comes from books and since I have been engaged, instead of my life being completely changed by a new and marvelous experience, as the books and plays have it, I find not the slightest change in anything. I miss the glamor I had hoped to find in love. Tell me if this quiet happiness is sufficient for marriage.—Lydia.*

These two letters make a pair worth talking over. My own idea is that a too glamorous engagement ends in swift disillusionment and that in five years, the second girl will be serenely content with her home and children while the first may be asking for a divorce.

Whatever our social strata, we see the flapper pursuing her mate and capturing him. But as in any other business enterprise, we pay a good deal of attention to the successes and none at all to the failures. Follows a case in which modernity works overtime—and loses:

*Dear Winona Wilcox: I loved a man at first sight. He reciprocated my affection and we became engaged. Blinded by my desire to be near him, I visited his place of business daily on some pretext which seemed perfectly good to me. He is a fine man and I never indulged in petting, nevertheless, my conduct gave him a wrong impression of my character. He has written to ask for the ring and his fraternity pin. My heart is broken. I did not realize that my actions were in any way compromising. How can I regain his interest?—Anne-Marie.*

Probably it is useless to try. An erotic interest which has flickered out is past resurrection.

Another prenuptial complication peculiar to the time:

*Dear Winona Wilcox: I became engaged and was very happy. Inside of two months, I found myself quarreling with my fiancé. He complained that I found fault with him every time we met. Finally our engagement was broken.*

*I think he was right when he said that my business contacts made me too critical. My employers are twice my age and very good to me. I almost idolize them. Both are married. They do not make love to me but they stand out from other men like princes in a story book. This association renders it impossible for me to go with any of the boys who invite me. I can't stand their mistakes in grammar, pronunciation and manners. I'm bored all the time I'm not at work. Am I right to stay in the office? I'm certain I'll never marry as long as I do.—Estelle.*

The girl's attitude is a by-product of business life which is not at all uncommon. Several indignant young men of limited education and opportunities have outlined their angle of the same tale. They complain that they haven't a chance when the girls they love are employed by men of wealth and culture. And they are bitter.

But why should they be? Isn't a young man fortunate to escape marrying a girl who as a wife is bound to belittle him the rest of his life?

One angle of the engaged girl and her job has a good deal to do with the making of a proper husband:

*Dear Winona Wilcox: I am going to be married and I wish to continue my office work for at least a year. The man I am to marry does not object but some of my friends advise me against it. What do you think?—W. A.*

Many young people are trying out the idea and this girl may as well make her own experiment. I can't express an

opinion because I am prejudiced against gainful employment for wives. I am not at all sure that it is

good for a young husband to be released from any part of the financial responsibilities of matrimony.

Now for an emotional mix-up in which sentimental girls not infrequently are involved:

*Dear Winona Wilcox: My chum, known and loved all through college, has broken up my friendship with several nice men. She doesn't like men herself. Unless I am on my guard, I shall find myself a spinster because of her interference. Seems queer, too. Lately an attractive and successful man proposed and all I hear from my chum is that he is beneath me, mentally and socially, and that he is selfish, jealous and stingy. This time, I rebel. Nevertheless, when we three are together, I feel her influence, I grow more and more silent and make a poor appearance before the man I love. My spirits are low. I feel all tangled up in a web. Help me out.—H. R. H.*

If you can't unravel the web, why don't you cut it? You may be a problem belonging to abnormal psychology; even so, a determined direct effort to escape from thralldom might succeed.

Now for a condition which is pretty sure to wreck a marriage:

*Dear Winona Wilcox: I am twenty-five and like all girls my age who are not married, I'm wondering what it is all about. I've been engaged twice, both times to worth-while men but within two weeks of the wedding, the idea of marriage became impossible.*

*Once more I've given my promise to a man who is every essential the kind I want for a companion but—I do not love him. I never have loved any man. Why is love a will-o-the-wisp? The man says I will love him when we are married but can I afford the risk?—Dolly.*

And can the man afford the risk! The above is not a silly girl conundrum as many may suppose. It is an intricate problem a psychoanalyst to straighten out.

*Dear Winona Wilcox: I'm engaged and should be happy but am wretched. The man loses his temper over nothing and acts as if he would smash anything handy. After he recovers from his grouch, he is truly sorry but in a few days I have to live the horror all over. He is only thirty-two. Is there any way to break him of a habit which at present has the life of him?—Mary.*

Probably no way at all. He enjoys his rages. It would seem a good plan to investigate his family history before deciding to share a long life with him. Is his father quick tempered? Perhaps brutal? What about his mother's disposition? What is known about the temperaments of his grandparents?

Some endocrine abnormality may run in the family; perhaps from childhood the man has imitated an irascible person. However, an understanding of the cause of pugnacity doesn't make it endurable, it only serves as a warning. The man can't control his anger before his wedding, what can reason would dare expect him to do so afterwards?

Perhaps the biggest pre-nuptial problem of all is that which pertains to petting privileges and consequences.

We cannot control our instincts but some persons can, and do, determine how instinct shall make them behave. May be all of us could if we wanted to. And it may be that the Victorian girl who followed that quaint old rule "Off," was ruling her instincts although she seemed only to exercise prudent care of her precious romance.



# In Sun-Maid Nectars

*Ripe grape flavor and fragrance  
to give your cereals new zest*



**S**UDDENLY there has come a change in seedless raisins—a wonderful improvement. *Sun-Maid Nectars!*

Their flavor, their delicate fragrance is what tempts you in the seedless grapes when they hang in amber ripeness on the vine. Ordinary seedless raisins never tasted like these.

Nor looked so luscious. The sheer skins of Sun-Maid Nectars glisten—as grapes in clusters glisten. And so remarkably tender is this new kind, your teeth, almost without pressing, cut them through.

Imagine it in your cooking—this vineyard freshness. In your salads, cakes, candies, and pudding desserts! And in your cereals!—these Nectars will transform them, give them a wholly new zest.

That's something to surprise your family with tomorrow morning. When you cook your cereal simply cook Sun-Maid Nectars in with it. Serving a ready-cooked kind put Nectars on top, either "plumped" first by five minutes of boiling or just as they come from the carton.

Ask your grocer for some today—"Sun-Maid NECTARS." There are no other seedless raisins like them, so near the ripened grapes themselves.



**Try, too, these Sun-Maid Puffed—  
seeded raisins that aren't sticky!**

As easy to use as Nectars, Sun-Maid Puffed will give your cereals and other foods the different flavor of muscat grapes. They are richer in that flavor than seeded raisins ever were known, their seeds being removed by a secret process that leaves all the juice inside. And, wholly different from ordinary seeded raisins, Sun-Maid Puffed are not sticky! They pour from the carton!

SUN-MAID NECTARS in the red carton    SUN-MAID PUFFED in the blue carton



Old Dutch puts the stamp of

# Healthful Cleanliness

on kitchen utensils

*As a safeguard to your family's health always clean your cooking utensils with Old Dutch Cleanser*

*Old Dutch protects you with Healthful Cleanliness because it removes the invisible impurities as well as the visible uncleanness. None is left behind. Old Dutch chases all dirt.*

*The bright, sparkling appearance of your kitchen utensils brings you pride and satisfaction, but most important of all you have the security of knowing that they are hygienically clean and wholesome.*

*Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character. There is nothing else like it. To the eye it looks like a fine powder, but through the microscope you see thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles.*



This drawing of a highly magnified particle shows how they work. A clean sweep without marring the surface—that's why it protects porcelain and enamel.

*Avoid cleaners containing hard, scratchy grit. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how they mar surfaces and make scratches which are catchalls for impurities.*



*For all kitchen cleaning Old Dutch saves time and work and puts the sparkle of Healthful Cleanliness everywhere.*

*Chases Dirt—protects the home*

